OCT 30 1957

THE TREE OF LIFE

An Anthology

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The Tree of Life

AN ANTHOLOGY

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MADE BY VIVIAN DE SOLA PINTO
AND GEORGE NEILL WRIGHT

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BY PERMISSON
TO
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POET LAUREATE

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PREFACE

THERE is a growing perception that modern scientific discoveries have destroyed, and are destroying, not the essentials of religion, but the garments of magic and superstition in which they have often been clothed. The early developments of knowledge gave men a series of pictures of the universe in terms of which religion necessarily found its means of expression. Religion itself became so closely identified with these pictures that the dramatic and unprecedented advances in physical and biological science made during the last three centuries seemed to many to sweep away not only the old cosmologies but the religious and moral conceptions which had been bound up with them. It is now, perhaps, becoming easier to disengage these conceptions from ideas adventitiously connected with them which have since been discarded, and to see that they have been expressed with varying degrees of inspiration and consciousness by the great saints, philosophers and poets who laid the foundations of our spiritual and moral world. The compilers of this anthology believe that it may therefore be useful at the present time to bring together a collection of passages designed to illustrate this essential unity of religious, philosophic and poetic thought as expressed in ancient and modern literature. They hope that it may help in some slight degree to realize what a great modern poet has described as the dream of 'an alliance between religion, which must be retained unless the world is to perish, and complete rationality, which must come unless the world is also to perish, by means of the interfusing effect of poetry.' Such a collection must necessarily represent a personal choice, and

can make no claim to any sort of completeness or authority. It cannot and does not pretend to embody a complete or self-consistent philosophy of religion. It must also be limited in another way, as it is designed mainly for English-speaking readers, and naturally gives prominence to English authors. Nevertheless, within these limits, it is hoped that it may perform a function for which none of the many modern anthologies is designed, and may also bring to the notice of its readers passages and works which are new to them, and throw fresh light on famous passages by presenting them in a philosophic rather than in a purely aesthetic or historical setting.

The usual practice of placing the names of authors beside the extracts has been abandoned. Passages are numbered throughout, and the sources from which they have been taken will be found under the corresponding numbers in the notes at the end of the volume. It has been thought that both the beauty of the page and the continuity of thought gain by this arrangement.

The exact original spelling and punctuation of old texts have been retained except in a few cases to which reference is made in the notes, but the long *ſ* has been replaced by the modern *s*, *j* and *v* have been substituted for the old consonantal *i* and *u*, and *u* for the old medial *v*. Passages by French authors are given in the original language, except in one instance (No. 282) where an English version of transcendent merit has been preferred. Where good translations of works in other languages have been available, they have been used, but in many cases translations have been specially made by the editors and their friends. Versions by the editors are marked with an asterisk in the notes ; those which they have made from the works of Plato embody many valuable corrections and suggestions for which they are

indebted to Mr. H. W. B. Joseph of New College, Oxford. Passages from the Bible are usually given in the Authorized Version, but other versions have also been used sometimes because of their closeness to the original, and sometimes for aesthetic reasons.

The compilers wish to express their gratitude to the many persons who have helped them with advice, encouragement, and the correction of texts, and especially to the Poet Laureate, Mr. H.W. B. Joseph, Mr. S. J. Crawford, Mr. O. de Selincourt, Mr. A. O. Barfield, Mr. Festing Jones, Professor Foligno, Professor R. M. Hewitt, Mr. L. C. Martin, Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, Mr. and Mrs. P. Simpson, and the Rev. Martin Pope. They desire to thank the following authors and owners of copyright for permission to reprint extracts: The Poet Laureate, Professor Lascelles Abercrombie, Mr. M. B. Anderson, The Anthroposophical Society (Mr. H. Collinson) for an extract by the late Dr. Steiner, Mr. A. O. Barfield, Professor M. H. Bergson, the family of the late Rupert Brooke, the Executors of the late Professor E. G. Browne, the late Mr. H. Festing Jones for extracts by the late Samuel Butler, Mr.W. de la Mare, Professor de Selincourt, Messrs. P. J. and A. E. Dobell (for extracts from the works of Traherne), Dr. J. Drever, Professor E. G. Gardner, Mrs. Constance Garnett, the family of the late J. E. Flecker, Mr. J. Galsworthy, the late Mr. Thomas Hardy, Professor and Mrs. R. M. Hewitt, Mr. Ralph Hodgson, the family of the late G. M. Hopkins, Dean Inge, ProfessorW. MacDougall, Mr. Aylmer Maude, Professor J. Moffatt, Mr. George Moore, Mrs. Moulton (for an extract by the late Professor Moulton), Mrs. Stuart Moore (Evelyn Underhill), Mr.W. M. Meredith for extracts from the poems of the late George Meredith, Professor Gilbert Murray, Professor R. A. Nicholson, Professor T. P.

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Divine wisdome is *a Tree of life* to them that find her, . . .
JOHN SMITH, *Select Discourses*, Cambridge, 1660, p. 286.

BOOK I.

GOD AND THE WORLD

In the beginning was the Word,
And the Word was with God,
And the Word was God.
The same was in the beginning with God.
All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made.
In him was life; and the life was the light of men.
And the light shineth in the darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

The Spirit of God

I

Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me;
Even the night shall be light about me.
Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee;
But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.
For thou hast possessed my reins:
Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.
I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made:
Marvellous are thy works;
And that my soul knoweth right well.
My substance was not hid from thee,
When I was made in secret,
And curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.
Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect;
And in thy book all my members were written,
Which in continuance were fashioned,
When as yet there was none of them.
How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!
How great is the sum of them!
If I should count them, they are more in number than the
sand:
When I awake, I am still with thee.

2

The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the Heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Were all the workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

3

. . . the Theologian dreams of a God sitting above the clouds among the cherubim, who blow their loud uplifted angel trumpets before Him, and humour Him as though He were some despot in an Oriental tale; but we enthrone Him upon wings of the birds, on the petals of flowers, on the faces of our friends, and upon whatever we most delight in of all that lives upon the earth. We then can not only love Him, but we can do that without which love has neither power nor sweetness, but is a phantom only, an impersonal person, a vain stretching forth of arms towards something that can never fill them—we can express our love and have it expressed to us in return. And this not in the uprearing of stone temples—for the Lord dwelleth in temples made with other organs than hands—nor yet in the

cleansing of our hearts, but in the caress bestowed upon horse and dog, and kisses upon the lips of those we love.

4

There is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts, or passions ; of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness ; the Maker, and Preserver of all things both visible and invisible.

5

Nor can a man set God before our eyes : hands cannot
hold him,
Or mortals' fingers touch him although these be the wide
ways
Through which Persuasion's chariot drives into a man's
heart.
No head hath he that springs manlike from a firm body of
flesh,
Nor from shoulders twain do his arms like boughs from a
tall tree
Branch, nor hath he strong legs, nor swift knees, nor privy
members,
But spirit only is he, pure Mind, unspeakable, holy,
That flasheth in swift thought, a divine Flame burning in
all things.

6

The One remains, the many change and pass ;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !
Follow where all is fled !—Rome's azure sky,

Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

7

For though in our contentious pursuits after Science, we cast *Wisdome*, *Power*, *Eternity*, *Goodness* and the like into several formalities, that so we may trace down Science in a constant chain of Deductions ; yet in our naked Intuitions and visions of them, we clearly discern that *Goodness* and *Wisdome* lodge together, *Justice* and *Mercy* kiss each other : and all these and whatsoever pieces else the crack'd glasses of our Reasons may sometime break Divine and Intelligible Being into, are fast knit up together in the invincible bonds of *Eternity*.

8

Intellect . . . and the rest of things that are said to be, are theophanies, and in theophany really subsist ; therefore God is everything that truly is, since he makes all things and is made in all things.

9

The works of the creation are, when considered, ways to the Creator. For when we see these things which are made, we admire the power of their Maker . . . wherever the soul turns itself, if it looks attentively, it finds God in the very same objects through which it forsook Him ; and again acknowledges His power, from a consideration of those objects, for the love of which it abandoned Him. And it is recalled, when converted by those things by which, when perverted, it fell. For we make efforts to rise on the very spot where we fell, and in rising, we place, as it were, the hand of consideration on the spot, where, falling with the foot of slippery love, we were lying prostrate through

neglect. But because we have by visible things fallen from invisible, it is right that we should again strive by the visible things to reach the invisible ; in order that what was to the soul a fall to the bottom, may in turn be a step to the summit, and that it may rise by the same paces by which it fell ; while, as was before said, those objects rightly considered recall us to God, which, when improperly chosen, separated us from Him.

10

I seemed to learn
That what we see of forms and images
Which float along our minds, and what we feel
Of active or recognizable thought,
Prospectiveness, or intellect, or will,
Not only is not worthy to be deemed
Our being, to be prized as what we are,
But is the very littleness of life.
Such consciousness I deem but accidents,
Relapses from the one interior life
That lives in all things, sacred from the touch
Of that false secondary power by which
In weakness we create distinctions, then
Believe that all our puny boundaries are things
Which we perceive and not which we have made ;
—In which all beings live with god, themselves
Are god, Existing in the mighty whole,
As indistinguishable as the cloudless East
At noon is from the cloudless west, when all
The hemisphere is one cerulean blue.

11

Now hearken diligently. All life
Is as this chain, and Zeus is as the jewel.
The universal life dwells first in the Earth,

The stones and soil ; therefrom the plants and trees
Exhale their being ; and on them the brutes
Feeding elaborate their sentient life,
And from these twain mankind ; and in mankind
A spirit lastly is form'd of subtler sort
Whereon the high gods live, sustain'd thereby,
And feeding on it, as plants on the soil,
Or animals on plants. Now see ! I hold,
As well ye know, one whole link of this chain :
If I should kill the plants, must not man perish ?
And if he perish, then the gods must die.

12

I loved—oh, no, I mean not one of ye,
  Or any earthly one, though ye are dear
As human heart to human heart may be ;—
  I loved, I know not what—but this low sphere
And all that it contains, contains not thee,
  Thou, whom, seen nowhere, I feel everywhere.
From Heaven and Earth, and all that in them are,
Veiled art thou, like a star.

By Heaven and Earth, from all whose shapes thou flowest,
  Neither to be contained, delayed, nor hidden ;
Making divine the loftiest and the lowest,
  When for a moment thou art not forbidden
To live within the life which thou bestowest ;
  And leaving noblest things vacant and chidden,
Cold as a corpse after the spirit's flight,
Blank as the sun after the birth of night.

In winds, and trees, and streams, and all things common,
  In music and the sweet unconscious tone
Of animals, and voices which are human,
  Meant to express some feelings of their own ;

In the soft motions and rare smile of woman,
In flowers and leaves, and in the grass fresh-shown,
Or dying in the autumn, I the most
Adore thee present or lament thee lost.

13

Where can a God dwell save in th' Earth in th' Air or in Ocean
Or Sky or Manhood? Where else wouldst seek the Immortal?
God's wherever thou look'st, where thou mov'st He moveth also.

14

According to Jesus Christ, God is neither the Jupiter who sends rain upon the earth, nor the Venus thro whom all living things are produced, nor the Vulcan who presides over the terrestrial element of fire, nor the Vesta that preserves the light which is inshrined in the sun and moon and stars. He is neither the Proteus nor the Pan of the material world. But the word God according to the acceptation of Jesus Christ unites all the attributes which these denominations contain, and is the interfused and overruling Spirit of all the energy and wisdom included within the circle of existing things.

15

Some find God in all things,
See Him in Earth, in sea's wide ways, in lofty heaven's arch:
All animals, all flocks and herds, yea men from Him also—
Each (they say) its thin rivulet draws from the Divine Stream
At birth, and thither each will flow back. . . .

16

I am that which began ;
Out of me the years roll ;
Out of me God and man ;
I am equal and whole ;
God changes, and man, and the form of them bodily ;
I am the soul.

Before ever land was,
Before ever the sea,
Or soft hair of the grass,
Or fair limbs of the tree,
Or the flesh-coloured fruit of my branches, I was,
and thy soul was in me.

17

. . . he that sits on high and never sleeps,
Nor in one place is circumscriptible,
But every where fils every Continent,
With strange infusion of his sacred vigor, . . .

18

Is it this sky's vast vault or ocean's sound
That is Life's self and draws my life from me,
And by instinct ineffable decree
Holds my breath quailing on the bitter bound ?
Nay, is it Life or Death, thus thunder-crown'd,
That 'mid the tide of all emergency
Now notes my separate wave, and to what sea
Its difficult eddies labour in the ground ?

Oh ! what is this that knows the road I came,
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame,
The lifted shifted steeps and all the way ?—
That draws round me at last this wind-warm space,
And in regenerate rapture turns my face
Upon the devious coverts of dismay ?

19

Then sawest thou that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every Living Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish.

20

Mind is the Oldest of all things, senior to the Elements, and the whole Corporeal World; . . .

21

ATHENIAN. I am to propound, then, something which is not commonly stated, and it is this. The arguments of which the product is the soul of the ungodly make out that which initiates in all things generation and decay to be not first but later, and that which is later to be before, and this is why they have fallen into error concerning the true being of the gods.

CLEINIAS. I do not understand you yet.

ATHENIAN. Why, my friend, almost all of them seem to be ignorant of what soul is and what it can accomplish, and especially not to know about the generation of it, that it is one of the first of things, and came into being before all bodies, and is the prime author of all their changes and redispositions. And if this is true, must not those things which are akin to the soul be before those things which pertain to the body, since the soul itself is older than the body?

CLEINIAS. They must indeed.

ATHENIAN. Then thought and consideration and intelligence and art and law must be older than the hard and the soft and the heavy and the light ; and the great and first works and actions must proceed from art, being included in what is first, but nature and what comes by nature—she is not rightly called by this name—must be later and under the governance of art and intelligence.

22

Faith in reason is the trust that the ultimate natures of things lie together in a harmony which excludes mere arbitrariness. It is the faith that at the base of things we shall not find mere arbitrary mystery. The faith in the order of nature which has made possible the growth of science is a particular example of a deeper faith. This faith cannot be justified by any inductive generalization. It springs from direct inspection of the nature of things as disclosed in our own immediate present experience. There is no parting from your own shadow. To experience this faith is to know that in being ourselves we are more than ourselves : to know that our experience, dim and fragmentary as it is, yet sounds the utmost depths of reality : to know that detached details merely in order to be themselves demand that they should find themselves in a system of things : to know that this system includes the harmony of logical rationality, and the harmony of aesthetic achievement : to know that, while the harmony of logic lies upon the universe as an irony necessity, the aesthetic harmony stands before it as a living ideal moulding the general flux in its broken progress towards finer, subtler issues.

23

We must consider also in which of two ways the nature of the universe contains the good or the highest good, whether

as something separate and by itself, or as the order of the parts. Probably in both ways, as an army does. For the good is found both in the order and in the leader, and more in the latter; for he does not depend on the order but it depends on him. And all things are ordered together somehow, but not all alike,—both fishes and fowls and plants; and the world is not such that one thing has nothing to do with another, but they are connected. For all are ordered together to one end.

24

ALCIPHRON. Let me consider; I suspect we proceed too hastily. What! Do you pretend you can have the same assurance of the being of a God that you can have of mine, whom you actually see stand before you and talk to you?

EUPHRANOR. The very same, if not greater.

ALCIPHRON. How do you make this appear?

EUPHRANOR. By the person *Alciphron* is meant an individual thinking thing, and not the hair, skin, or visible surface, or any part of the outward form, colour, or shape, of *Alciphron*.

ALCIPHRON. This I grant.

EUPHRANOR. And, in granting this, you grant that, in a strict sense, I do not see *Alciphron*, *i.e.* that individual thinking thing, but only such visible signs, and tokens as suggest and infer the being of that invisible thinking principle or soul. Even so, in the self same manner, it seems to me that, though I cannot with eyes of flesh behold the invisible God, yet I do in the strict sense behold and perceive by all my senses such signs and tokens, such effects and operations, as suggest, indicate, and demonstrate an invisible God, as certainly, and with the same evidence, at least, as

any other signs, perceived by sense, do suggest to me the existence of your soul, spirit, or thinking principle ; which I am convinced of only by a few signs or effects ; and the motions of one small organised body : whereas I do, at all times and in all places, perceive sensible signs, which evince the being of God.

25

STRANGER. What then, in Heaven's name ? Shall we really let ourselves be readily persuaded that motion and life and soul and thought are not present in what is altogether real, and that it neither lives nor thinks, but august and holy as it is, it remains at rest without intelligence or motion ?

THEAETETUS. That would be a terrible admission to make, Stranger.

STRANGER. But can we say that it has mind and no life ?

THEAETETUS. How can we ?

STRANGER. But can we say that both these exist in it, yet hold it is not in a soul that it has them ?

THEAETETUS. In what other way could it have them ?

26

. . . those who, out of a conscientious regard for the interests of Science, have felt themselves compelled to derive Organic Life from blind chance and purposeless matter . . . have invested their original principles with so much reason and power of internal development, that nothing but the caprice of their terminology which keeps to the names of Matter, Mechanism, and Accident, for what other people call Spirit, Life, and Providence, seems to prevent them from relapsing into notions which they have before strenuously opposed.

I had rather beleeve all the Fables in the *Legend*, and the *Talmud*, and the *Alcoran*, then that this universall Frame is without a Minde. And therefore, God never wrought Miracle, to convince *Atheisme*, because his Ordinary Works convince it. It is true, that a little Philosophy inclineth Mans Minde to *Atheisme*; But depth in Philosophy, bringeth Mens Mindes about to *Religion*: For while the Minde of Man, looketh upon Second Causes Scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and goe no further: but when it beholdeth, the Chaine of them, Confederate and Linked together, it must needs flie to *Providence*, and *Deitie*. Nay even that *Schoole*, which is most accused of *Atheisme*, doth most demonstrate *Religion*; That is, the *Schoole of Leucippus*, and *Democritus*, and *Epicurus*. For it is a thousand times more Credible, that foure Mutable Elements, and one Immutable Fift Essence, duly and *Eternally* placed, need no God, then that an Army, of Infinite small Portions, or Seedes unplaced, should have produced this Order and Beauty, without a Divine Marshall. The Scripture saith; *The Foole hath said in his Heart, there is no God*: It is not said, *The Foole hath thought in his Heart*: So as, he rather saith it by rote to himselfe, as that he would have, then that he can throughly beleeve it, or be perswaded of it. For none deny there is a *God*, but those, for whom it maketh that there were no *God*. It appeareth in nothing more, that *Atheisme* is rather in the *Lip*, then in the *Heart* of Man, then by this; that *Atheists* will ever be talking of that their Opinion, as if they fainted in it, within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthned by the Consent of others: Nay more, you shall have *Atheists* strive to get *Disciples*, as it fareth with other Sects. And, which is most of all, you shall have of them that will suffer for *Atheisme*,

and not recant ; Wheras, if they did truly thinke, that there were no such thing as *God,* why should they trouble themselves ?

28

Know first that the heavens, and th' Earth, and space fluid or void,
Night's pallid orb, day's Sun, and all his starry coævals,
Are by one spirit inly quickened, and, mingling in each part,
Mind informs the matter, nature's complexity ruling.
Thence the living creatures, man, brute, and ev'ry feather'd fowl,
And what breedeth in Ocean aneath her surface of argent :
Their seed knoweth a fiery vigour, 'tis of airy divine birth,
In so far as unimpeded by an alien evil,
Nor dull'd by the body's framework condemn'd to corruption.

29

' Listen then and I will tell you. When I was young, Kebes, I was wonderfully eager to pursue the kind of wisdom which they call enquiry into Nature. It seemed to me a splendid thing, and to know the causes of everything, why each thing comes into being and why it is destroyed and why it exists, and I was always agitating myself with questions like these : whether living creatures derive their growth from some putrefaction of the hot and the cold as some say ; and is it blood or air or fire by means of which we think, or is it none of these things but the brain which provides us with the sensations of hearing, sight and smell, and do memory and opinion arise from these sensations, and from memory and opinion when quiescence is reached does knowledge arise accordingly ? And then I investigated the decay of things, and the changes of the heaven and the earth,

and I ended by thinking that no creature was so unfitted as I for such enquiries. And I will give you sufficient evidence. I had become so blinded by them that in matters that I had formerly seemed both to myself and others to understand quite clearly, I had now quite unlearnt even what I once thought I knew—even for example about the growth of man. For formerly I thought it clear to everyone that a man grows by eating and drinking; for when the flesh from the food that he eats is added to his flesh and the bone to his bones, and in the same way to each other part is added what is appropriate, then the little bulk must become a large one and the little man great. So I thought once; don't you think reasonably?' 'Certainly' said Kebes. 'Then listen to this too. I thought I knew well enough when I saw a big man standing by a small one or a big horse by a small one, that the big man or horse was taller than the small one by its head; and to take a clearer case, ten seemed to me more than eight by the presence of two besides, and I thought that a thing of two cubits was more than a one cubit thing because it exceeded it by half its length.'

'And now,' said Kebes, 'what is your opinion about these matters?'

'Good Heavens, that I am far from thinking that I know the cause of any of these things; why, I am not satisfied that I know, when one is added to one, whether the one to which it is added has become two or the one which is added, or whether they both by their addition to each other became two. . . .

'But one day I heard a man reading from a book, which, he said, was by Anaxagoras, and he read that mind is that which causes and disposes all things. I was delighted with this cause; and it seemed to me somehow right that

mind should be the cause of all things, and I reasoned that, if this was true, the mind in ordering all things orders and arranges each thing in the best possible manner ; so, if anyone wanted to find the cause why anything is or comes to be or is destroyed, he must find out how it is best for it to be or to produce or suffer change. And according to this argument all a man need seek to discover about it or anything else is what is best and most admirable. And thereby he must know too what is worse, for the knowledge of both is the same. Reasoning thus, I was overjoyed to think that I had found in Anaxagoras a teacher of the cause of things after my own heart, and I thought he would tell me first whether the earth was flat or round and, when he had told me, would go on to expound the cause and the necessity of its shape by telling me what is better, and how it is better for it to be thus or thus. And, if he said it was the centre of the universe, he would go on to demonstrate that it was better for it to be in the centre ; and, if he could make this clear, I made up my mind that I would desire no other kind of cause. And I resolved to ask the same about the sun and moon and other stars, about their relative speeds and their turnings and the other things that happen to them, how what they do or what befalls them is in each case best. For I never thought when he said that these things were disposed by mind that he would bring in any other cause for them than that it is best for each to be as it is. I thought that in assigning the cause of each thing in particular and of all things in common, he would expound what is best for each and what is the general good of all ; and I would not have sold these hopes for a great deal, but I seized the books eagerly and read them as quickly as I could in order that I might know what is best and what is worse as soon as possible.

'This marvellous hope of mine, my friend, soon vanished, when I went on with my reading, and found the man making no use of mind, nor assigning any causes for the disposing of things, but speaking of air and water and ether as causes and many other absurdities. And it seemed to me just as if someone said that Socrates did whatever he did by means of mind, and then, endeavouring to give the causes of the several things I do, went on to say, first that I sit here because my body consists of nerves and sinews, and the bones are hard and have joints which separate them from each other, and the sinews can be contracted and relaxed, and they with the muscles and skin containing them wrap the bones about, and so, as the bones swing in their sockets and the sinews slack them off or draw them together, I am able now to bend my limbs, and that is why I sit in a bent position. Again he might assign similar causes of my talking to you, as sound, air, hearing and countless others, and neglect to mention the true causes, which are that the Athenians thought it better to condemn me and therefore I too have thought it better to sit here, and juster to remain, and undergo whatever sentence they may pass on me; since you may be very sure that these muscles and bones would have been long ago in Megara or Bœotia, conveyed by an opinion of what is best, if I had not thought it juster and more noble to endure any sentence that the city may pronounce rather than become an exile and a fugitive. But it is ridiculous to call such things causes. If anyone says that without possessing such things as muscles and bones and the rest, I could not do what I deem good, he is telling the truth; but if he says that because of these I do what I do, and not from the choice of what is best, and yet it is by mind that I do them, he is speaking very carelessly. For he is unable to distinguish between what

really is a cause and something without which the cause could never be one.'

30

This materialism is a seducing system to young and superficial minds. It allows its disciples to talk, and dispenses them from thinking. But I was discontented with such a view of things as it afforded ; man is a being of high aspirations, ' looking both before and after,' whose ' thoughts wander through eternity,' disclaiming alliance with transience and decay ; incapable of imagining to himself annihilation ; existing but in the future and the past ; being not what he is, but what he has been and will be. Whatever may be his true and final destination, there is a spirit within him at enmity with nothingness and dissolution. This is the character of all life and being. Each is at once the centre and the circumference ; the point to which all things are referred, and the line in which all things are contained.

31

Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of
the earth :
And the heavens are the work of thy hands :
They shall perish ; but thou shalt endure :
They all shall wax old as doth a garment ;
And as a vesture shalt thou change them,
And they shall be changed :
But thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.

32

him all his Traine
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.

The Creation

Then staid the fervid Wheeles, and in his hand
He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd
In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profunditie obscure,
And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds,
This be thy just Circumference, O World.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: Darkness profound
Cover'd th' Abyss: but on the watrie calme
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred,
And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverse to life; then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the Air,
And Earth self-ballanc't on her Center hung.

33

Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said,
Who is this that darkeneth counsel
By words without knowledge?
Gird up now thy loins like a man;
For I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.
Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
Declare, if thou hast understanding.
Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest?
Or who hath stretched the line upon it?
Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened?
Or who laid the corner stone thereof;
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?

34

I must wond'ring attend, nay learn myself to decipher
Time's rich hieroglyph, with vast elemental pencil
Scor'd upon Earth's rocky crust,—minute shells slowly collecting
Press'd to a stone, uprais'd to a mountain, again to a fine sand
Worn, burying the remains of an alien organic epoch,
In the flat accretions of new sedimentary strata ;
All to be crush'd, crumpled, confused, contorted, abandon'd,
Broke, as a child's puzzle is, to be recompos'd with attention ;
Nature's history-book, which she hath torn as asham'd of ;
And lest those pictures on her fragmentary pages
Should too lightly reveal frustrate Antiquity, hath laid
Ruin upon ruin, revolution upon revolution :
Yet no single atom, no least insignificant grain
But, having order alike of fate, and faulty disorder,
Holds a record of Time, very vestiges of the Creation ;
Which who will not attend scorns blindly the only commandments
By God's finger of old inscribed on table of earth-stone.

35

... this is a piece too fair
To be the child of Chance, and not of Care.
No Atoms casually together hurl'd
Could e're produce so beautifull a world.

36

The whole heaven, then—or let us call it order, or by what ever other name is most acceptable—but anyhow we must ask first about it what should be asked about everything at

the outset. Was it always in existence without any beginning, or has it come to be, and did it start from some beginning ? It has come to be, for it is visible and tangible, and has a body, and all such things are sensible, and what is sensible, being apprehended by opinion in sense, plainly comes to be and is created. Again, we say that what has come to be must of necessity have come to be through some cause. It is a hard task to find out the father and creator of this whole, and an impossible, having found him, to tell of him to all ; but this, anyhow, we must next ask about it : whether the artificer of it worked according to the pattern of that which is ever one and the same, or of that which has come to be. Now . . . if the universe is fair, and its creator is good, then it is plain that he must have looked to the Eternal ; but if it is what none may even say without blasphemy, he looked to what has come to be. It is then plain to all that he looked to the Eternal, for the Universe is the fairest of created things and he is the best of causes.

37

How glorious art thou, Earth ! And if thou be
The shadow of some spirit lovelier still,
Though evil stain its work, and it should be
Like its creation, weak yet beautiful,
I could fall down and worship that and thee.
Even now my heart adoreth : Wonderful !
Look, sister, ere the vapour dim thy brain :
Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,
As a lake, paving in the morning sky,
With azure waves which burst in silver light,
Some Indian vale. Behold it, rolling on
Under the curdling winds, and islanding
The peak whereon we stand, midway, around,
Encinctured by the dark and blooming forests,

Dim twilight-lawns, and stream-illumèd caves,
And wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist ;
And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains
From icy spires of sun-like radiance fling
The dawn, as lifted Ocean's dazzling spray,
From some Atlantic islet scattered up,
Spangles the wind with lamp-like water-drops.

38

Before this worlds great frame, in which al things
Are now containd, found any being place
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mightie bound, which doth embrace
The rolling Spheres, and parts their houres by space,
That high eternall powre, which now doth move
In all these things, mov'd in it self by love,

It lov'd it self, because it self was faire ;
(For faire is lov'd ;) and of it self begot
Like to it self his eldest sonne and heire,
Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
The firstling of his joy, in whom no jot
Of loves dislike, or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honour crownd.

39

This world is unto God a work of art,
Of which the unaccomplish'd heavenly plan
Is hid in life within the creature's heart,
And for perfection looketh unto man.
Ah me ! those thousand ages : with what slow
Pains and persistence were his idols made,
Destroy'd and made, ere ever he coud know
The mighty mother must be so obey'd.

For lack of knowledge and thro' little skill
His childish mimicry outwent his aim;
His effort shap'd the genius of his will;
Till thro' distinction and revolt he came,
True to his simple terms of good and ill,
Seeking the face of Beauty without blame.

40

In brief, all things are artificial; for Nature is the Art of God.

41

From all eternity the Beloved unveiled His beauty in the solitude of the unseen;
He held up the mirror to His own face, He displayed His loveliness to Himself.
He was both the spectator and the spectacle; no eye but His had surveyed the Universe.
All was One, there was no duality, no pretence of 'mine' or 'thine.'
The vast orb of Heaven, with its myriad incomings and outgoings, was concealed in a single point.
The Creation lay cradled in the sleep of non-existence, like a child ere it has breathed.
The eye of the Beloved, seeing what was not, regarded nonentity as existent.
Although He beheld His attributes and qualities as a perfect whole in His own essence,
Yet He desired that they should be displayed to Him in another mirror,
And that each one of His eternal attributes should become manifest accordingly in a diverse form.
Therefore He created the verdant fields of Time and Space and the life-giving garden of the world,
That every branch and leaf and fruit might show forth His various perfections.

The cypress gave a hint of His comely stature, the rose gave tidings of His beauteous countenance.
Wherever Beauty peeped out, Love appeared beside it; wherever Beauty shone in a rosy cheek, Love lit his torch from that flame.
Wherever Beauty dwelt in dark tresses, Love came and found a heart entangled in their coils.
Beauty and Love are as body and soul; Beauty is the mine and Love is the precious stone.
They have always been together from the very first; and never have they travelled but in each other's company.

42

. . . there are two Books from which I collect my Divinity; besides that written one of God, another of his servant Nature, that universal and publick Manuscript, that lies expans'd unto the Eyes of all, those that never saw him in the one, have discovered him in the other: this was the Scripture and Theology of the Heathens: the natural motion of the Sun made them more admire him, than its supernatural station did the Children of *Israel*; the ordinary effects of nature wrought more admiration in them than in the other all his Miracles; surely the Heathens knew better how to joyn and read these mystical Letters than we Christians, who cast a more careless Eye on these common Hieroglyphicks, and disdain to suck Divinity from the flowers of Nature.

43

What lovely things
Thy hand hath made:
The smooth-plumed bird
In its emerald shade,
The seed of the grass,
The speck of stone

The Art of God

Which the wayfaring ant
Stirs—and hastes on!
Though I should sit
By some tarn in thy hills,
Using its ink
As the spirit wills
To write of Earth's wonders,
Its live, willed things,
Flit would the ages
On soundless wings
Ere unto Z
My pen drew nigh;
Leviathan told,
And the honey-fly:
And still would remain
My wit to try—
My worn reeds broken,
The dark tarn dry,
All words forgotten—
Thou, Lord, and I.

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies,
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer ? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears :
Did he smile his work to see ?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee ?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night :
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

45

Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee ;
He eateth grass as an ox.
Lo now, his strength is in his loins,
And his force is in the navel of his belly.
He moveth his tail like a cedar :
The sinews of his stones are wrapped together.
His bones are as strong pieces of brass ;
His bones are like bars of iron.
He is the chief of the ways of God :
He that made him can make his sword to approach unto him.
Surely the mountains bring him forth food,
Where all the beasts of the field play.
He lieth under the shady trees,
In the covert of the reed, and fens.
The shady trees cover him with their shadow ;
The willows of the brook compass him about.

46

He sung of God—the mighty source
Of all things—the stupendous force
On which all strength depends ;

A Song of Praise

From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, pow'r, and enterprize
Commences, reigns, and ends.

Angels—their ministry and meed,
Which to and fro with blessings speed,
Or with their citterns wait;
Where Michael with his millions bows,
Where dwells the seraph and his spouse,
The cherub and her mate.

Of man—the semblance and effect
Of God and Love—the Saint elect
For infinite applause—
To rule the land, and briny broad,
To be laborious in his laud,
And heroes in his cause.

The world—the clustring spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.

Trees, plants, and flow'rs—of virtuous root;
Gem yielding blossom, yielding fruit,
Choice gums and precious balm;
Bless ye the nosegay in the vale,
And with the sweetners of the gale
Enrich the thankful psalm.

Of fowl—e'en ev'ry beak and wing
Which cheer the winter, hail the spring,
That live in peace or prey;
They that make music, or that mock,
The quail, the brave domestic cock,
The raven, swan, and jay,

Of fishes—ev'ry size and shape,
Which nature frames of light escape,
  Devouring man to shun:
The shells are in the wealthy deep,
The shoals upon the surface leap,
  And love the glancing sun.

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task;
While the sleek tygers roll and bask,
  Nor yet the shades arouse:
Her cave the mining coney scoops;
Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops,
  The kids exult and brouse.

Of gems—their virtue and their price,
Which hid in earth from man's device,
  Their darts of lustre sheathe;
The jasper of the master's stamp,
The topaz blazing like a lamp
  Among the mines beneath.

47

If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite.

48

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God—blessed are those who have preserved internal sanctity of soul, who are conscious of no secret deceit, who are the same in act as they are in desire, who conceal no thought no tendencies of thought from their own conscience, who are faithful and sincere witnesses before the tribunal of their own judgement of all that passes within their mind. Such as these shall see God. What! after death, shall their awakened eyes behold the King of Heaven [?] shall they stand in

awe before the golden throne on which he sits, and gaze upon the venerable countenance of the paternal Monarch [?]. Is this the reward of the virtuous and the pure ? . . .

Jesus Christ has said no more than the most excellent philosophers have felt and expressed [—] that virtue is its own reward. It is true that such an expression as he has used was prompted by the energy of genius, it was the overflowing enthusiasm of a poet, . . . God, it has been asserted, was contemplated by Jesus Christ as every poet and every philosopher must have contemplated that mysterious principle. He considered that venerable word to express the overruling Spirit of the collective energy of the moral and material world. He affirms therefore no more than that a simple and sincere mind is an indispensable requisite of true science and true happiness. He affirms that a being of pure and gentle habits will not fail in every thought, in every object of every thought, to be aware of benignant visitings from the invisible energies by which he is surrounded.

Whosoever is free from the contamination of luxury and licence may go forth to the fields and to the woods, inhaling joyous renovation from the breath of Spring, or catching from the odours and the sounds of Autumn some diviner mood of sweetest sadness which improves the [solitary] heart. Whosoever is no deciever or destroyer of his fellow men, no liar, no flatterer, no murderer, may walk among his species, deriving from the communion with all which they contain of beautiful or of majestic, some intercourse with the Universal God. Whoever has maintained with his own heart the strictest correspondence of confidence, who dares to examine and to estimate every imagination which suggests itself to his mind, who is that which he designs to become, and only aspires to that which the divinity of his own nature shall consider and approve—he, has already seen

God. We live and move and think, but we are not the creators of our own origin and existence, we are not the arbiters of every motion of our own complicated nature ; we are not the masters of our own imaginations and moods of mental being. There is a Power by which we are surrounded, like the atmosphere in which some motionless lyre is suspended, which visits with its breath our silent chords, at will. Our most imperial and stupendous qualities—those on which the majesty and the power of humanity is erected—are, relatively to the inferior portion of its mechanism, indeed active and imperial ; but they are the passive slaves of some higher and more omnipresent Power. This Power is God. And those who have seen God have, in the period of their purer and more perfect nature, been harmonized by their own will to so exquisite [a] consentaneity of powers as to give forth divinest melody when the breath of universal being sweeps over their frame.

49

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live :
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!
  And would we ought behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
  Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
  Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
  A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!

What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
  Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature gives to us in dower,
  A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
  We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
  All melodies the echo of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

50

. . . though God hath copied forth his own Perfections in this conspicable & sensible World, according as it is capable of entertaining them; yet the most clear and distinct copy of himself could be imparted to none else but to intelligible and inconspicable natures: and though the whole fabrick of this visible Universe be whispering out the notions of a Deity, and alway inculcates this lesson to the contemplators of it, *ὡς ἐμὲ πεποίηκε ὁ θεὸς*, as *Plotinus* expresseth it; yet we cannot understand it without some interpreter within. *The Heavens* indeed *declare the glory of God, and the Firmament shews his handy-work*, and the *τὸ γνωστὸν τοῦ θεοῦ, that which may be known of God*, even *his eternal power and Godhead*, as *S. Paul* tells us, is to be seen in these *externall* appearances: yet it must be *something within* that must instruct us in all these Mysteries, and we shall then best understand them, when we compare that copie which we

find of them *within* our selves, with that which we see *without* us.

51

I saw moreover that it did not so much concern us what objects were before us, as with what eyes we beheld them, with what affections we esteemed them, and what apprehensions we had about them. All men see the same objects, but do not equally understand them. Intelligence is the tongue that discerns and tastes them. Knowledge is the Light of Heaven, Love is the Wisdom and Glory of God. Life extended to all objects is the sense that enjoys them. So that Knowledge, Life, and Love are the very means of all enjoyment. . . .

52

I would be a bird, and straight on wings I arise,
And carry purpose up to the ends of the air;
In calm and storm my sails I feather, and where
By freezing cliffs the unransom'd wreckage lies;
Or, strutting on hot meridian banks, surprise
The silence; over plains in the moonlight bare
I chase my shadow, and perch where no bird dare
In treetops torn by fiercest winds of the skies.

Poor simple birds, foolish birds! then I cry,
Ye pretty pictures of delight, unstir'd
By the only joy of knowing that ye fly;
Ye are not what ye are, but rather, sum'd in a word,
The alphabet of a god's idea, and I
Who master it, I am the only bird.

53

Your enjoyment of the world is never right, till every morning you awake in Heaven; see yourself in your

Father's Palace ; and look upon the skies, the earth, and the air as Celestial Joys : having such a reverend esteem of all, as if you were among the Angels. The bride of a monarch, in her husband's chamber, hath no such causes of delight as you.

You never enjoy the world aright, till the Sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars : and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you. Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold, and Kings in sceptres, you never enjoy the world.

54

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil ;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod ?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod ;
And all is seared with trade ; bleared, smeared with toil ;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell : the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent ;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things ;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs—
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah ! bright wings.

55

Open for me the gates of delight,
The gates of the garden of man's desire ;

Where spirits touch'd by heavenly fire
Have planted the trees of life.—
Their branches in beauty are spread,
Their fruit divine
To the nations is given for bread,
And crush'd into wine.

To thee, O man, the sun his truth hath given,
The moon hath whisper'd in love her silvery dreams ;
Night hath unlockt the starry heaven,
The sea the trust of his streams :
And the rapture of woodland spring
Is stay'd in its flying ;
And Death cannot sting
Its beauty undying.

Fear and Pity disentwine
Their aching beams in colours fine ;
Pain and woe forgo their might.
After darkness thy leaping sight,
After dumbness thy dancing sound,
After fainting thy heavenly flight,
After sorrow thy pleasure crown'd :
O enter the garden of thy delight,
Thy solace is found.

56

How sweet the moone-light sleepes upon this banke,
Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke
Creepe in our eares, soft stilnes and the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmonie :
Sit, *Jessica*, looke how the floore of heaven
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
But in his motion like an Angell sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins ;

Such harmonie is in immortall soules,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grosly close in it, we cannot heare it : . . .

57

Tout reposait dans Ur et dans Jérimadeth ;
Les astres émaillaient le ciel profond et sombre ;
Le croissant fin et clair parmi ces fleurs de l'ombre
Brillait à l'occident, et Ruth se demandait,

Immobile, ouvrant l'œil à moitié sous ses voiles,
Quel dieu, quel moissonneur de l'éternel été,
Avait, en s'en allant, négligemment jeté
Cette faucille d'or dans le champ des étoiles.

58

I heard it all, I heard the whole
Harmonious hymn of being roll
Up through the chapel of my soul
And at the altar die,
And in the awful quiet then
Myself I heard, Amen, Amen,
Amen I heard me cry!
I heard it all and then although
I caught my flying senses, Oh,
A dizzy man was I!
I stood and stared ; the sky was lit,
The sky was stars all over it,
I stood, I knew not why,
Without a wish, without a will,
I stood upon that silent hill
And stared into the sky until
My eyes were blind with stars and still
I stared into the sky.

59

Let me tell you the reason why the Creator of the World fashioned it and brought it into being. He was good, and in one who is good there is no jealousy of anything else. So, being free from jealousy, he wished everything to resemble himself as much as possible. This account wise men give us and we shall be right to accept it, of the supreme cause of the generation of the world. God wished everything to be good, and nothing to be bad, as far as this was possible; and so, finding all that is visible not at rest but moving in a disorderly and discordant way, he led it out of chaos towards order, for he judged that order was in every way better than chaos. Now it neither was nor is lawful for the best to do anything except what is fairest. Reflecting therefore, he perceived that nothing whose nature it is to be visible, taken as a whole, would be fairer without intelligence than with intelligence, and also that intelligence cannot exist in anything without soul. In accordance with this reasoning he placed intelligence in soul and soul in body and thus fashioned the universe, that he might achieve a work fairest and best in its nature. So then according to what is likely, we may say that this World became a living thing, ensouled and intelligent, through the providence of God.

60

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving: and shew ourselves glad in him with Psalms.

For the Lord is a great God: and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are all the corners of the earth: and the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it : and his hands prepared the dry land.
O come, let us worship, and fall down : and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

61

Most mighty omnipotent good Lord,
Thine be the praise, the glory, and the honour, and every blessing :
Thee alone, O Most High, they befit,
And no man is worthy to name Thee.
Praised be Thou, my Lord, with all Thy creatures,
Especially our brother, Master Sun,
Which shineth and illumineth us through Him ;
And he is fair and radiant with a great splendour :
He beareth Thy Sign upon him, O Thou Most High.
Blessed be Thou, my Lord, in our Sister Moon and the Stars,
For that Thou hast created them bright and precious and fair.
Blessed be Thou, my Lord, in our Brother Wind,
In Air and Cloud and Clear Sky and all Weather,
Through which Thou sustainest all Thy creatures.
Blessed be Thou, my Lord, in our Sister, Water,
Which is very useful and humble, and precious and chaste.
Blessed be Thou, my Lord, in our Brother, Fire,
Through which Thou illuminest the night ;
He is fair and jocund and violent and strong.
Blessed be Thou, my Lord, in our Sister, Mother Earth,
Which sustaineth and controlleth us,
And bringeth forth divers fruits, and many-coloured flowers and herbs.
Blessed be Thou, my Lord, in those who have compassion through Thy love,
And succour those who are weak and in tribulation,
Thy saints, who shall lie in peace beneath the earth,
And who shall be crowned by Thee, O Most High.

Blessed be Thou, my Lord, in our Sister, the Death of the body,
From which no living man can escape :
Woe unto those that die in mortal sin ;
Blessed are those that find their strength in Thy Most Holy Will,
Over whom the second Death will have no power.
Praise ye and bless ye my Lord, and thank Him and serve Him with great humility.

62

A great Philosopher and Divine representeth all Births and Productions, those of Flowers and Trees in Gardens, of Beasts in the Fields, of Fishes in the Sea, of Birds in the Air, of Celestial Light, of Men and Angels, as so many *Songs of Praise* celebrating the first Birth and Production, the eternal Generation of the Son from the Father in the Trinity. For, saith he, all other Productions or Births spring up and stand, in the virtue of this.

63

RAPHAEL.

The sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,
On its predestined circle rolled
With thunder speed : the Angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may :—
The world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as at Creation's day.

GABRIEL.

And swift and swift, with rapid lightness,
The adornèd Earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night ; the sea

Foams in broad billows from the deep
  Up to the rocks, and rocks and Ocean,
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
  Are hurried in eternal motion.

MICHAEL.

And tempests in contention roar
  From land to sea, from sea to land;
And, raging, weave a chain of power,
  Which girds the earth, as with a band.—
A flashing desolation there,
  Flames before the thunder's way;
But Thy servants, Lord, revere
  The gentle changes of Thy day.

CHORUS OF THE THREE.

The Angels draw strength from Thy glance,
  Though no one comprehend Thee may;—
Thy world's unwithered countenance
  Is bright as on Creation's day.

64

We praise thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee: the Father everlasting.
To thee all Angels cry aloud: the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.
To thee Cherubin, and Seraphin: continually do cry,
Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God of Sabaoth;
Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty: of thy Glory.

BOOK II.

THE GARDEN OF GOD

Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crownd . .

. . . vertue . . .
Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth
Of Creatures animate with gradual life
Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.

65

To see a World in a Grain of Sand,
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.

66

I hear, I feel;
Thy lips are on me, and their touch runs down
Even to the adamantine central gloom
Along these marble nerves; 'tis life, 'tis joy,
And through my withered, old, and icy frame
The warmth of an immortal youth shoots down
Circling.

67

Nothing can exist which does not partake of Soul.

68

A thought is with me sometimes, and I say,—
Should the whole frame of earth by inward throes
Be wrenched, or fire come down from far to scorch
Her pleasant habitations, and dry up
Old Ocean, in his bed left singed and bare,
Yet would the living Presence still subsist
Victorious, and composure would ensue,
And kindlings like the morning—presage sure
Of day returning and of life revived.

69

And think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.

70

We should endeavour to see the so-called inorganic as living, in respect of the qualities it has in common with the organic, rather than the organic as non-living in respect of the qualities it has in common with the inorganic. True, it would be hard to place one's self on the same moral platform as a stone, but this is not necessary ; it is enough that we should feel the stone to have a moral platform of its own, though that platform embraces little more than a profound respect for the laws of gravitation, chemical affinity, etc.

71

Homme, libre penseur ! te crois-tu seul pensant
Dans ce monde où la vie éclate en toute chose ?
Des forces que tu tiens ta liberté dispose,
Mais de tous tes conseils l'univers est absent.

Respecte dans la bête un esprit agissant :
Chaque fleur est une âme à la Nature éclose ;
Un mystère d'amour dans le métal repose ;
' Tout est sensible ! ' Et tout sur ton être est puissant.

Crains, dans le mur aveugle, un regard qui t'épie :
A la matière même un verbe est attaché . . .
Ne la fais pas servir à quelque usage impie !

Souvent dans l'être obscur habite un Dieu caché ;
Et comme un œil naissant couvert par ses paupières,
Un pur esprit s'accroît sous l'écorce des pierres !

72

Now up from the intense creative Earth
Spring her strong sons : the thunder of their mirth
Vibrates upon the shining rocks and spills
In floods of rolling music on the hills.

Action and flesh cohere in one clean fusion
Of force with form : the very ethers breed
Wild harmonies of song : the frailest reed
Holds shackled thunder in its heart's seclusion.
And every stone that lines my lonely way,
Sad tongueless nightingale without a wing,
Seems on the point of rising up to sing
And donning scarlet for its dusty grey !

73

The parallel between a whirlpool in a stream and a living being, which has often been drawn, is as just as it is striking. The whirlpool is permanent, but the particles of water which constitute it are incessantly changing. Those which enter it, on the one side, are whirled around and temporarily constitute a part of its individuality ; and as they leave it on the other side, their places are made good by new comers.

74

To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd.
O *Adam*, one Almightie is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life ;
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,
As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending
Each in thir several active Sphears assignd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportiond to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aerie, last the bright consummate floure
Spirits odorous breathes : flours and thir fruit
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd

To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual, give both life and sense,
Fansie and understanding, whence the soule
Reason receives, and reason is her being, . . .

75

It's a very odd thing—
  As odd as can be—
That whatever Miss T. eats
  Turns into Miss T.;
Porridge and apples,
  Mince, muffins and mutton,
Jam, junket, jumbles—
  Not a rap, not a button
It matters; the moment
  They're out of her plate,
Though shared by Miss Butcher
  And sour Mr. Bate;
Tiny and cheerful,
  And neat as can be,
Whatever Miss T. eats
  Turns into Miss T.

76

. . . and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.

77

It is easy to see that the normal growth and development of an organism is determined from within, takes place, that is, in accordance with the laws of its own nature. The acorn does not grow into a fir-tree, nor is an eagle hatched from a turkey's egg. No matter what influences may be exerted from without, the tree that grows from an acorn is an oak, and the bird that comes from a turkey's egg is a turkey.

78

The apple tree never asks the beech how he shall grow ;
nor the lion, the horse, how he shall take his prey.

79

What is't to live, if not to pull the strings
Of thought that pull those grosser strings whereby
We pull our limbs to pull material things
Into such shape as in our thoughts doth lie ?

80

All life's forms are akin, yet none is like to another :
They are a Choir that makes God's hidden Art manifest.

81

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen !
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands ;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

82

In the floods of Life, in the storm of deeds
Up and down as the wave
As the wind to and fro,
I go.
Birth and the grave,
One eternal flow,
One mutable maze,
One life ablaze,
For Time, the stern weaver, I ply and I plod,
And embroider the bright living garment of God.

83

This active virtue becomes a soul, like that of a plant, differing from it in so far as this soul is on the road, whereas those of plants have already reached the goal. It then works so that it moves and feels like a sea-fungus, and then begins to make organs for the powers of which it is the germ. Now, my son, it expands, now distends the virtue which comes from the heart of the begetter, where nature devises all human limbs. But how from an animal it becomes a child, thou seest not yet. . . .

Open thy heart to the truth that is coming and know that so soon as the brain is perfectly organised in the embryo, the Creator turns to it rejoicing over such a masterpiece of nature, and breathes into it a new spirit filled with virtue, which draws to its substance whatever it finds active there, and makes it a single soul that lives and feels and turns round upon itself.

84

I died as mineral and became a plant,
I died as plant and rose to animal,
I died as animal and I was man.
Why should I fear ? When was I less by dying ?
Yet once more shall I die as man, to soar
With angels blest ; but even from angelhood
I must pass on : all except God doth perish.

85

And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden ; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food ; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

86

An ash I know stands,
Yggdrasil is its name,
a lofty tree, sprinkled
with water white:
thence come the dews,
which fall in the dales;
it stands ever green
by the well of Urth.

87

The tree of Life (say the Hebrewes) hath a plurall construction, and is to be understood, *Lignum vitarum, the tree of Lives*, because the fruit thereof had a property to preserve the growing, sensitive, and rationall life of man; . . .

But of what kind or species this tree of Life was, no man hath taken on him to teach: in which respect many have conceived that the same is not materiall, but a meere *Allegorie*, taking their strength out of *Salomon*, where Wisedom is compared to the Tree of Life, and from other places, where also Christ is called the Tree of Life, . . .

The report of this Tree was also brought to the ancient Poets: for as from the undigested matter or *Chaos*, *Hesiodus*, *Homer*, *Ovid*, and others steale the invention of the created World; so from the Garden of *Paradise*, they tooke the Platforme of the Orchard of *Alcinous*, and another of the *Hesperides*, and from the tree of Life, their *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*; for *Nectar*, according to *Suidas*, signifieth *making young*, and *Ambrosia* immortalitie; and therefore said to be the meate and drinke of the Gods.

88

The affinities of all the beings of the same class have sometimes been represented by a great tree. I believe this simile

largely speaks the truth. The green and budding twigs may represent existing species; and those produced during former years may represent the long succession of extinct species. . . . As buds give rise by growth to fresh buds, and these, if vigorous branch out and overtop on all sides many a feebler branch, so by generation I believe it has been with the great Tree of Life which fills with its dead and broken branches the crust of the earth, and covers the surface with its ever-branching and beautiful ramifications.

89

I know that I hung
on the windy tree
through nine full days,
wounded with the spear,
and offered to Odin,
myself to myself
upon that tree,
of which no man knows
from what roots it springs.
Nor with bread did they bless me
nor with aught to drink:
I peered down,
I took up the runes,
shrieking I took them,
and then I fell back.

90

. . . if, as we now believe, all animals and plants are descended from a single cell, they must be considered as cousins to one another, and as forming a single tree-like animal, every individual plant or animal of which is as truly one and the same person with the primordial cell as the oak a thousand years old is one and the same plant with the acorn out of which it has grown.

91

I like, too, that representation they have of the Tree Igdrasil. All life is figured by them as a Tree. Igdrasil, the Ash-tree of Existence, has its roots deep-down in the kingdoms of Hela or Death ; its trunk reaches up heaven-high, spreads its boughs over the whole Universe : it is the Tree of Existence. At the foot of it, in the Death-kingdom, sit Three *Nornas*, Fates,—the Past, Present, Future ; watering its roots from the Sacred Well. Its 'boughs', with their buddings and disleafings,—events, things suffered, things done, catastrophes,—stretch through all lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word ? Its boughs are Histories of Nations. The rustle of it is the noise of Human Existence, onwards from of old. It grows there, the breath of Human Passion rustling through it ;—or stormtost, the stormwind howling through it like the voice of all the gods. . . . Considering how human things circulate, each inextricably in communion with all,—how the word I speak to you to-day is borrowed, not from Ulfila the Moesogoth only, but from all men since the first man began to speak,—I find no similitude so true as this of a Tree.

92

And he said, Whereunto shall we liken the kingdom of God ? or with what comparison shall we compare it ? It is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth : but when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches ; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it.

93

Comme dormait Jacob, comme dormait Judith,
Booz, les yeux fermés, gisait sous la feuillée ;
Or, la porte du ciel s'étant entre-bâillée
Au-dessus de sa tête, un songe en descendit.

Et ce songe était tel, que Booz vit un chêne
Qui, sorti de son ventre, allait jusqu'au ciel bleu ;
Une race y montait comme une longue chaîne ;
Un roi chantait en bas, en haut mourait un Dieu.

94

Tous les vivants se tiennent, et tous cèdent à la même formidable poussée. L'animal prend son point d'appui sur la plante, l'homme chevauche sur l'animalité, et l'humanité entière, dans l'espace et dans le temps, est une immense armée qui galope à côté de chacun de nous, en avant et en arrière de nous, dans une charge entraînante capable de culbuter toutes les résistances et de franchir bien des obstacles, même peut-être la mort.

95

Walled up in sense, we know no general plan :
  Aeons long past creative power went on,
  Evolving lights and forces round the throne,
And in the ordered nucleus of the plan
Blossomed and brightened the umbrageous span
  Of this our world, beneath the Fates' fell care,
  The Tree of Life outspreading everywhere,
And seedling fruits from short-lived blooms began.

Have these old mysteries ceased ? from fiery steeps,
  From deepening swamps the mute snake writhed along ;
Anon the bird screamed—then the furred beast creeps
  Growling ; then Adam speaks erect and strong.
Shall there not rise again from Nature's deeps
  One more, whose voice shall be the perfect song ?

96

We have sought to envisage the variety of life—hundreds of thousands of distinct individualities or species ; the abundance of life,—like a river always tending to overflow its banks ; the diffusion of life,—exploring and exploiting every corner of land and sea ; the insurgence of life,—self-assertive, presistent, defiant, continually achieving the apparently impossible ; the cyclical development of life,—ever passing from birth, through love, to death ; the intricacy of life,—every cell a microcosm ; the subtlety of life,—every drop of blood an index of idiosyncrasies ; the inter-relatedness of life,—with myriad threads woven in a patterned web ; the drama of life,—plot within plot, age after age, with every conceivable illustration of the twin motives of hunger and love ; the flux of life,—even under our short-lived eyes ; the progress of life,—slowly creeping upwards through unthinkable time, expressing itself in ever nobler forms ; the beauty of life,—every finished organism an artistic harmony ; the morality of life,—spending itself to the death for other than individual ends ; the mentality of life,—sometimes quietly dreaming, sometimes sleep-walking, sometimes widely awake ; and the victory of life,—subduing material things to its will, and in its highest reaches controlling itself towards an increasing purpose.

97

Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,
Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit : . . .

98

. . . la Nature, je l'avoue, est dans un mouvement de flux continuel ; mais c'est assez pour l'homme de la saisir dans

l'instant de son siècle, & de jeter quelques regards en arrière & en avant, pour tâcher d'entrevoir ce que jadis elle pouvoit être, & ce que dans la suite elle pourroit devenir.

99

To create a little flower is the labour of ages.

100

Very old are the woods ;
  And the buds that break
Out of the briar's boughs,
  When March winds wake,
So old with their beauty are—
  Oh, no man knows
Through what wild centuries
  Roves back the rose.

Very old are the brooks ;
  And the rills that rise
Where snow sleeps cold beneath
  The azure skies
Sing such a history
  Of come and gone,
Their every drop is as wise
  As Solomon.

Very old are we men ;
  Our dreams are tales
Told in dim Eden
  By Eve's nightingales ;
We wake and whisper awhile,
  But, the day gone by,
Silence and sleep like fields
  Of amaranth lie.

101

Ye who have passed Death's haggard hills ; and ye
Whom trees that knew your sires shall cease to know
And still stand silent :—is it all a show,—
A wisp that laughs upon the wall ?—decree
Of some inexorable supremacy
Which ever, as man strains his blind surmise
From depth to ominous depth, looks past his eyes,
Sphinx-faced with unabashèd augury ?
Nay, rather question the Earth's self. Invoke
The storm-felled forest-trees moss-grown to-day
Whose roots are hillocks where the children play ;
Or ask the silver sapling 'neath what yoke
Those stars, his spray-crown's clustering gems, shall wage
Their journey still when his boughs shrink with age.

102

Sure thou didst flourish once ! and many Springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers
Past ore thy head : many light *Hearts* and *Wings*
Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.
And still a new succession sings and flies ;
Fresh Groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies,
While the low *Violet* thrives at their root.

103

Fronting amazed *Kythera* grows
A wondrous ever-blooming rose
Sacred to *Venus*, dearer far
Than all her votive blossoms are.
The North-wind blows when autumn closes,
And *Paphos* is in ruin laid,
But in a world of fading roses
There grows one Rose that will not fade.

104

He came and took me by the hand
  Up to a red rose tree,
He kept His meaning to Himself
  But gave a rose to me.

I did not pray Him to lay bare
  The mystery to me,
Enough the rose was Heaven to smell,
  And His own face to see.

105

'Where, then, is your designer of man? Who made him? And where, again, is your designer of beasts and birds, of fishes, and of plants?'

Our answer is simple enough; it is that we can and do point to a living and tangible person with flesh, blood, eyes, nose, ears, organs, senses, dimensions, who did of his own cunning after infinite proof of every kind of hazard and experiment scheme out, and fashion each organ of the human body. This is the person whom we claim as the designer and artificer of that body, and he is the one of all others the best fitted for the task by his antecedents, and his practical knowledge of the requirements of the case—for he is man himself.

Not man, the individual of any given generation, but man in the entirety of his existence from the dawn of life onwards to the present moment. In like manner we say that the designer of all organisms is incorporate with the organisms themselves—so lives, moves, and has its being in those organisms, and is so one with them—they in it, and it in them—that it is more consistent with reason and the common use of words to see the designer of each living form in the

living form itself, than to look for its designer in some other place or person.

106

What biology seems justified in holding firm to is, that there has been a frequent epigenesis or new formation, a frequent outcrop of genuine novelties. . . . we mean, in concrete language, that there was a time when there were no insects; they came into being, and they were new ideas. There was a time when there were no birds; they came into being, and they were new ideas. It may be very naïve on the biologist's part, but it does not appear likely that any argument that being is a fixed quantity will affect his belief that insects and birds were downright novelties.

107

Thus the nose of the swine has become hard for the purpose of turning up the soil in search of insects and of roots. The trunk of the elephant is an elongation of the nose for the purpose of pulling down the branches of trees for his food, and for taking up water without bending his knees. Beasts of prey have acquired strong jaws or talons. Cattle have acquired a rough tongue and a rough palate to pull off the blades of grass, as cows and sheep. Some birds have acquired harder beaks to crack nuts, as the parrot. Others have acquired beaks adapted to break the harder seeds, as sparrows. Others for the softer seeds of flowers, or the buds of trees, as the finches. Other birds have acquired long beaks to penetrate the moister soils in search of insects or roots, as woodcocks; and others broad ones to filtrate the water of lakes, and to retain aquatic insects. All which seem to have been gradually produced during many generations by the perpetual endeavour of the creatures

to supply the want of food, and to have been delivered to their posterity with constant improvement of them for the purposes required.

108

Pour montrer l'origine commune des deux ordres d'effets qui, dans leur plus grand distinction, constituent ce qu'on nomme le *physique* et le *moral*, il me semble qu'on s'y est mal pris, et qu'on a choisi une route opposée à celle qu'il falloit suivre.

Effectivement, on a commencé à étudier ces deux sortes d'objets si distincts en apparence, dans l'homme même, où l'organisation, parvenue à son terme de composition et de perfectionnement, offre dans les causes des phénomènes de la vie, dans celles du sentiment, enfin dans celles des facultés dont il jouit, la plus grande complication, et où conséquemment il est le plus difficile de saisir la source de tant de phénomènes.

Après avoir bien étudié l'organisation de l'homme, comme on l'a fait, au lieu de s'empresser de rechercher dans la considération de cette organisation les causes mêmes de la vie, celles de la sensibilité physique et morale, celles, en un mot, des facultés éminentes qu'il possède, il falloit alors s'efforcer de connoître l'organisation des autres animaux ; il falloit considérer les différences qui existent entre eux à cet égard, ainsi que les rapports qui se trouvent entre les facultés qui leur sont propres, et l'organisation dont ils sont doués.

Si l'on eut comparé ces différens objets entre eux, et avec ce qui est connu à l'égard de l'homme ; si l'on eut considéré, depuis l'organisation animale la plus simple, jusqu'à celle de l'homme qui est la plus composée et la plus parfaite, la *progression* qui se montre dans la composition de l'organisation, ainsi que l'acquisition successive des différens organes

spéciaux, et par suite d'autant de facultés nouvelles que de nouveaux organes obtenus : alors on eut pu apercevoir comment les *besoins*, d'abord réduits à nullité, et dont le nombre ensuite s'est accru graduellement, ont amené le penchant aux actions propres à y satisfaire ; comment les actions devenues habituelles et énergiques, ont occasionné le developpement des organes qui les exécutent ; comment la force qui excite les mouvements organiques, peut, dans les animaux les plus imparfaits, se trouver hors d'eux, et cependant les animer ; comment ensuite cette force a été transportée et fixée dans l'animal même ; enfin, comment elle y est devenue la source de la sensibilité, et à la fin celle des actes de l'intelligence.

109

Can we or can we not see signs in the structure of animals and plants, of something which carries with it the idea of contrivance so strongly that it is impossible for us to think of the structure, without at the same time thinking of contrivance, or design, in connection with it ?

It is my object in the present work to answer this question in the affirmative, and to lead my reader to agree with me, perhaps mainly, by following the history of that opinion which is now supposed to be fatal to a purposive view of animal and vegetable organs. I refer to the theory of evolution or descent with modification.

Let me state the question more at large.

When we see organs, or living tools—for there is no well-developed organ of any living being which is not used by its possessor as an instrument or tool for the effecting of some purpose which he considers or has considered for his advantage—when we see living tools which are as admirably fitted for the work required of them, as is the carpenter's plane for planing, or the blacksmith's hammer and anvil for

the hammering of iron, or the tailor's needle for sewing, what conclusion shall we adopt concerning them ?

Shall we hold that they must have been designed or contrived, not perhaps by mental processes indistinguishable from those by which the carpenter's saw or the watch has been designed, but still by processes so closely resembling these that there is no word that can be found to express the actual facts of the case so nearly as the word ' design ' ? That is to say, shall we imagine that they were arrived at by a living mind as the result of scheming and contriving, and thinking (not without occasional mistakes) which of the courses open to it seemed best fitted for the occasion, or are we to regard the apparent connection between such an organ, we will say, as the eye and the sight which is effected by it, as in no way due to the design or plan of a living intelligent being, but as caused simply by the accumulation, one upon another, of an almost infinite series of small pieces of good fortune ?

110

The theory that luck is the main means of organic modification is the most absolute denial of God which it is possible for the human mind to conceive—while the view that God is in all His creatures, He in them and they in Him, is only expressed in other words by declaring that the main means of organic modification is, not luck, but cunning.

111

He infused the breath of life into other living beings also ; . . . every living being receives animation from one and the same source of life and breath. . . . Nor has the word *spirit* any other meaning in the sacred writings, but the breath of

life which we inspire, or the vital, or sensitive, or rational faculty, or some action or affection belonging to those faculties.

112

In my youth, long ago, nearly forty years ago, I travelled all over Russia with Father Anfim, collecting funds for our monastery, and we stayed one night on the bank of a great navigable river with fishermen. A good-looking peasant lad, about eighteen, joined us ; he had to hurry back next morning to pull a merchant's barge along the bank. I noticed him looking straight before him with clear and tender eyes. It was a bright, warm, still July night, a cool mist rose from the broad river, we could hear the plash of a fish, the birds were still, all was hushed and beautiful, everything praying to God. Only we two were not sleeping, the lad and I, and we talked of the beauty of this world of God's and of the great mystery of it. Every blade of grass, every insect, ant, and golden bee, all so marvellously know their path, though they have not intelligence, they bear witness to the mystery of God and continually accomplish it themselves. I saw the dear lad's heart was moved. He told me that he loved the forest and the forest birds. He was a bird-catcher, knew the note of each of them, could call each bird. 'I know nothing better than to be in the forest,' said he, 'though all things are good.'

'Truly,' I answered him, 'all things are good and fair, because all is truth. Look,' said I, 'at the horse, that great beast that is so near man ; or the lowly, pensive ox, which feeds him and works for him ; look at their faces, what meekness, what devotion to man, who often beats them mercilessly. What gentleness, what confidence and what beauty ! It's touching to know that there's no sin in them,

for all, all except man, is sinless, and Christ has been with them before us.'

'Why,' asked the boy, 'is Christ with them too?'

'It cannot but be so,' said I, 'since the Word is for all. All creation and all creatures, every leaf is striving to the Word, singing glory to God, weeping to Christ, unconsciously accomplishing this by the mystery of their sinless life. Yonder,' said I, 'in the forest wanders the dreadful bear, fierce and menacing, and yet innocent in it.' And I told him how once a bear came to a great saint who had refuge in a tiny cell in the wood. And the great saint pitied him, went up to him without fear and gave him a piece of bread. 'Go along,' said he, 'Christ be with you,' and the savage beast walked away meekly and obediently, doing no harm. And the lad was delighted that the bear had walked away without hurting the saint, and that Christ was with him too. 'Ah,' said he, 'how good that is, how good and beautiful is all God's work!' He sat musing softly and sweetly. I saw he understood. And he slept beside me a light and sinless sleep. May God bless youth! And I prayed for him as I went to sleep. Lord, send peace and light to Thy people.

113

Immense numbers of upland geese in great flocks used to spend the cold months on the plains where he had his lonely hut; and one morning in August in the early spring of that southern country, some days after all the flocks had taken their departure to the south, he was out riding, and saw at a distance before him on the plain a pair of geese. They were male and female—a white and a brown bird. Their movements attracted his attention and he rode to them. The female was walking steadily on in a southerly

direction, while the male, greatly excited, and calling loudly from time to time, walked at a distance ahead, and constantly turned back to see and call to his mate, and at intervals of a few minutes he would rise up and fly, screaming, to a distance of some hundreds of yards; then finding that he had not been followed, he would return and alight at a distance of forty or fifty yards in advance of the other bird, and begin walking on as before. The female had one wing broken, and, unable to fly, had set out on her long journey to the Magellanic Islands on her feet; and her mate, though called to by that mysterious imperative voice in his breast, yet would not forsake her; but flying a little distance to show her the way, and returning again and again, and calling to her with his wildest and most piercing cries, urged her still to spread her wings and fly with him to their distant home.

And in that sad, anxious way they would journey on to the inevitable end, when a pair or family of carrion eagles would spy them from a great distance—the two travellers left far behind by their fellows, one flying, the other walking; and the first would be left to continue the journey alone.

114

So zestfully canst thou sing?
And all this indignity,
With God's consent, on thee!
Blinded ere yet a-wing
By the red-hot needle thou,
I stand and wonder how
So zestfully thou canst sing

Resenting not such wrong,
Thy grievous pain forgot,
Eternal dark thy lot,
Groping thy whole life long,

After that stab of fire ;
Enjailed in pitiless wire ;
Resenting not such wrong !

Who hath charity ? This bird.
Who suffereth long and is kind,
Is not provoked, though blind
And alive ensepulchred ?
Who hopeth, endureth all things ?
Who thinketh no evil, but sings ?
Who is divine ? This bird.

115

Whatever view we take as to the nature of mind and its relation to bodily activity, it is a fact that as we follow the main line of animal evolution, behaviour becomes more masterly, more plastic, more like our own. As regards behaviour the slipper-animalcule is surpassed by the earth-worm, the worm by the blackbird, and the bird by the cat. There is increasing freedom, subtlety, and resourcefulness of behaviour. Many will admit this at once, who will not take the further step of supposing that the progressive evolution of behaviour is associated with a clarifying and strengthening of what, by analogy with ourselves, we may call the stream of inner life—the flow of feeling, will, and thought. We suppose that there is a rill of inner life growing in volume until it becomes a stream, because as we pass from lower to higher animals there is more and more behaviour that we cannot fully describe in purely physiological terms.

116

For him the woods were a home and gave him the key
Of knowledge, thirst for their treasures in herbs and flowers.

The Fountain of Life

The secrets held by the creatures nearer than we
To earth he sought, and the link of their life with ours:
And where alike we are, unlike where, and the veined
Division, veined parallel, of a blood that flows
In them, in us, from the source by man unattained
Save marks he well what the mystical woods disclose.

And this he deemed might be boon of love to a breast
Embracing tenderly each little motive shape,
The prone, the flitting, who seek their food whither best
Their wits direct, whither best from their foes escape:
For closer drawn to our mother's natural milk,
As babes they learn where her motherly help is great:
They know the juice for the honey, juice for the silk,
And need they medical antidotes find them straight.

Of earth and sun they are wise, they nourish their broods,
Weave, build, hive, burrow and battle, take joy and pain
Like swimmers varying billows: never in woods
Runs white insanity fleeing itself: all sane
The woods revolve: as the tree its shadowing limns
To some resemblance in motion, the rooted life
Restrains disorder: you hear the primitive hymns
Of earth in woods issue wild of the web of strife.

Now sleeping once on a day of marvellous fire,
A brood of snakes he had cherished in grave regret
That death his people had dealt their dam and their sire,
Through savage dread of them, crept to his neck and set
Their tongues to lick him: the swift affectionate tongue
Of each ran licking the slumberer: then his ears
A forked red tongue tickled shrewdly: sudden upsprung,
He heard a voice piping: Ay for he has no fears!

A bird said that, in the notes of birds, and the speech
Of men, it seemed: and another renewed: He moves
To learn and not to pursue, he gathers to teach;
He feeds his young as do we, and as we love loves.

No fears have I of a man who goes with his head
To earth, chance looking aloft at us, kind of hand:
I feel to him as to earth of whom we are fed;
I pipe him much for his good could he understand.

Melampus touched at his ears, laid finger on wrist:
He was not dreaming, he sensibly felt and heard.
Above, through leaves, where the tree-twigs thick intertwist,
He spied the birds and the bill of the speaking bird.
His cushion mosses in shades of various green,
The lumped, the antlered, he pressed, while the sunny snake
Slipped under: draughts he had drunk of clear Hippocrene,
It seemed, and sat with a gift of the Gods awake.

Divinely thrilled was the man, exultingly full,
As quick well-waters that come of the heart of earth,
Ere yet they dart in a brook, are one bubble-pool
To light and sound, wedding both at the leap of birth.
The soul of light vivid shone, a stream within stream;
The soul of sound from a musical shell outflew;
Where others hear but a hum and see but a beam,
The tongue and eye of the fountain of life he knew.

117

And he went into the field, and began to preach to the birds that were on the ground; and immediately those that were on the trees came to him, and they all remained quiet together, until Saint Francis made an end of preaching: and even then they did not depart until he had given them his blessing. . . . Saint Francis went among them touching them with his cloak, yet none moved from his place. This was the substance of the sermon that Saint Francis preached to them: 'My little sisters, the birds, you are much beholden to God, your creator, and always in every place you ought

to praise Him, because He has given you double and triple raiment and has given you liberty to fly about everywhere; moreover He preserved your seed in the ark of Noah, so that your race might not perish out of the world; you are beholden to Him still more for the element of the air which He hath appointed for you; beyond all this, you sow not, neither do you reap; and God feeds you, and gives you the streams and fountains for your drink; the mountains and the valleys for your refuge and the high trees whereon to make your nests; and, because ye know not how to spin or sew, God clothes you, you and your children; so that your Creator must love you very much, seeing that He has bestowed so many benefits on you; and therefore, my little sisters, beware of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to praise God.' When Saint Francis spoke these words to them, all that throng of birds began to open their beaks, and stretch their necks and spread their wings, and reverently bend down their heads to the ground, and by their acts and by their songs to show that the holy Father gave them very great joy. And Saint Francis rejoiced with them, and was glad, and wondered much at so great a throng of birds and at their beauty and diversity and the heed they paid to him, and their lovingkindness, for which cause he devoutly praised their Creator in them. At last, having ended the preaching, Saint Francis made over them the sign of the cross, and gave them leave to depart; and then all the birds rose up in the air with a marvellous singing; and then, in the fashion of the cross that Saint Francis had made over them, they divided themselves into four parts; and the one part flew towards the East, and the other towards the West, and the third towards the South, and the fourth towards the North, and each part went on its way with a marvellous song.

118

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.

119

When I was a child and was told that our dog and our parrot, with whom I was on intimate terms, were not creatures like myself, but were brutal whilst I was reasonable, I not only did not believe it, but quite consciously and intellectually formed the opinion that the distinction was false; so that afterwards, when Darwin's views were first unfolded to me, I promptly said that I had found out all that for myself before I was ten years old; and I am far from sure that my youthful arrogance was not justified; for this sense of the kinship of all forms of life is all that is needed to make Evolution not only a conceivable theory, but an inspiring one. St. Anthony was ripe for the Evolution theory when he preached to the fishes, and St. Francis when he called the birds his little brothers. Our vanity . . . had led us to insist on God offering us special terms by placing us apart from and above all the rest of his creatures.

120

How do you know but ev'ry Bird that cuts the airy way,
Is an immense World of Delight, clos'd by your senses five?

121

As thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child: even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all.

122

In a thing that we must judge as a natural purpose (an organized being) we can no doubt try all the known and yet to be discovered laws of mechanical production, and even hope to make good progress therewith ; but we can never get rid of the call for a quite different ground of production for the possibility of such a product, viz. causality by means of purposes. Absolutely no human Reason (in fact no finite Reason like ours in quality, however much it may surpass it in degree) can hope to understand the production of even a blade of grass by mere mechanical causes.

123

A love story might be told in a series of sketches of the clothes of two families hanging out to dry in adjacent gardens. Then a gentleman's night-shirt from one garden, and a lady's night-gown from the other should be shown hanging in a third garden by themselves. By and by there should be added a little night-shirt.

A philosopher might be tempted, on seeing the little night-shirt, to suppose that the big night-shirts had made it. What we do is much the same, for the body of a baby is not much more made by the two old babies, after whose pattern it has cut itself out, than the little night-shirt is made by the big ones. The thing that makes either the little night-shirt or the little baby is something about which we know nothing whatever at all.

124

' Life is eight parts cards and two parts play : the unseen world is made manifest to us in the play.' So said Samuel Butler, the author of *Erewhon*. The cards are the seen ' hand,' the circumstances of the natural and social environ-

ments : the real hand that plays is unseen, proximately and for psychology it is the concrete individual. That this unseen hand always counts for something is shewn in the varied handling by different players of the same cards. Innumerable such unique personalities collectively constitute and animate that over-individual organisation we call society ; unless counting for something severally they could count for nothing collectively.

125

For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead : . . .

126

Here, there, within, without,
  Evry where is mighty Pan :
Search and ye shall find him out
  Cheifely in the hearte of man.
    there he
    loves to be
As in a temple brighte
    cleane swepte
    purely kepte
From polluting dreggs of night.

Fire, ayre, the sea, and earth,
  Shewe the workinge of his hand :
Whence they all receive theyre birth,
  And obey att his command.
    they move
    by his love
In due vicissitude :
    but man
    only can
Boaste his hearte with him endude.

Bright starres, lightning, and winde,
Who can tell us howe they goe.
But more difficulte, and blinde
Are his secret wayes to knowe.
go then
fir'd agen
With warme enlightning rayes
dance, singe,
leape and springe
Ravisht with his holy prayse.

127

For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.

128

We must, however, acknowledge, as it seems to me, that man, with all his noble qualities, with sympathy which feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends not only to other men but to the humblest living creature, with his god-like intellect which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system—with all these exalted powers—Man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin.

129

These exquisite and absurd fancies of mine—little curiosities, and greedinesses, and impulses to kiss and touch and snatch, and all the vanities and artless desires that nest and sing in my heart like birds in a bush—all these, we are now told, are an inheritance from our pre-human past, and were hatched long ago in very ancient swamps and forests. But what of that? I like to share in the dumb delights of

birds and animals, to feel my life drawing its sap from roots deep in the soil of Nature. I am proud of those bright-eyed, furry, four-footed or feathered progenitors, and not at all ashamed of my cousins, the Tigers and Apes and Peacocks.

130

In me past, present, future meet
To hold long chiding conference.
My lusts usurp the present tense
And strangle Reason in his seat.
My loves leap through the future's fence
To dance with dream-enfranchised feet.

In me the cave-man clasps the seer,
And garlanded Apollo goes
Chanting to Abraham's deaf ear.
In me the tiger sniffs the rose.
Look in my heart, kind friends, and tremble,
Since there your elements assemble.

131

One of Darwin's services was to show man's solidarity with the rest of creation, his affiliation to a mammalian stock. That this was a very important contribution to human thought is recognised almost unanimously, and no one any longer dreams that the dignity or value of a result is affected by the historical conditions of its becoming or evolution. Yet it seems fair to point out the risk that focussing attention on the rock whence Man was hewn and the pit whence he was digged, may lead to an under-estimate of the apartness and uniqueness of Man as compared with the rest of creation. He is separated off by reason or the power of conceptual inference, by morality or the habit of controlling his conduct in reference to ideals, by the possession of true language or Logos. Man was the greatest

of Mutations—a new synthesis ; and it is certain that in him organismal individuality finds a new and finer expression which we call Personality.

132

God . . . *accommodates himself to human principles ;* which are two, intelligence and freedom. By these we stand head and shoulders higher than the whole creation below us : by these we bear the image of God and walk in an equipage with the angels.

133

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad
In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all,
And worthie seemd, for in thir looks Divine
The image of thir glorious Maker shon,
Truth, Wisdome, Sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac't ; . . .
His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule ; and Hyacinthin Locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustring, but not beneath his shoulders broad :
Shee as a vail down to the slender waste
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dissheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the Vine curles her tendrils, . . .
So hand in hand they passd, the lovliest pair
That ever since in loves imbraces met,
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters *Eve*.

134

Enough of humble arguments ; recal,
My Song ! those high emotions which thy voice

Has heretofore made known ; that bursting forth
Of sympathy, inspiring and inspired,
When everywhere a vital pulse was felt,
And all the several frames of things, like stars,
Through every magnitude distinguishable,
Shone mutually indebted, or half lost
Each in the other's blaze, a galaxy
Of life and glory. In the midst stood Man,
Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,
As, of all visible natures, crown, though born
Of dust, and kindred to the worm ; a Being,
Both in perception and discernment, first
In every capability of rapture,
Through the divine effect of power and love ;
As, more than anything we know, instinct
With godhead, and, by reason and by will,
Acknowledging dependency sublime.

135

O ye proud Christians, wretched and forspent,
Infirm in vision of your inward eyes,
Who in backsliding steps are confident,
Perceive ye not how we from worms arise
To form the fair angelic butterfly
Which unto judgment undefended flies ?
Why is the spirit in you puft on high,
Since ye are ungrown insects at your best,
Defective grubs that undeveloped die !

136

See the strength of the New Song ; it hath made men from stones, and men from wild beasts. Those who were otherwise dead bodies, those who had no share in real existence, rose into life when they once heard the Song.

137

. . . O Power Supreme!
Without Whose call this world would cease to breathe,
Who from the fountain of Thy grace dost fill
The veins that branch through every frame of life,
Making man what he is, creature divine, . . .

138

The Gods call man a baby, even as a child is called by men.

The wisest of men seems an ape to the Gods both in wisdom and beauty and everything else.

139

. . . Science has pierced man's cloudy commonsense,
Dow'rd his homely vision with more expansive an embrace,
And the rotten foundation of old superstition exposed
That trouble of Pascal, those vain paradoxes of Austin,
Those Semitic parables of Paul, those tomes of Aquinas,
All are thrown to the limbo of antediluvian idols,
Only because we learn mankind's true history, and know
That not at all from a high perfection sinfully man fell,
But from baseness arose: We have with sympathy enter'd
Those dark caves, his joyless abodes, where with ravening brutes,
Bear or filthy hyena, he once disputed a shelter:—
That was his Paradise, his garden of Eden,—abandon'd
Ages since to the drift and drip, the cementing accretions
Whence we now separate his bones buried in the stalagma,
His household makeshifts, his hunting tools, his adornments,
From the scatter'd skeletons of a lost prehistoric order,
Its mammoth and woolly rhinoceros, the machairodos, and beasts
Whose unnamed pastures the immense Atlantic inundates.
In what corner of earth lie not dispersed the familiar

Flinty relics of his old primitive stone-cutlery? what child
Kens not now the design, the adapted structure of each one
Of those hand-labor'd chert-flakes, whether axe, chisel, or knife,
Spearhead, barb of arrow, rough plane or rudely serrate saw?
Stones that in our grandsires' time told no sermon, (awaiting
Indestructible, unnumber'd, on chary attention,)
From their preadamite pulpits now cry Revelation.

140

Mark well!
As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness: nor are we
Thereby more conquer'd, than by us the rule
Of shapeless Chaos.

141

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

142

The Giants who formed this world into its sensual existence, and now seem to live in it in chains, are in truth the causes of its life & the sources of all activity; but the chains are the cunning of weak and tame minds which have power to resist energy; according to the proverb, the weak in courage is strong in cunning.

Thus one portion of being is the Prolific, the other the Devouring : to the Devourer it seems as if the producer was in his chains ; but it is not so, he only takes portions of existence and fancies that the whole.

But the Prolific would cease to be Prolific unless the Devourer, as a sea, received the excess of his delights.

Some will say : 'Is not God alone the Prolific ?' I answer : 'God only Acts & Is, in existing beings or Men.'

143

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars which thou hast ordained
What is man, that thou art mindful of him ?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him ?
For thou hast made him a little lower than the Angels,
And hast crowned him with glory and honour.
Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands ;
Thou hast put all things under his feet.

144

What a piece of worke is a man ! how Noble in Reason ? how infinite in faculty ? in forme and moving how expresse and admirable ? in Action, how like an Angel ? in apprehension, how like a God ? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals ; . . .

145

. . . nay though
Obstruction lie as cumbrous as the mountains,
Nor thy particular hap hath armed desire
Against the brunt of evil,—yet not for this
Faints man's desire : it is the unquenchable
Original cause, the immortal breath of being :

Nor is there any spirit on Earth astir,
Nor 'neath the airy vault, nor yet beyond
In any dweller in far-reaching space,
Nobler or dearer than the spirit of man :
That spirit which lives in each and will not die,
That wooeth beauty, and for all good things
Urgeth a voice, or in still passion sigheth,
And where he loveth draweth the heart with him.
Hast thou not heard him speaking oft and oft,
Prompting thy secret musings and now shooting
His feathered fancies, or in cloudy sleep
Piling his painted dreams ? O hark to him !
For else if folly shut his joyous strength
To mope in her dark prison without praise,
The hidden tears with which he wails his wrong
Will sour the fount of life. O hark to him !
Him may'st thou trust beyond the things thou seest.
For many things there be upon this earth
Unblest and fallen from beauty, to mislead
Man's mind, and in a shadow justify
The evil thoughts and deeds that work his ill ;
Fear, hatred, lust and strife, which, if man question
The heavenborn spirit within him, are not there.

146

They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man ;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time

A Living Soul

Within himself, from more to more;
  Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
  Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
  And heated hot with burning fears,
  And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use.

147

Man became a living soul; . . . man is a living being, intrinsically and properly one and individual, not compound and separable, not, according to the common opinion, made up and framed of two distinct and different natures, as of soul and body,—but that the whole man is soul, and the soul man, that is to say, a body, or substance individual, animated, sensitive and rational; . . .

148

. . . her pure, and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought; . . .

149

. . . man is not to be conceived as Descartes conceived him, namely, as an automaton *plus* a soul, or, with Epictetus, as a ghost bearing a corpse. He is, through and through, a single organism, a 'body-mind,' the latest term of an evolutionary process in which living substance has developed ever higher and more subtle functions. This view is

as remote as possible from materialism; for though it invites the physiologist to push as far as he can his physico-chemical analysis, it refuses to regard perception and thought, feeling and will, as superfluous additions to a machine that would be complete without them. It preserves to the psychical all that ethics and religion require. It spiritualizes the body; it does not materialize the soul.

150

Man is not merely spirit, not merely body, nor even both together if they are considered merely as in juxtaposition; but he is a new being formed out of body and spirit by God, destined to develop the life of Nature and Reason as a common thing, and to exhibit it through all the harmonious interplay of all the bodily and spiritual forces combined in their common operations. Spirit and body are therefore in man equally original, equally living, equally divine; they claim to be maintained in the same purity and holiness, and to be equally loved and developed. A sound mind must dwell in a sound body, if the individual is to be a perfect man and to fulfil his whole destiny. The spirit of man wishes and requires from his body that it shall helpfully and lovingly co-operate with him in all his spiritual needs, that it shall enlarge his field of view, exercise his art, and unite him through speech with other men; and kindly Nature does not disappoint this expectation, for the spirit is dear and precious to her, and she heaps love and good things upon it. But the body should be just as dear and precious to the spirit. Let the spirit esteem the body like itself, and honour it as an equally great and rich product of the power and love of God. Let it support, help, and delight the body in the organic process of its development to health, power, and beauty. Let it form it into the mirror of a beautiful

soul ; and let it consecrate and hallow it for the free service
of the purposes of Reason that are only worthy and good.

151

The infinitude of Life is in the heart of man,
a fount surging to fill a lake that mirrors heav'n,
and now to himself he seemeth stream to be and now pool
as he acteth his impulse or stayeth brooding thereon.
There is no beauty of love or peace, no joy nor mirth
but by kindred artistry of contemplation enhanc'd
decketh his sovranty with immortalities.
Jewels of imagination hath he, purities
and sanctities whereby he dareth approach God
plenishing his temples with incense of music
in praise and lyric litanies that call on Christ :
his Destiny is one with the eternal skies : he lieth
a dream in the elemental far vistas of Truth
inhaling life to his soul as the ambient azurous air
that he draweth into his mortal body unconscious
to fire the dutiful-desperate pulse of his blood.
And yet again there is neither any evil nor mischief
sprung from teeming chaos to assault his mind, but he
will harbour it—he will be goodfellow in turn with Sin.
Hark to him how cheerily he windeth his hunting-horn
whipping-in his wolf-pack to their pasture of blood !
See his comforting mastery of Nature's forces
how he skilleth it to his own ruin, ev'n to mimic
cosmic catastrophe in her hideous destructions !
He will have surfeit of passion and revel in wrong
till like a shameless prodigal at death's door he find
his one nobility is but to suffer bravely
in the lazar-house of souls his self-betrayal.
Surely I know there is none that hath not taint at heart :
Yet drink I of heav'nly hope and faith in God's dealing
basking this summer day under the stately limes
by the immemorial beauty of this gothic college, . .

152

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.

153

The everlasting universe of things
Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves,
Now dark—now glittering—now reflecting gloom—
Now lending splendour, where from secret springs
The source of human thought its tribute brings
Of waters,—with a sound but half its own,
Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,
Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,
Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river
Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

154

There is but one Temple in the World; and that is the Body of Man.

155

SOUL. Whilst my *Souls* eye beheld no light
But what stream'd from thy gracious sight;
To me the worlds greatest King
Seem'd but some little vulgar thing.

GOD. Whilest thou prov'dst pure; and that in thee
I could glas al my Deity:
How glad did I from Heaven depart,
To find a Lodging in thy heart!

SOUL. Now Fame and Greatness bear the sway,
('Tis they that hold my prisons Key:)
For whom my soul would dy, might shee
Leave them her Immortality.

GOD. I, and some few pure Souls conspire,
And burne both in a mutuall fire,
For whom I'ld dy once more, ere they
Should miss of Heavens eternal day.

SOUL. But Lord! what if I turn againe,
And with an adamantine chain,
Lock me to thee? What if I chase
The world away to give thee place?

GOD. Then though these souls in whom I joy
Are *Seraphins*, Thou but a Toy,
A foolish Toy, yet once more I
Would with Thee live, and for thee die.

156

O my soul, I searched from end to end: I saw in thee naught save the Beloved;
Call me not infidel, O my Soul, if I say that thou thyself art He.

157

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate, were not a History but a piece of Poetry, and would sound to common ears like a Fable; . . . The world that I regard is my self; it is the Microcosm of my own frame that I cast my eye on; for the other, I use it but like my Globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and Fortunes, do err in my Altitude, for I am above *Atlas* his

shoulders. The earth is a point not only in respect of the Heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us: that mass of Flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind: that surface that tells the Heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me that I have any: I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty; though the number of the Ark do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind: whilst I study to find how I am a Microcosm, or little World, I find my self something more than the great. There is surely a piece of Divinity in us, something that was before the Elements, and owes no homage unto the Sun. Nature tells me I am the Image of God, as well as Scripture: he that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the Alphabet of man.

158

. . . for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said,
I will dwell in them, and walk in them;
And I will be their God, and they shall be my people.
Wherefore come out from among them,
And be ye separate, saith the Lord,
And touch not the unclean thing;
And I will receive you,
And will be a Father unto you,
And ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.

159

Reverence God in *thyself:* for God is *more* in the *Mind* of Man, than in any part of this world besides; for we (and we *only* here) are made after the Image of God.

160

. . . a temple in which the priest is the worshipper and the worshipper the worshipped :

. . . a godhead in which all life is human and all humanity divine.

161

L'autre nuit, je veillais dans mon lit sans lumière,
Et la verve en mon sein à flots silencieux
S'amassait, quand soudain, frappant du pied les cieux,
L'éclair, comme un coursier à la pâle crinière,

Passa ; la foudre en char retentissait derrière,
Et la terre tremblait sous les divins essieux ;
Et tous les animaux, d'effroi religieux
Saisis, restaient chacun tapis dans leur tanière.

Mais moi, mon âme en feu s'allumait à l'éclair ;
Tout mon sein bouillonnait, et chaque coup dans l'air,
A mon front trop chargé déchirait un nuage.

J'étais dans ce concert un sublime instrument,
Homme, je me sentais plus grand qu'un élément,
Et Dieu parlait en moi plus haut que dans l'orage.

162

And it was at Jerusalem the feast of the dedication, and it was winter. And Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon's porch. Then came the Jews round about him, and said unto him, How long dost thou make us to doubt ? If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly.

Jesus answered them, I told you, and ye believed not : the works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me. But ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me : and I give unto them eternal

life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one.

Then the Jews took up stones again to stone him. Jesus answered them, Many good works have I shewed you from my Father; for which of these works do ye stone me? The Jews answered him, saying: For a good work we stone thee not; but for blasphemy; and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God. Jesus answered them, Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are Gods? If he called them gods, unto whom the word of God came, and the scripture cannot be broken; say ye of him, whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am the Son of God? If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, though you believe not me, believe the works; that ye may know, and believe, that the Father is in me, and I in him.

163

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we may suffer with him, that we be also glorified together.

164

The rectitude of Reason, was the Image of God, the Crowne, and Glory of Man. By this he grew up straight in the midst of the Creatures; uniting them, heightning them all by a Harmony into the same Image. So he subdued them to himself, himself with them ascended into, and rested in the Divine Image.

Thus Man was the true *Orpheus* with his Divine Hymnes in the midst of Beasts, Trees, and Stones dancing to his Musick.

165

Jesus saith, (Ye ask ? who are those) that draw us (to the kingdom, if) the kingdom is in Heaven ? . . . the fowls of the air, and all beasts that are under the earth or upon the earth, and the fishes of the sea, (these are they which draw) you, and the kingdom of Heaven is within you ; and whoever shall know himself shall find it. (Strive therefore ?) to know yourselves, and ye shall be aware that ye are the sons of the (almighty ?) Father ; (and ?) ye shall know that ye are in (the city of God ?), and ye are (the city ?).

BOOK III.

THE SACRED FOUNTAIN

. . . The prophetick soule,
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come, . . .

Would God that all the Lord's people were Prophets, . . .

What is the Divine Spirit? is the Holy Ghost any other than an Intellectual Fountain?

166

Everything in so far as it is in itself endeavours to persist in its own being.

The endeavour wherewith a thing endeavours to persist in its being is nothing else than the actual essence of that thing.

167

If De Lamarck had had the courage to carry out his theory fully, he ought to have assumed a primary animal which, to be consistent, must have originally had neither shape nor organs, and then proceeded to transform itself according to climate and local conditions into myriads of animal shapes of all sorts, from the gnat to the elephant.—But this primary animal is in truth the *will to live ;* as such however, it is metaphysical, not physical. Most certainly the shape and organization of each animal species has been determined by its own will according to the circumstances in which it wished to live ; not however as a thing physical in Time, but on the contrary as a thing metaphysical outside Time.

168

It is the chiefest of Good Things, for a Man to be *Himself.*

169

God is eminently, transcendently a vital Act. . . . He is life it self, life pure, absolute, unmixt, unconfined, eternal, infinite, a Fountain ever equally unexhaust, a Sea unbounded.

170

La Nature n'est qu'un seul acte. Cet acte comprend les phénomènes passés, présens & futurs ; sa permanence fait la durée des choses.

171

For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

172

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

They are shapes that bleed, mere mannikins or no,
And each has parcel in the total Will.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

Which overrides them as a whole its parts
In other entities.

SPIRIT SINISTER (*aside*)

Limbs of Itself:
Each one a jot of It in quaint disguise ?
I'll fear all men henceforward !

173

What I mean by a religious person is one who conceives himself or herself to be the instrument of some purpose in the universe which is a high purpose, and is the motive power of evolution—that is, of a continual ascent in organization and power and life, and extension of life. Any person who realizes that there is such a Power, and that his business and joy in life is to do its work, and his pride and point of honour to identify himself with it, is religious ; . . .

174

For who is sure he hath a Soule, unlesse
It see, and judge, and follow worthinesse,
And by Deedes praise it ?

175

Je ne sens plus en moi que l'ouvrage & l'instrument du grand Etre qui veut le bien, qui le fait, qui fera le mien par le concours de mes volontés aux siennes, & par le bon usage de ma liberté : j'acquiesce à l'ordre qu'il établit, sûr de jouir moi-même un jour de cet ordre et d'y trouver ma félicité ; . . .

176

It is in vain therefore for the modern Christian, to appeal to Antiquity, to History, and ancient Churches, to prove that he belongs to Christ ; for he can only belong to him, by having the Power of Christ, and the Spirit of God living and dwelling in his renewed inward Man. . . .

For the Truth of Christianity is the Spirit of God living and working in it ; and where this Spirit is not the Life of it, there the outward Form is but like the outward Carcase of a departed Soul.

For the Spiritual Life is as much its own Proof, as the natural Life, and needs no outward, or foreign Thing to bear Witness to it.

177

My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work.

178

God does not compel the will ; rather He sets the will free, so that it wills not otherwise than what God Himself wills....

The man who standeth in God's will and in God's love, to him it is a craving to do all good things that God willeth, and leave undone all evil things that are contrary to God. . . .

Certain men say : If I have God and God's freedom, then I may just do whatever I please. Such understand wrongly this saying. So long as thou canst do aught that is contrary to God and His commandment, so long thou hast not God's love ; even though thou mayest well deceive the world, as if thou hadst.

179

He that findeth his life shall lose it : and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.

180

Thoughtful people see that there must be design and purpose in the universe because they themselves are designers, and share a mysterious purpose to make the world better and wiser whether the change will benefit themselves or not. As far as their individual struggle for existence will allow them, they are trying to further this purpose ; and when there is anything in art or religious ceremony that seems to express this, it gives them a curious sort of exaltation and joy. . . .

181

I say . . . that a *Free, Divine, Universaliz'd Spirit* is worth *all*. How *lovely*, how *Magnificent* a *State* is the *Soul of Man* in, when the *Life of God* inactuating her, shoots her along with himself through Heaven and Earth ; makes her *Unite* with, and after a Sort feel her self *animate* the whole World, . . . This is to become *Deiform*, . . .

182

DON JUAN. And I, my friend, am as much a part of Nature as my own finger is a part of me. If my finger is the organ by which I grasp the sword and the mandoline, my brain is the organ by which Nature strives to understand itself. My dog's brain serves only my dog's purposes; but *my* brain labors at a knowledge which does nothing for me personally but makes my body bitter to me and my decay and death a calamity. Were I not possessed with a purpose beyond my own I had better be a ploughman than a philosopher; for the ploughman lives as long as the philosopher, eats more, sleeps better, and rejoices in the wife of his bosom with less misgiving. This is because the philosopher is in the grip of the Life Force. This Life Force says to him, 'I have done a thousand wonderful things unconsciously by merely willing to live and following the line of least resistance: now I want to know myself and my destination, and choose my path; so I have made a special brain—a philosopher's brain—to grasp this knowledge for me as the husbandman's hand grasps the plough for me. And this' says the Life Force to the philosopher 'must thou strive to do for me until thou diest, when I will make another brain and another philosopher to carry on the work.'

THE DEVIL. What is the use of knowing?

DON JUAN. Why, to be able to choose the line of greatest advantage instead of yielding in the direction of the least resistance. Does a ship sail to its destination no better than a log drifts nowhither? The philosopher is Nature's pilot. And there you have our difference: to be in hell is to drift: to be in heaven is to steer.

183

. . . God doth not ride me as a Horse, and guid me I

know not whither my self; but converseth with me as a *Friend;* and speaks to me in such a *Dialect* as I understand fully, and can make others understand, . . .

184

MAXIMUS. The seer of Nazareth did not preach this God or that: he said 'God is I: I am God.'

JULIAN. And that is what makes the Emperor powerless? The third empire? The Messiah? Not the Jews' Messiah, but the Messiah of the two empires, the spirit and the world?

MAXIMUS. The God-Emperor.

JULIAN. The Emperor-God.

MAXIMUS. Logos in Pan, Pan in Logos.

JULIAN. How is he begotten?

MAXIMUS. He is self-begotten in the man who wills.

185

The mind is the man. If that be kept pure a man signifies somewhat; if not I would very fain see what difference there is betwixt him and a beast.

186

What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capabilitie and god-like reason
To fust in us unusd, . . .

187

For as the Father hath life in himself; so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself; and hath given him

authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of man. . . . I can of mine own self do nothing: as I hear, I judge: and my judgment is just; because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me.

188

Heaven doth with us as we with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselves: for if our vertues
Did not goe forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddesse, she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks, and use; . . .

189

So the Will heaves through Space, and moulds the times,
With mortals for Its fingers!

190

The night is full of stars, full of magnificence:
Nightingales hold the wood, and fragrance loads the dark.
Behold what fires august, what lights eternal! Hark,
What passionate music poured in passionate love's defence!
Breathe but the wafting wind's nocturnal frankincense!
Only to feel this night's great heart, only to mark
The splendours and the glooms, brings back the patriarch,
Who on Chaldæan wastes found God through reverence.

Could we but live at will upon this perfect height,
Could we but always keep the passion of this peace,
Could we but face unshamed the look of this pure light,
Could we but win earth's heart, and give desire release:

Then were we all divine, and then were ours by right
These stars, these nightingales, these scents : then shame would cease.

191

For since I was most firmly perswaded, not only concerning the *Existence of God*, but also . . . of *His* most real *Will* that *we should be perfect, even as our Father which is in Heaven is perfect ;* there was no room left for any *Tergiversation ;* but a necessity of immediately entring the Lists, and of using all possible Endeavours, that our *own Will*, by which we relish our selves, and what belongs to us, in things as well of the *Soul* as of the *Body*, might be *oppos'd, destroy'd, annihilated ;* that so the *Divine Will* alone, with the *New Birth*, may *revive* and *grow up* in us.

192

To worship mankind as it is would be to deprive it of what alone makes it akin to the divine—its aspiration. For this human dust lives ; this misery and crime are dark in contrast to an imagined excellence ; they are lighted up by a prospect of good. Man is not adorable, but he adores, and the object of his adoration may be discovered within him and elicited from his own soul. In this sense the religion of humanity is the only religion, all others being sparks and abstracts of the same. The indwelling ideal lends all the gods their divinity. No power, either physical or psychical, has the least moral prerogative nor any just place in religion at all unless it supports and advances the ideal native to the worshipper's soul. Without moral society between the votary and his god religion is pure idolatry ; . . .

193

I tell thee it is God's business we are here to do: not our own. I have a message to thee from God; and thou must listen to it, though thy heart break with the terror of it.

194

DON JUAN. I tell you that as long as I can conceive something better than myself I cannot be easy unless I am striving to bring it into existence or clearing the way for it. That is the law of my life. That is the working within me of Life's incessant aspiration to higher organization, wider, deeper, intenser self-consciousness, and clearer self-understanding. . . . It is the absence of this instinct in you that makes you that strange monster called a Devil. It is the success with which you have diverted the attention of men from their real purpose, which in one degree or another is the same as mine, to yours, that has earned you the name of The Tempter. It is the fact that they are doing your will, or rather drifting with your want of will, instead of doing their own, that makes them the uncomfortable, false, restless, artificial, petulant, wretched creatures they are.

195

Well might we be glad,
Lifted above the ground by airy fancies,
More bright than madness or the dreams of wine;
And, though full oft the objects of our love
Were false, and in their splendour overwrought,
Yet was there surely then no vulgar power
Working within us,—nothing less, in truth,
Than that most noble attribute of man,
Though yet untutored and inordinate,
That wish for something loftier, more adorned,
Than is the common aspect, daily garb,
Of human life.

196

. . . out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.
A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things : and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things.

197

When a hungry and penniless man stands between his good and his bad angel in front of a baker's shop, the good angel cannot seize and drag him away, nor can the bad angel thrust the loaf into his hands. The victory of honesty or the consummation of a theft must be effected by the man ; and his choice will depend a good deal on the sort of man he is. Not only is he an indispensable agent ; not only is he the vehicle of the force that moves him ; but he is also the vehicle of the force that chooses. He is, in the old phrase, the temple of the Holy Ghost. He has, in another old phrase, the divine spark within him.

198

God be in my head,
And in my understanding ;

God be in my eyes
And in my looking ;

God be in my mouth
And in my speaking ;

God be in my heart
And in my thinking ;

God be at my end,
And at my departing.

The Divinity that Shapes Our Ends

199

We created man : and we know what his soul whispereth to him, and we are closer to him than his neck-vein.

200

Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off ? Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him ? saith the Lord. Do I not fill heaven and earth ? saith the Lord.

201

I my self heard him once very significantly say, *That there was something about us, that knew better often, what we would be at, than We our selves.*

202

Let us knowe,
Our indiscretion sometime serves us well
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that should learne us
Ther's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

203

. . . when will their presumption learn,
That in the unreasoning progress of the world
A wiser spirit is at work for us,
A better eye than theirs, most prodigal
Of blessings, and most studious of our good,
Even in what seem our most unfruitful hours ?

204

. . . I am sure there is a common Spirit that plays within us, yet makes no part of us ; and that is the Spirit of God ; . . . This is that gentle heat that broodeth on the

waters, and in six days hatched the World: this is that irradiation that dispels the mists of Hell, the clouds of horrour, fear, sorrow, despair; and preserves the region of the mind in serenity: Whatsoever feels not the warm gale and gentle ventilation of this Spirit, (though I feel his pulse) I dare not say he lives; for truely without this, to me there is no heat under the Tropick; nor any light, though I dwelt in the body of the Sun.

205

A man reflecting on his own nature soon becomes conscious that there is within him a second and more powerful self than the one bounded by his thoughts, his feelings and the fully-conscious impulses of his will. He becomes aware that he is subject to that second self, as to a higher power. It is true that at first he will feel it to be a lower entity as compared with the one limited by his intelligent and fully conscious soul, with its inclination towards the good and true. And at first he will strive to overcome that lower entity.

But closer examination may reveal something else about the second self. If we often, in the course of our lives, make a kind of survey of our acts and experiences, we make a singular discovery about ourselves. And the older we are, the more significant do we think that discovery. If we ask ourselves what we did or said at a particular period of our lives, it turns out that we have done very many things which are only really understood in later years. Seven or eight, or perhaps twenty years ago, we did certain things, and we know quite well that only now, long afterwards, is our intelligence ripe enough to understand what we did or said at that earlier period.

Many people do not make such discoveries about them-

selves, because they do not lay themselves out to do so. But it is extremely profitable to hold such communion frequently with one's own soul. For directly a man becomes aware that he has done things in former years which he is only now beginning to understand, that formerly his intelligence was not ripe enough to understand them,—at a moment such as this, something like the following feeling arises in the soul: the man feels himself protected by a good power, which rules in the depths of his own being; he begins to have more and more confidence in the fact that really, in the highest sense of the word, he is not alone in the world, and that everything which he understands, and is consciously able to do, is after all but a small part of what he really accomplishes in the world.

206

Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would hide
And darken, so can deal that they become
Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
Her native brightness. As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene. Like power abides
In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt;

And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair.

207

Even in sleep God gives his gifts to his beloved.

208

The Prince in the Poet wrapt about with a Thick and Darke Ayre, entred into Carthage, passed thorow the Court into the presence of the Queene, there stood in the midst of them unperceived, while they speak of Him, as absent, Lament him as lost; till the Fire purified it selfe into a Clearnesse. So the Great Prince of Peace and Spirits, as He comes forth, casts a Cloud about Him; so He comes on upon us; so he encompasseth us, is still in Motion. Yet still we speak of him, as far above and beyond the Starry Sky, and of His Coming, as at a Great Distance. But, Behold! He is already in the midst of us; He breaks forth on our Right hand, and on our Left, like a Flame, round about us, and we perceive Him not.

209

And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things.
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never:
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,

Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

211

Though then we acknowledge the Scriptures to be very Heavenly and Divine Writings, the use of them to be very Comfortable and Necessary to the Church of Christ, and that we also admire, and give praise to the Lord, for his wonderful Providence, in preserving these Writings so Pure and Uncorrupted, as we have them through so long a Night of Apostasie, to be a Testimony of his Truth, against the Wickedness and Abominations, even of those, whom he made Instrumental in preserving them; so that they have kept them to be a Witness against themselves; yet we may not call them the principal Fountain of all Truth, and Knowledge, nor yet the first adequate Rule of Faith and Manners, because the principal Fountain of the Truth, must be the Truth it self; *i.e.* That, whose Certainty and Authority depends not upon another. When we doubt of the Streams of any River or Flood, we recur to the Fountain it self, and having found it, there we desist, we can go no farther; because there it springs out of the Bowels of the Earth, which are inscrutable. Even so the Writings and Sayings of all Men we must bring to the Word of God, I mean the Eternal Word, and if they agree hereunto, we stand there; for this Word always proceedeth, and doth eternally proceed from God, in and by which, the unsearchable Wisdom of God, and unsearchable Counsel, and Will conceived in the Heart of God, is revealed unto us.

212

There is a *certain*, though *Secret Wisdom*, that governs the World: And the great *Stearer* of it knows the *proper time* for every thing; . . .

213

Thus hour draggeth on hour, and I feel every thrill
of time's eternal stream that passeth over me
the dream-stream of God's Will that made things as they be
and me as I am, as unreluctant in the stream
I lie, like one who hath wander'd all his summer morn
among the heathery hills and hath come down at noon
in a breathless valley upon a mountain-brook
and for animal recreation of hot fatigue
hath stripp'd his body naked to lie down and taste
the play of the cool water on all his limbs and flesh
and lying in a pebbly shallow beneath the sky
supine and motionless feeleth each ripple pass
until his thought is merged in the flow of the stream
as it cometh upon him and lappeth him there
stark as a white corpse that stranded upon the stones
blocketh and for a moment delayeth the current
ere it can pass to pay its thin tribute of salt
into the choking storage of the quenchless sea.

214

If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give unto you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

215

Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe!
Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought,
That givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion, not in vain
By day or star-light thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things—
With life and nature, purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying, by such discipline,
Both pain and fear, until we recognise
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

216

. . . the only reasonable meaning of our life consists in fulfilment of the will of God, who has sent us here. But the will of God is known not by some extraordinary miracle, the writing of the law by the finger of the Deity on stone tablets, the compilation by the aid of the Holy Ghost of an infallible book, or by the infallibility of any holy man or collection of men, but only by the use of reason by all men, transmitting both by deed and by word one to another the consciousness of truth that is ever more and more elucidating itself to them. That knowledge never has been nor ever will be complete, but it ever increases as humanity advances: the longer we live the more clearly we know God's will and consequently the more we know what we should do to fulfil it. And so I think the clearing up by each man (however small he may seem to himself or to others —the least are the greatest—) of all religious truth accessible

to him and its expression in words (for expression in words is one sure sign of complete clearness in thought), is one of the chief and most holy duties of man.

217

Unreasonableness or the smothering and extinguishing *the Candle of the Lord* within us is no piece of Religion, nor advantageous to it: That certainly will not raise men up to God, which sinks them below men. There had never been such an *Apostasy from Religion*, nor had such a Mystery of iniquity (full of deceiveableness and imposture) been revealed and wrought so powerfully in the Souls of some men, had there not first come an *Apostasy from sober Reason*, had there not first been a falling away and departure from Natural Truth.

It is to be feared our nice speculations about a τὸ ἐφ' ἡμῖν in Theology have tended more to exercise mens Wits then to reform their lives, and that they have too much descended into their practice, and have tended rather to take men off from minding Religion, then to quicken them up to a diligent seeking after it.

218

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not: . . .

219

There is an inward beauty, life and loveliness in Divine Truth, which cannot be known but onely then when it is digested into life and practice.

220

If, then, the human mind is greatly creative in its highest forms and flights, how can we deny that it may be creative, in a small way, in the moral struggles of the common man. By a long series of such creative acts on the part of men both great and small, the moral tradition, the highest product of organic evolution, has been painfully and slowly evolved. Why should we doubt that organic evolution is a creative process and that Mind is the creative agency ?

221

As in the great fabric of the universe the creative spirit imposed on itself unchangeable laws by which it moves the world of phaenomena, diffusing the fullness of the Highest Good throughout innumerable forms and events, and distilling it again from them into the bliss of consciousness and enjoyment : so must man, acknowledging the same laws, develop given existence into a knowledge of its value, and the value of his ideals into a series of external forms proceeding from himself. To this labour we are called, and the most admirable feature in the history of our race is the unquenchable perseverance with which the most prominent intellects in all ages have devoted themselves to the perfecting of the outward relations of life, the subjugation of Nature, the advancement of all useful arts, the improvement of social institutions, though they knew that the true bliss of existence lies in those quiet moments of solitary communion with God when all human daily toil, all culture and civilization, the gravity and the burden of noisy life, shrink into something like a mere preliminary exercise of powers without any abiding result.

222

I pretend to no extraordinary revelations or gifts of the Holy Ghost, none but what every Christian may receive, and ought to expect and pray for.

223

The popular religions, disgraced by their Opportunist cardinals and bishops, have been kept in credit by canonised saints whose secret was their conception of themselves as the instruments and vehicles of divine power and aspiration: a conception which at moments becomes an actual experience of ecstatic possession by that power. And above and below all have been millions of humble and obscure persons, sometimes totally illiterate, sometimes unconscious of having any religion at all, sometimes believing in their simplicity that the gods and temples and priests of their district stood for their instinctive righteousness, who have kept sweet the tradition that good people follow a light that shines within and above and ahead of them, that bad people care only for themselves, and that the good are saved and blessed and the bad damned and miserable.

224

Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

225

. . . mind and understanding have a peculiarity and property God-ward; . . . the mind and understanding of man

are fitted for God, and determined to find him out in his ways, to follow him in his works, as the eye of man is qualified and fitted to see the sun, or the ear fit to hear sounds.

226

For behold the *Word*, which is the Wisdom of God, is in thy Heart, it is there as a Bruiser of thy Serpent, as a Light unto thy Feet and Lanthorn unto thy Paths. It is there as an *Holy Oil*, to soften and overcome the wrathful fiery Properties of thy Nature, and change them into the humble Meekness of Light and Love. It is there as a *speaking Word* of God in thy Soul; and as soon as thou art ready to hear, this eternal speaking Word will speak Wisdom and Love in thy inward Parts, and bring forth the Birth of Christ, with all his Holy Nature, Spirit, and Tempers, within Thee. Hence it was (that is, from this Principle of Heaven, or Christ in the Soul) hence I say it was, that so many eminent Spirits, Partakers of a Divine Life, have appeared in so many Parts of the heathen World; glorious Names, Sons of Wisdom, that shone, as Lights hung out by God, in the midst of idolatrous Darkness. These were the Apostles of a *Christ within*, that were awakened and commissioned by the *inward Bruiser* of the Serpent, to call Mankind from the blind Pursuits of Flesh and Blood, to know themselves, the Dignity of their Nature, the Immortality of their Souls, and the Necessity of Virtue to avoid eternal Shame and Misery. These Apostles, though they had not the *Law*, or *written Gospel* to urge upon their Hearers, yet having turned to God, they found, and preached the Gospel, that was written in their Hearts. Hence one of them could say this Divine Truth, viz., That *such only are Priests and Prophets, who have God in themselves.*

Hence also it is, that in the Christian Church, there have been in all Ages, amongst the most illiterate, both Men and Women, who have attained to a deep Understanding of the Mysteries of the Wisdom and Love of God in Christ Jesus. And what wonder ? Since it is not Art or Science, or Skill in Grammar or Logic, but the Opening of the Divine Life in the Soul, that can give true Understanding of the Things of God.

227

Descend, prophetic Spirit ! that inspir'st
The human Soul of universal earth,
Dreaming on things to come ; and dost possess
A metropolitan temple in the hearts
Of mighty Poets ; upon me bestow
A gift of genuine insight ; that my Song
With star-like virtue in its place may shine,
Shedding benignant influence, and secure
Itself from all malevolent effect
Of those mutations that extend their sway
Throughout the nether sphere !—And if with this
I mix more lowly matter ; with the thing
Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man
Contemplating ; and who, and what he was—
The transitory Being that beheld
This Vision ;—when and where, and how he lived ;
Be not this labour useless. If such theme
May sort with highest objects, then—dread Power !
Whose gracious favour is the primal source
Of all illumination—may my Life
Express the image of a better time,
More wise desires and simpler manners ;—nurse
My Heart in genuine freedom :—all pure thoughts
Be with me ;—so shall thy unfailing love
Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end !

228

. . . my Celestial Patroness, who deignes
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires
Easie my unpremeditated Verse: . . .

229

Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; . . .

230

. . . a work not to be rays'd from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at wast from the pen of some vulgar Amorist, or the trencher fury of a riming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternall Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his Seraphim, with the hallow'd fire of his Altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases: . . .

231

Art is the Tree of Life.

232

The primary IMAGINATION I hold to be the living Power and prime Agent of all human Perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM.

233

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. . . .

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

234

Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science . . .

Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man.

235

A poem is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth. . . .

Poetry is the record of the happiest and best moments of the happiest and best minds. . . . It is as it were the inter-penetration of a diviner nature through our own, . . .

Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man. . . .

Poetry turns all things to loveliness . . . it strips the veil of familiarity from the world, and lays bare the naked and sleeping beauty which is the spirit of its forms.

236

Expression is the one fundamental sacrament. It is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.

237

The true Poet is all-knowing; he is an actual world in miniature.

A Poetical History, or work framed by an excellent Spirit, for a Pattern of Wisdom, and Worth, and Happiness, hath this, as a chief rule, for the contrivance of it, upon which all its Graces and Beauties depend. That persons and things be carried to the *utmost extremity*, into a state where they seem altogether uncapable of any return to Beauty or Bliss: That then by just degrees and harmonious proportions, they be raised again to a state of highest Joy and Glory. You have examples of this in the Divine pieces of those Divine Spirits, (as they are esteemed and stiled) *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Tasso*, our English *Spencer*, with some few others like to these; The *Works* of these persons are called *Poems*. So is the Work of God in Creation, and contrivance from the beginning to the end, named ποίημα τοῦ θεοῦ, God's Poem. It is an elegant and judicious Observation of a learned and holy Divine, That the Works of Poets, in the excellencies of their imaginations and contrivances, were imitations drawn from those Original Poems, the Divine works and contrivances of the eternal Spirit. We may by the fairest Lights of Reason and Religion thus judge; That excellent Poets in the heighths of their fancies and spirits, were touched and warmed with a Divine Ray, through which the supream Wisdom formed upon them, and so upon their work, some weak impression and obscure Image of it self. Thus it seemeth to be altogether *Divine*, That that work shineth in our eyes with the greatest Beauties, infuseth into our Spirits the sweetest delights, transporteth us most out of our selves unto the kindest and most ravishing touches and senses of the Divinity, which diffusing it self through the amplest Variety, and so to the remotest Distances, and most opposed Contrarieties, bindeth up all with an harmonious Order into an *exact Unity;* which conveyeth

things down by a gradual descent to the lowest Depths and deepest Darknesses ; then bringeth them up again to the highest point of all most flourishing Felicities, opening the *beginning in the end*, espousing the end to the beginning.

239

For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man : but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

240

The Religions of all Nations are derived from each Nation's different reception of the Poetic Genius, which is every where call'd the Spirit of Prophecy.

241

The *name* of a Prophet (προφήτης) Signifies two things in the Office : 1. To *fore-tell* things to come. 2. To *tell forth* the Hidden truths of God from the Secret of his Spirit to the Ears, or Souls of Men.

A Prophet in the latter of these senses, is that Prophet, of which I now principally speak. . . .

A Prophet is the Oracle of God, for the delivery of Divine Discoveries to men.

242

But th' holy men of God such vessels are
As serve him up who all the world commands.
When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
Their hands convey him who conveys their hands.
O what pure things, most pure must those things be,
Who bring my God to me !

243

. . . the sacred few who could not tame
Their spirits to the conqueror's—but as soon
As they had touched the world with living flame,
Fled back like eagles to their native noon, . . .

244

The cause of this is what you have often heard me speak of in various places, that there comes to me something divine and heavenly. . . . When I was a child this began; a kind of voice comes, and when it comes, it always turns me aside from what I am going to do but never urges me to do anything.

245

JOAN. I hear voices telling me what to do. They come from God.

ROBERT. They come from your imagination.

JOAN. Of course. That is how the messages of God come to us.

246

The Prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with me, and I asked them how they dared so roundly to assert that God spoke to them; and whether they did not think at the time that they would be misunderstood, & so be the cause of imposition.

Isaiah answer'd: 'I saw no God, nor heard any, in a finite organical perception; but my senses discover'd the infinite in everything, and as I was then perswaded, and remain confirm'd, that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God, I cared not for consequences, but wrote.'

Then I asked: 'Does a firm perswasion that a thing is so, make it so?'

He replied: 'All Poets believe that it does, & in ages of imagination this firm perswasion removed mountains; but many are not capable of a firm perswasion of anything.'

Then Ezekiel said: 'The philosophy of the east taught the first principles of human perception. Some nations held one principle for the origin, and some another: we of Israel taught that the Poetic Genius (as you now call it) was the first principle and all the others merely derivative, which was the cause of our despising the Priests & Philosophers of other countries, and prophecying that all Gods would at last be proved to originate in ours & to be the tributaries of the Poetic Genius. It was this that our great poet, King David, desired so fervently & invokes so pathetic'ly, saying by this he conquers enemies & governs kingdoms; and we so loved our God, that we cursed in his name all the deities of surrounding nations, and asserted that they had rebelled. From these opinions the vulgar came to think that all nations would at last be subject to the jews.'

'This,' said he, 'like all firm perswasions, is come to pass; for all nations believe the jews' code and worship the jews' god, and what greater subjection can be?'

247

Nothing is more common than for analysis to discover design in what, so far as consciousness is concerned, has been purely instinctive. Thus physiology ascertains that bread contains all the necessary elements of food except one, which omission happens to be supplied by butter: this may be accepted as an explanation of our 'purpose' in eating butter with bread, without the explanation being

taken to imply that all who have ever fed on bread and butter have consciously *intended* to combine the nitrogenous and oleaginous elements of food. It is the natural order of things that the practical must precede the analytic. Bees by instinct construct hexagonal cells, and long afterwards mensuration shows that the hexagon is the most economic shape for such stowage; individual states must rise and fall first before the sciences of history and politics can come to explain the how and why of their mutations. Similarly it is in accordance with the order of things that Shakespeare should produce dramas by the practical processes of art-creation, and that it should be left for others, his critics succeeding him at long intervals, to discover by analysis his 'purposes' and the laws which underlie his effects. The poet, if he could come to life now, would not feel more surprise at this analysis of his 'motives' and unfolding of his unconscious 'design' than he would feel on hearing that the beating of his heart—to him a thing natural enough, and needing no explanation—had been discovered to have a distinct purpose he could never have dreamed of in propelling the circulation of his blood, a thing of which he had never heard.

248

All high poetry in infinite; it is as the first acorn, which contained all oaks potentially. Veil after veil may be undrawn, and the inmost naked beauty of the meaning never exposed. A great Poem is a fountain for ever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight; and after one person and one age has exhausted all its divine effluence which their peculiar relations enable them to share; another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of an unforseen and an unconceived delight.

249

David the son of Jesse said, . . . The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue.

250

But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak : for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.

251

Life is like music, it must be composed by ear, feeling and instinct, not by rule. Nevertheless one had better know the rules, for they sometimes guide in doubtful cases—though not often.

252

You say, you should like to know my way of composing, and what method I follow in writing works of some extent. I can really say no more on this subject than the following ; for I myself know no more about it, and cannot account for it. When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer—say, travelling in a carriage, or walking after a good meal, or during the night when I cannot sleep ; it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. *Whence* and *how* they come, I know not ; nor can I force them. Those ideas that please me I retain in memory, and am accustomed, as I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue in this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it, that is to say, agreeably to the rules of counterpoint, to the peculiarities of the various instruments, etc.

All this fires my soul, and, provided I am not disturbed, my subject enlarges itself, becomes methodised and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost complete and finished in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts *successively*, but I hear them, as it were, all at once. What a delight this is I cannot tell! All this inventing, this producing, takes place in a pleasing lively dream. Still the actual hearing of the *tout ensemble* is after all the best. What has been thus produced I do not easily forget, and this is perhaps the best gift I have my Divine Maker to thank for.

. . . But why my productions take from my hand that particular form and style that makes them *Mozartish*, and different from the works of other composers, is probably owing to the same cause which renders my nose so large, so aquiline, or, in short, makes it Mozart's, and different from those of other people.

253

. . . a great statue or picture grows under the power of the artist as a child in the mother's womb, and the very mind which directs the hands in formation is incapable of accounting to itself for the origin, the gradations, or the media of the process.

254

EVE. Then I will do it. But how? How did Lilith work this miracle?

THE SERPENT. She imagined it.

EVE. What is imagined?

THE SERPENT. She told it to me as a marvellous story of something that never happened to a Lilith that never was.

She did not know then that imagination is the beginning of creation. You imagine what you desire; you will what you imagine; and at last you create what you will.

EVE. How can I create out of nothing?

THE SERPENT. Everything must have been created out of nothing. Look at that thick roll of hard flesh on your strong arm! That was not always there: you could not climb a tree when I first saw you. But you willed and tried and willed and tried; and your will created out of nothing the roll on your arm until you had your desire, and could draw yourself up with one hand and seat yourself on the bough that was above your head.

EVE. That was practice.

THE SERPENT. Things wear out by practice: they do not grow by it. Your hair streams in the wind as if it were trying to stretch itself further and further. But it does not grow longer for all its practice in streaming, because you have not willed it so. When Lilith told me what she had imagined in our silent language (for there were no words then) I bade her desire it and will it; and then, to our great wonder, the thing she had desired and willed created itself in her under the urging of her will. Then I too willed to renew myself as two instead of one; and after many days the miracle happened, and I burst from my skin with another snake interlaced with me; and now there are two imaginations, two desires, two wills to create with.

EVE. To desire, to imagine, to will, to create. That is too long a story. Find me one word for it all: you, who are so clever at words.

THE SERPENT. In one word, to conceive. That is the word that means both the beginning in imagination and the end in creation.

EVE. Find me a word for the story Lilith imagined and

told you in your silent language: the story that was too wonderful to be true, and yet came true.

THE SERPENT. A poem.

255

What is now proved was once only imagin'd.

256

That the human mind, in its highest flights, creates new things, thinks in ways that have never been thought before, seems undeniable in the face of any of the great works of genius. Those who tell us that the mere shuffling of the letters of the alphabet in a dice-box will produce a great work of literary art, or even a single perfect verse, may be speaking literal truth, if we grant them the continuation of the process through unlimited time. But the striking peculiarity of the human race is that, in the last few thousand years, it has produced such things, created such novelties, over and over again.

257

Remember the widely different aspects of events which are dealt with in science and in religion respectively. Science is concerned with the general conditions which are observed to regulate physical phenomena; whereas religion is wholly wrapped up in the contemplation of moral and aesthetic values. On the one side there is the law of gravitation, and on the other the contemplation of the beauty of holiness. What one side sees, the other misses; and *vice versa*.

Consider, for example, the lives of John Wesley and of Saint Francis of Assisi. For physical science you have in these lives merely ordinary examples of the operation of the

principles of physiological chemistry, and of the dynamics of nervous reactions : for religion you have lives of the most profound significance in the history of the world. Can you be surprised that, in the absence of a perfect and complete phrasing of the principles of science and of the principles of religion which apply to these specific cases, the accounts of these lives from these divergent standpoints should involve discrepancies ? It would be a miracle if it were not so.

258

I thought . . . that an artist's instinct may sometimes be worth the brains of a scientist, that both have the same purpose, the same nature, and that perhaps in time, as their methods become perfect, they are destined to become one vast prodigious force which now it is difficult even to imagine.

259

Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapistry, as divers Poets have done, neither with [so] plesant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet smelling flowers : nor whatsoever els may make the too much loved earth more lovely. Her world is brazen, the Poets only deliver a golden : . . .

260

Lovers and mad men have such seething braines,
Such shaping fantasies that apprehend
More then coole reason ever comprehends.
The Lunaticke, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more divels than vaste hell can hold ;
That is the mad man. The Lover, all as franticke,
Sees *Helen's* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.

The Poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknowne; the Poet's pen
Turnes them to shapes, and gives to airie nothing,
A locall habitation, and a name.

261

Mean while the Mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness:
The Mind, that ocean where each kind
Does streight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other Worlds, and other Seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green Thought in a green Shade.

Here at the Fountains sliding foot,
Or at some Fruit-trees mossy root,
Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a Bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets, and combs its silver Wings;
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

262

Because the misery of some great men
Made music in the ears of all the world,
And sorrow broke in waves from Shakespeare's pen,
As sonnet after sonnet rose, and curled,
And broke upon the couplet—have I thought
That I, because I suffered much, could sing?
Yes, I arose a little while and fought
With jagged words, hoping that Pain would wring,

Using my body and soul as instrument,
Beauty from Life, to fashion young men's dreams
And sweeten old men's memories—I meant,
Being a wasted torch, to throw my beams
Over the world: laugh not: I tried to make
The Spirit of Man more lovely for your sake.

263

Imagination, that dost oftimes tear
Soul out of body so that we hear naught
Although a thousand trumpets round us blare,
Say who controlleth thee, if sense hath brought
No image to thee? Surely 'tis a light
From heaven; by God's Will thou hast been wrought.

264

His very words are instinct with spirit; each is as a spark, a burning atom of inextinguishable thought; and many yet lie covered in the ashes of their birth, and pregnant with the lightning which has yet found no conductor.

265

Visionary power
Attends the motions of the viewless winds,
Embodied in the mystery of words:
There, darkness makes abode, and all the host
Of shadowy things work endless changes,—there,
As in a mansion like their proper home,
Even forms and substances are circumfused
By that transparent veil with light divine,
And, through the turnings intricate of verse,
Present themselves as objects recognized,
In flashes, and with glory not their own.

266

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

267

For Books are not absolutely dead things, but doe contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that soule was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a violl the purest efficacie and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous Dragons teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unlesse warinesse be us'd, as good almost kill a Man as kill a good Book; who kills a Man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but hee who destroyes a good Booke, kills reason it selfe, kills the Image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the Earth; but a good Booke is the pretious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalm'd and treasur'd up on pur-

pose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great losse; and revolutions of ages doe not oft recover the losse of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole Nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of publick men, how we spill that season'd life of man preserv'd and stor'd up in Books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdome, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kinde of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elementall life, but strikes at that ethereall and fift essence, the breath of reason it selfe, slaies an immortality rather then a life.

268

A wise man's words are like goads, and his collected sayings are like nails driven home; they put the mind of one man into many a life.

269

For a divine power moves you, as that of the magnet; which not only can draw iron rings to itself but can endow them with a similar power of attraction to draw other rings, until a long chain of rings is attached to each other; and all is attached to the stone itself.—Thus poetry, being itself divinely inspired, communicates this inspiration to others, until a long chain is made every link of which is a human spirit and the first [link] of which is attached to that of the [poet].

270

Yet is it just
That here, in memory of all books which lay
Their sure foundations in the heart of man,

Whether by native prose, or numerous verse,
That in the name of all inspirèd souls,
From Homer the great Thunderer, from the voice
That roars along the bed of Jewish song,
And that more varied and elaborate,
Those trumpet-tones of harmony that shake
Our shores in England,—from those loftiest notes
Down to the low and wren-like warblings, made
For cottagers and spinners at the wheel,
And sun-burnt travellers resting their tired limbs,
Stretched under wayside hedge-rows, ballad tunes,
Food for the hungry ears of little ones,
And of old men who have survived their joys:
'Tis just that in behalf of these, the works,
And of the men that framed them, whether known,
Or sleeping nameless in their scattered graves,
That I should here assert their rights, attest
Their honours, and should, once for all, pronounce
Their benediction; speak of them as Powers
For ever to be hallowed; only less,
For what we are and what we may become,
Than Nature's self, which is the breath of God,
Or His pure Word by miracle revealed.

271

Poetry Fetter'd Fetters the Human Race. Nations are Destroy'd or Flourish, in proportion as Their Poetry, Painting, and Music are Destroy'd or Flourish.

272

But poets, or those who imagine and express this indestructible order, are not only the authors of language and of music, of the dance and architecture and statuary and painting: they are the institutors of laws, and the founders

of civil society and the inventors of the arts of life, and the teachers, who draw into a certain propinquity with the beautiful and the true that partial apprehension of the agencies of the invisible world which is called religion. Hence all original religions are allegorical, or susceptible of allegory, and like Janus have a double face of false and true. Poets, according to the circumstances of the age and nation in which they appeared were called in the earlier epochs of the world legislators or prophets: a poet essentially comprises and unites both these characters. For he not only beholds intensely the present as it is, and discovers those laws according to which present things ought to be ordered, but he beholds the future in the present, and his thoughts are the germs of the flower and the fruit of latest time.

273

Hark! the rushing snow!
The sun-awakened avalanche! whose mass,
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there
Flake after flake, in heaven-defying minds
As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now, . . .

274

A Philosopher is said to have foreseene and foretold an *Earthquake*, from the motion of the Waters, trembling in the bottome of a Deep Well. So do Spirituall men perceive beforehand, when God is about to shake the *World*, or a *Land*, by the *Stirrings* and *Prophetick, Preparatory* Motions, in the Bottome of their *Spirits*, which lye neer to, and touch upon the *Invisible World*, the *Angelical*, and *Divine Nature*.

275

For wisdom is more moving than any motion: she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness. For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty: therefore can no defiled thing fall into her. For she is the brightness of the everlasting light: the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness. And being but one she can do all things: and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new: and in all ages entering into holy souls, she maketh them friends of God, and prophets. For God loveth none but him that dwelleth with wisdom. For she is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of the stars, being compared with the light, she is found before it.

276

Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

BOOK IV.

THE SON OF MAN

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given : and the government shall be upon his shoulder : and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Ciò che non more e ciò che può morire
non è se non splendor di quella idea
che partorisce, amando, il nostro sire ; . . .

God was manifest in the Son, his own image, in any other way he is invisible.

277

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.

278

That the great Angell-blinding light should shrinke
His blaze, to shine in a poore Shepheards eye.
That the unmeasur'd God so low should sinke,
As Pris'ner in a few poore Rags to lye.
That from his Mothers Breast hee milke should drinke,
Who feeds with Nectar Heav'n's faire family.
That a vile Manger his low Bed should prove,
Who in a Throne of stars Thunders above.

That hee whom the Sun serves should faintly peepe
Through clouds of Infant flesh: that hee the old
Eternall Word should bee a Child, and weepe.
That hee, who made the fire, should feare the cold;
That Heav'n's high Majesty his Court should keepe
In a clay-cottage, by each blast control'd.
That Glorie's selfe should serve our Griefs, and feares:
And free Eternity, submit to yeares.

279

. . . Whosoever shall receive this child in my name receiveth me: and whosoever shall receive me receiveth him that sent me: for he that is least among you all, the same shall be great.

280

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar :
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home : . . .

281

Happy those early dayes ! when I
Shin'd in my Angell-infancy.
Before I understood the place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, Celestiall thought,
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile, or two, from my first love,
And looking back (at that short space,)
Could see a glimpse of his bright-face ;
When on some *gilded Cloud*, or *flowre*
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity ;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinfull sound,
Or had the black art to dispence
A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sence,
But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright *shootes* of everlastingnesse.
O how I long to travell back
And tread again that ancient track !
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine,

From whence th' Inlightned spirit sees
That shady City of Palme trees ; . . .

282

Take heed of this small child of earth ;
He is great : he hath in him God most high.
Children before their fleshly birth
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light bitter world of wrong
They come ; God gives us them awhile.
His speech is in their stammering tongue,
And his forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes.
Alas ! their right to joy is plain.
If they are hungry, Paradise
Weeps, and, if cold, Heaven thrills with pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower
Speaks judgment on sin's ministers.
Man holds an angel in his power.
Ah ! deep in Heaven what thunder stirs,

When God seeks out these tender things
Whom in the shadow where we sleep
He sends us clothed about with wings,
And finds them ragged babes that weep !

283

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven ?

And Jesus called a little child unto him and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore

shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

284

Say, did his sisters wonder what Joseph could see
In a mild, silent, little Maid like thee?
And was it awful, in that narrow house,
With God for Babe and Spouse?
Nay, like thy simple, female sort, each one
Apt to find Him in Husband and in Son,
Nothing to thee came strange in this,
Thy wonder was but wondrous bliss:
Wondrous, for, though
True Virgin lives not but doth know,
(Howbeit none ever yet confess'd,)
That God lies really in her breast,
Of thine He made His special nest!
And so
All mothers worship little feet,
And kiss the very ground they've trod;
But, ah, thy little Baby sweet
Who was indeed thy God!

285

Jesus saith, Wherever there are (two), they are not without God, and wherever there is one alone, I say, I am with him. Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I.

286

I see his blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of his eyes,
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see his face in every flower;
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but his voice—and carven by his power
Rocks are his written words.

All pathways by his feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His cross is every tree.

287

We think that *Paradise* and *Calvarie*,
Christs Crosse, and *Adams* tree, stood in one place;
Looke Lord, and finde both *Adams* met in me;
As the first *Adams* sweat surrounds my face,
May the last *Adams* blood my soule embrace.

So in his purple wrapp'd receive mee Lord,
By these his thornes give me his other Crowne; . . .

288

When she saw the Crucifix, or if she saw a man had a wound, or a beast, or if a man beat a child before her, or smote a horse or another beast with a whip, if she might see or hear it, she thought she saw our Lord beaten or wounded, like as she saw in the man or in the beast. . . . Then would she weep for her own sin, and for compassion of that creature.

289

O Jesu, Thou King of Saints, whom all adore: and the Holy imitate, I admire the perfection of Thy Love in every soul! Thou lovest every one wholly as if him alone. Whose soul is so great an Image of Thine Eternal Father, that Thou camest down from Heaven to die for him, and to purchase mankind that they might be His treasures. I admire to see Thy cross in every understanding, Thy passion in every memory, Thy crown of thorns in every eye, and Thy bleeding, naked, wounded body in every soul. Thy death liveth in every memory, Thy crucified person is embalmed in every affection, Thy pierced feet are bathed in every one's tears, Thy blood all droppeth on every soul: Thou wholly communicatest Thyself to every soul in all kingdoms, and art wholly seen in every saint, and wholly fed upon by every Christian. It is my privilege that I can enter with Thee into every soul, and in every living temple of Thy manhood and Thy Godhead, behold again, and enjoy Thy glory.

290

And in that time he received many and marvellous visitations and consolations from God: and oftentimes he was rapt in God, as was seen by that brother who first wrote of these things; among which one night he was so lifted up and rapt in God, that he saw in Him, the Creator, all created things both of heavenly and earthly, and all their perfections, and grades, and distinct orders. Then he clearly knew how every created thing expresses its Creator, and how God is above, and within, and without, and beside all created things. Thereafter he perceived One God in Three Persons, and Three Persons in One God; and the infinite love that caused the Son of God to become incarnate,

in obedience to the Father. And finally he perceived in that vision how that there was no other way whereby the soul could come to God, and have eternal life, save only through Christ, the Blessed, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life of the soul.

291

As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.

292

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the elves'-eyes!

The grey lawns cool where gold, where quickgold lies!
Wind-beat whitebeam! airy abeles set on a flare!
Flake-doves sent floating forth at a farmyard scare!—
Ah well! it is all a purchase, all is a prize.

Buy then! bid then!—What?—Prayer, patience, alms, vows.
Look, look: a May-mess, like on orchard boughs!
Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow sallows!
These are indeed the barn; withindoors house
The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse
Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows.

293

Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A World from utter loss, and hast been found
By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being Good,

Farr more then Great or High ; because in thee
Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,
Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne ;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reigne
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal King ; . . .

294

Jolly looked at his father.

'Do you believe in God, Dad? I've never known.'

At so searching a question from one to whom it was impossible to make a light reply, Jolyon stood for a moment, feeling his back tried by the digging.

'What do you mean by God?' he said ; 'there are two irreconcilable ideas of God. There's the Unknowable Creative Principle—one believes in That. And there's the Sum of altruism in man—naturally one believes in That.'

'I see. That leaves out Christ, dosen't it?'

Jolyon stared. Christ, the link between those two ideas! Out of the mouth of babes! Here was orthodoxy scientifically explained at last! The sublime poem of the Christ life was man's attempt to join those two irreconcilable conceptions of God. And since the Sum of human altruism was as much part of the Unknowable Creative Principle as anything else in Nature and the Universe, a worse link might have been chosen after all! Funny—how one went through life without seeing it in that sort of way!

295

It is the spirit that quickeneth ; the flesh profiteth nothing : the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.

296

Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
We yield all blessing to the name
Of Him that made them current coin;

For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
Where truth in closest words shall fail,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

297

The shepherds sing, and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymne for thee?
My soul's a shepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The pasture is thy word; the streams, thy grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the day-light houres.

298

. . . for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

299

I believe in this: I believe in God, whom I understand as Spirit, as Love, as the Source of all. I believe that he

is in me and I in him. I believe that the will of God is most clearly and intelligibly expressed in the teaching of the man Jesus. . . . I believe that man's true welfare lies in fulfilling God's will, and his will is that men should love one another and should consequently do to others as they wish others to do to them—of which it is said in the Gospels that in this is the law and the prophets. I believe, therefore, that the meaning of the life of every man is to be found only in increasing the love that is in him ; that this increase of love leads man, even in this life, to ever greater and greater blessedness, and after death gives him the more blessedness the more love he has, and helps more than anything else towards the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth : that is, towards the establishment of an order of life in which the discord, deception and violence that now rule will be replaced by free accord, by truth, and by the brotherly love of one for another.

300

. . . Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what : we know what we worship : for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth : for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit : and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

301

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death. . . .

But whoso hath this world's good and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him ?

My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue ; but in deed and in truth. . . .

Beloved, let us love one another : for love is of God ; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

He that loveth not knoweth not God ; for God is love. . .

No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us. . . .

God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. . . .

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar : for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen ?

He conceived it his duty and much delighted in the obligation, that he was to treat every man in the whole world as representative of mankind, and that he was to meet in him, and to pay unto him all the love of God, Angels and Men.

He thought that he was to treat every man in the person of Christ. That is both as if himself were Christ in the greatness of his love, and also as if the man were Christ, he was to use him having respect to all others. For the love of Christ is to dwell within him, and every man is the object of it. God and he are to become one Spirit, that is one in will, and one in desire. Christ must live within him. He must be filled with the Holy Ghost, which is the God of Love, he must be of the same mind with Christ Jesus, and led by His Spirit. For on the other side he was well ac-

quainted with this mystery—That every man being the object of our Saviour's Love, was to be treated as our Saviour, Who hath said, *Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.* And thus he is to live upon Earth among sinners.

303

The truest and most effectual way a Man can take to Love himself, is to Love his Neighbour as himself. For since Man is a necessitous and indigent Creature (of all Creatures the most indigent) and since he cannot upon his own solitary Stock, supply the necessities of his Nature, (the want of Society being one of them) and since of all Creatures here below, none is capable of doing him either so much *good*, or so much *harm*, as those of his own Species ; as 'twill be his best *Security* to have as many Friends, and as few Enemies as he can ; so, as a Means to this, to Hate and Injure *none*, but to Love and Oblige *all*, will be his best *Policy*. . . . And indeed, would all Men but once agree to Espouse one anothers Interest, and Prosecute the Publick Good truly and faithfully, nothing would be wanting to Verifie and Realize the Dreams of the Golden Age, to Anticipate the *Millennial* Happiness, and bring down Heaven upon Earth. Society would stand firm and compact, like a *Mathematical Frame of Architecture*, supported by mutual Dependencies and Coherences ; and every Man's Kindnesses would return again upon himself, in the *Circle* and *Reciprocation* of Love.

304

I tell you what I dreamed last night.
A spirit with transfigured face
Fire-footed clomb an infinite space.

I heard his hundred pinions clang,
Heaven-bells rejoicing rang and rang,
Heaven-air was thrilled with subtle scents,
Worlds spun upon their rushing cars :
He mounted shrieking ' Give me light ! '
Still light was poured on him, more light ;
Angels, Archangels he outstripped,
Exultant in exceeding might,
And trod the skirts of Cherubim.
Still ' Give me light ' he shrieked, and dipped
His thirsty face and drank a sea,
Athirst with thirst it could not slake.
I saw him, drunk with knowledge, take
From aching brows the aureole crown—
His locks writhe like a cloven snake—
He left his throne to grovel down
And lick the dust of Seraphs' feet :
For what is knowledge duly weighed ?
Knowledge is strong, but love is sweet ;
Yea all the progress he had made
Was but to learn that all is small
Save love, for love is all in all.

305

. . . pure love frees a man from himself and his acts, and confirms his spirit in the peace of that possession wherein is consummated the Divine union. If we would know this in ourselves, we must yield to the Divine the innermost sanctuary of ourselves, petition a like return from God, and cast out our own powers. . . . Here is the kingdom of God. From here comes the impulse and urgency towards active righteousness and virtue, FOR LOVE CANNOT BE IDLE.

The Spirit of God, moving within the powers of the man, urges them outwards in just and wise activity. . . . The

greatest contemplative of all times was Christ. But He was ever at the service of men, and never did His ineffable and perpetual contemplation diminish His charity, or His exterior activity.

306

When I survey the wond'rous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest Gain I count but Loss,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Death of *Christ* my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet?
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown? . . .

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

307

The teaching of truth expressed by Christ is not contained in laws and commandments, but in one thing only—the meaning given to life. And that meaning is, that life and the blessing of life are not to be found in personal happiness, as people generally suppose, but in the service of God and man. And this is not a command which must be obeyed to gain a reward, nor is it a mystical expression of something mysterious and unintelligible, but it is the elucidation of a

law of life previously concealed ; it is the indication of the fact that life can be a blessing only when this truth is understood. And, therefore, the whole positive teaching of Christ is expressed in this one thing : Love God, and thy neighbour as thyself. . . .

Believers in that path of life are, in Christ's simile, like an abundant spring of living water. All their activity is like the course of water, which flows everywhere regardless of obstacles. A man believing in the teaching of Christ can as little ask what positive commands he is to obey as a stream of water bursting from the ground, could ask the question. It flows, watering the earth, grass, trees, birds, animals, and men. And a man who believes Christ's teaching of life does likewise.

A believer in the teaching of Jesus will not ask what he is to do. Love, which becomes the motive-force of his life, will surely and inevitably show him where to act, and what to do first and what afterwards.

308

He that will finde Truth, must seek it with a *free judgment*, and a *sanctified minde :* he that thus seeks, shall finde ; he shall live in Truth, and that shall live in him ; it shall be like a stream of living waters issuing out of his own Soule ; he shall drink of the waters of his own cisterne, and be satisfied ; he shall every morning finde this Heavenly *Manna* lying upon the top of his own Soule, and be fed with it to eternal life ; he will finde satisfaction within, feeling himself in conjunction with Truth, though all the World should dispute against him.

309

Jesus said : ' Wouldest thou love one who never died
For thee, or ever die for one who had not died for thee ?

And if God dieth not for Man, & giveth not Himself
Eternally for Man, Man could not exist; for Man is Love
As God is Love: every kindness to another is a little Death
In the Divine Image; nor can Man exist but by Brotherhood.'

310

The most sublime act is to set another before you.

311

We had better live in others as much as we can if only because we thus live more in the race, which God really does seem to care about a good deal, and less in the individual, to whom, so far as I can see, he is indifferent. After we are dead it matters not to the life we have led in ourselves what people may say of us, but it matters much to the life we lead in others and this should be our true life.

312

That violence wherewith sometimes a man doteth upon one creature, is but a little spark of that love, even towards all, which lurketh in his nature. We are made to love, both to satisfy the necessity of our active nature, and to answer the beauties in every creature. By Love our Souls are married and solder'd to the creatures: and it is our Duty like God to be united to them all. We must love them infinitely, but in God, and for God: and God in them namely all His excellencies manifested in them. When we dote upon the perfections and beauties of some one creature, we do not love that too much, but other things too little. Never was anything in this world loved too much, but many things have been loved in a false way: and all in too short a measure.

313

The bodies and the souls of all human beings are alike pregnant with their future progeny, and when we arrive at a certain age, our nature impels us to bring forth and propagate. This nature is unable to produce in that which is deformed, but it can produce in that which is beautiful. The intercourse of the male and female in generation, a divine work, through pregnancy and production is, as it were, something immortal in mortality. These things cannot take place in that which is incongruous; for that which is deformed is incongruous with all that is divine, but that which is beautiful is congruous. Beauty is, therefore, the fate and the Juno Lucina to generation. Wherefore, whenever that which is pregnant with the generative principle, approaches that which is beautiful, it becomes transported with delight, and is poured forth in overflowing measure, and propagates. But when it approaches that which is deformed it is contracted by sadness, and being repelled and checked, it does not produce, but retains unwillingly that with which it is pregnant. Wherefore to one pregnant, and, as it were, already bursting with the load of his desire, the impulse towards that which is beautiful is intense, on account of retaining that which he has conceived. 'Love, then, O Socrates, is not as you imagine the love of the beautiful.'—'What then?'—'Of generation or production in the beautiful.'—'Why then of generation?'—'Generation is something eternal and immortal in mortality. It necessarily, from what has been confessed, follows, that we must desire immortality together with what is good, since Love is the desire that good be ever present in us. Of necessity Love must also be the desire for immortality.'

314

THE STRANGER. I see: 'Tis love that makes the world go round, and not, as idolatrous people imagine, the object of love. The object of love is passive and perhaps imaginary; it is whatever love happens to choose, prompted by an inner disposition in its organ. You are a believer in automatism, and not in magic.

AVICENNA. Excellent. If the final cause, or the object of love, bears by courtesy the title of the good, believe me when I tell you that the efficient cause, the native impulse in matter, by moving towards that object, bestows that title upon it. Who that has any self-knowledge has not discovered by experience in his own bosom, as well as by observation of the heavens, and of animals and men, that the native impulse in each of us chooses its goal, and changes it as we change, and that nothing is pursued by us or sensible to us save what we have the organ to discern, or the innate compulsion and the fatal will to love?

THE STRANGER. There indeed you touch the heart-strings of nature; and I well conceive your enthusiasm at finding at last a philosophy that vibrates with so much truth.

315

I sing of a maiden
That is makeles,
King of all Kinges
To her sone sche ches.

He cam also stille
There his moder was,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the grass.

He cam also stille
To his moderes bour,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the flour.

He cam also stille
There his moder lay,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the spray.

Moder and maiden
Was never none but she;
Well may swich a lady
Godes moder be.

316

O mooder mayde! O mayde mooder fre!
O bussh unbrent, brennynge in Moyses sighte!
That ravysedest doun fro the Deitee,
Thurgh thyn humblesse, the Goost that in tha lighte,
Of whos vertu, whan He thyn herte lighte,
Conceyved was the Fadres sapience,
Helpe me to telle it in thy reverence!

Lady, thy bountee, thy magnificence,
Thy vertu, and thy grete humylitee
Ther may no tonge expresse in no science;
For som-tyme, lady, er men praye to thee,
Thou goost beforn of thy benygnytee,
And getest us the lyght, thurgh thy preyere,
To gyden us unto thy Sone so deere.

317

Suppose a curious and fair woman. Some have seen the beauties of Heaven in such a person. It is a vain thing to say they loved too much. I dare say there are ten thousand beau-

ties in that creature which they have not seen. They loved it not too much, but upon false causes. Nor so much upon false ones, as only upon some little ones. They love a creature for sparkling eyes and curled hair, lily breasts and ruddy cheeks: which they should love moreover for being God's Image, Queen of the Universe, beloved by Angels, redeemed by Jesus Christ, an heiress of Heaven, and temple of the Holy Ghost: a mine and fountain of all virtues, a treasury of graces, and a child of God. But these excellencies are unknown. They love her perhaps, but do not love God more: nor men as much: nor Heaven and Earth at all. And so, being defective to other things, perish by a seeming excess to that. We should be all Life and Mettle and Vigour and Love to everything; and that would poise us. I dare confidently say that every person in the whole world ought to be beloved as much as this: And she if there be any cause of difference more than she is. But God being beloved infinitely more, will be infinitely more our joy, and our heart will be more with Him, so that no man can be in danger by loving others too much, that loveth God as he ought.

318

Love dwells within my lady's eyes: her glance
Makes all things gentle that she sees, and where
She passes each one turns to look on her;
Her greeting sets a proud man's heart adance.

He lowers his eyes, pale grows his countenance
As he feels all his faults within him stir:
She drives forth anger, and pride, hell's minister,
O help me, ladies, to do her reverence.

Humility and all sweetness that beguiles
The heart are his who hears her speak, and who
Beholds her first his paradise shall find,

And what she is when she a little smiles
No tongue can tell, no thought can bring to mind,
It is a miracle so strange and new.

319

Love thou art absolute, sole Lord
Of life and death—

320

My Body is not this little parcel of flesh,
This bundle of nerves and tissues, these chalky bones:
My Body is a wide and blossoming Meadow,
My Body is a Mountain with wild torrents and rain-bright stones.

My Hair is not this little tuft of fur,
My Hair is the leaves of Forests, green, golden and red:
My Blood is not these few bright drops in my veins,
My Blood is the wine of the World from a million vineyards shed.

I do not only look from these two dim windows,
My Eyes are the Eyes of heaven, the numberless stars,
And the Sun at noon is my great and glowing Eye,
And the evening Sun that beholds the World through glowing bars.

And my Flesh is the Flesh of Harlots and of Thieves,
And my Blood has the Hero's fire and the Convict's taint,
And my Eyes are the bleary Eyes of a tired old woman,
And my Mind is the Mind of a madman, a scholar and a saint.

Therefore, when men darken the sky with smoke,
And poison pure water and blacken the earth's green bed,
They are putting out my eyes with red hot needles,
They are scorching my skin, they are tearing the hair away from my head.

And when men sell their lives and women their bodies
For food and shelter, their shame is mine, I have died
On all the battle-fields of all the ages,
I am the world, I am divine, I am crucified.

321

Once I saw a Devil in a flame of fire, who arose before an Angel that sat on a cloud, and the Devil utter'd these words:

'The worship of God is: Honouring his gifts in other men, each according to his genius, and loving the greatest men best: those who envy or calumniate great men hate God; for there is no other God.'

322

Love has a marvellous property of feeling in another. It can enjoy in another, as well as enjoy him. Love is an infinite treasure to its object, and its object is so to it. God is Love, and you are His object. You are created to be His Love: and He is yours. He is happy in you, when you are happy: as parents in their children. He is afflicted in all your afflictions. And whosoever toucheth you, toucheth the apple of His eye. Will not you be happy in all His enjoyments? He feeleth in you; will not you feel in Him? He hath obliged you to love Him. And if you love Him, you must of necessity be Heir of the World, for you are happy in Him. All His praises are your joys, all His enjoyments are your treasures, all His pleasures are your enjoyments. In God you are crowned, in God you are concerned. In Him you feel, in Him you live, and move, and have your being, in Him you are blessed. Whatsoever therefore serveth Him, serveth you and in Him you inherit all things.

323

For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.

324

Where man is met
The gods will come ; or shall I say man's spirit
Hath operative faculties to mix
And make his gods at will ?

325

There is
One great society alone on earth :
The noble Living and the noble Dead.

326

It is a partnership in all science ; a partnership in all art ; a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each particular state is but a clause in the great primæval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible world, . . .

327

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away : and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in

the vine ; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches : he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit : for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered ; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

328

. . . for we are members one of another.

329

I want people to see either their cells as less parts of themselves than they do, or their servants as more.

Croesus's kitchen-maid is part of him, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, for she eats what comes from his table and, being fed of one flesh, are they not brother and sister to one another in virtue of community of nutriment which is but a thinly veiled travesty of descent ? When she eats peas with her knife, he does so too ; there is not a bit of bread and butter she puts into her mouth, nor a lump of sugar she drops into her tea, but he knoweth it altogether, though he knows nothing whatever about it. She is en-Croesused and he en-scullery-maided so long as she remains linked to him by the golden chain which passes from his pocket to hers, and which is the greatest of all unifiers.

True, neither party is aware of the connection at all as long as things go smoothly. Croesus no more knows the name of, or feels the existence of, his kitchen-maid than a peasant in health knows about his liver ; nevertheless he is awakened to a dim sense of an undefined something when he pays his grocer or his baker. She is more definitely aware of him

than he of her, but it is by way of an overshadowing presence rather than a clear and intelligent comprehension. And though Croesus does not eat his kitchen-maid's meals otherwise than vicariously, still to eat vicariously is to eat: the meals so eaten by his kitchen-maid nourish the better ordering of the dinner which nourishes and engenders the better ordering of Croesus himself. He is fed therefore by the feeding of his kitchen-maid.

And so with sleep. When she goes to bed he, in part, does so too. When she gets up and lays the fire in the back-kitchen he, in part, does so. He lays it through her and in her, though knowing no more what he is doing than we know when we digest, but still doing it as by what we call a reflex action. *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, and when the back-kitchen fire is lighted on Croesus's behalf, it is Croesus who lights it, though he is all the time fast asleep in bed.

330

. . . to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts o healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirit; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues: but all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will.

For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one

Spirit. For the body is not one member, but many. If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him. And if they were all one member, where were the body? But now are they many members, yet but one body. And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you.

331

From crowded streets remote,
Far from the living and dead Wilderness
Of the thronged world, Society is here
A true community—a genuine frame
Of many into one incorporate.
That must be looked for here: paternal sway,
One household, under God, for high and low,
One family and one mansion; to themselves
Appropriate, and divided from the world,
As if it were a cave, a multitude
Human and brute, possessors undisturbed
Of this Recess—their legislative Hall,
Their Temple, and their glorious Dwelling-place.

332

We would establish those of kindlier build,
In fair Compassions skilled,
Men of deep art in life-development;
Watchers and warders of thy varied lands,
Men surfeited of laying heavy hands
Upon the innocent,

The mild, the fragile, the obscure content
Among the myriads of thy family.
Those, too, who love the true, the excellent,
And make their daily moves a melody.

333

That happy sense of direct relation with Heaven is known evidently to multitudes of human souls of all faiths, and in all lands; evidently often a dream,—demonstrably, as I conceive, often a reality; in all cases dependent on resolution, patience, self-denial, prudence, obedience; of which some pure hearts are capable without effort, and some by constancy.

334

When we consider the achievements of any nation which even for fifty years has grasped a fringe of the mantle of God, we shall not think that Christ, or Plato, is bidding us to lose substance for shadow. The Soul of the race mocks at the triumphs of Sennacherib and Attila. They, and Cleon, are only remembered because their victims have thought it worth while to hold them up to infamy.

335

It may be a forlorn hope, a mere dream, that of an alliance between religion, which must be retained unless the world is to perish, and complete rationality, which must come, unless also the world is to perish, by means of the interfusing effect of poetry—'the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; the impassioned expression of science,' as it was defined by an English poet who was quite orthodox in his ideas. But if it be true, as Comte argued, that advance is never in a straight line, but in a looped orbit, we may, in the aforesaid ominous moving backward, be doing it *pour mieux sauter*, drawing back for a spring.

336

All my quotations from Seneca and Lucan are made with a view to showing that antiquity was aware that righteousness springs from within and not from without. The spring never runs dry—not altogether. It flows in him who pleads that faith may not divorce reason, as it did in Seneca when he taught that a right action should be performed independently of any desire to please the Gods. And you will remember that Cato declined to consult the Oracles when he went to Africa to defend the republic against Caesar, saying that he knew what was right and that advice from an Oracle was not needed. The spring was in humanity always ; stones were thrown into the spring-head and the spring was closed for a time, but never for long. The history of mankind might be reckoned by the opening and closing of the spring. A thousand years ago Our Lord Jesus released the spring again, and new life was given to the world by it, and at the end of another thousand years the spring is again open. All may drink and be refreshed, and all may hope, for the science of dialectics has been given back to us the science of reason, he said ; and out of this science he began to build a world of dreams, in which faith and reason would walk hand in hand, a wedded couple, two mighty forces that together would rescue the world from evil. . . . why we should be afraid of reason it is hard to say, for reason is the quality above all others that divides humanity from animality and allows us to love God in our minds.

337

I have planted, Apollos watered ; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth ; but God that giveth the increase. Now

he that planteth and he that watereth are one: and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour. For we are labourers together with God: ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building.

338

If we consider, in the light of Platonism, the causes which, at a week's notice, turned Europe into a co-operative suicide club, we are driven to look for some super-individual psychical force, and it is tempting to think of the old hypothesis of an evil World-Soul. On this plausible theory, the race-spirit is an irreclaimable savage dressed in the costume of civilisation, who has remained morally and intellectually on the level of the Stone Age. His acquisitions have been purely external; his nature has not been changed. . . .

Now it is quite true that the thought-habits of a hundred thousand years are not likely to have been very much modified by a few centuries of civilisation, interrupted as they have been by the almost unmitigated barbarism of the Dark Ages between Justinian and the twelfth century. But all pessimistic estimates of human nature based on survivals of savage instincts are condemned by the doctrine which Plotinus asserts as strongly as Aristotle, that the 'nature' of everything is the best that it can grow into; and that the best of human nature is divine. We have to remember that outbreaks of moral savagery in civilised humanity are neither normal nor habitual nor the result of a bad will. They no longer appear without stimulation; they are not consciously willed; they are now a disease. On the other hand, the noble qualities of heroism and self-sacrifice, which have never been more conspicuous than in the course of this tragedy, are consciously willed; they are essential parts of our human character as it is. Our complex nature, no doubt,

contains elements which link us to pre-human ancestors; the transformations of the embryo before birth, which seem to recapitulate the whole course of biological evolution, are a proof of that; but does it not also contain anticipations of a higher state than we have yet reached, but which we have a right to claim as human because we find it manifested in human beings? The ascent of the soul to God, which is made by thousands in the short span of a single life, may be an earnest of what humanity shall one day achieve. Nor is it quite correct to deny all progress within the historical period. There are, after all, horrors described in the Old Testament, in Greek history, in Roman history, in medieval history, which only the Bolsheviks have rivalled, and which indicate a degree of depravity which we may perhaps hope that civilised humanity has outgrown. And if there has been perceptible progress in the last two thousand years, the improvement may be considerable in the next ten thousand, a small fraction, probably, of the whole life of the species. The Soul of the race is no demon, but a child with great possibilities. It is capable of what it has already achieved in the noblest human lives, and the character which it has accepted as the perfect realisation of the human ideal is the character of Christ.

339

. . . a vast assemblage of human beings with wilful intellects and wild passions, brought together into one by the beauty and the Majesty of a Superhuman Power, . . . brought together as if into some moral factory, for the melting, refining, and moulding, by an incessant, noisy process, of the raw material of human nature, so excellent, so dangerous, so capable of divine purposes.

340

. . . Our Wars are wars of life, & wounds of love,
With intellectual spears, & long wingèd arrows of thought.
Mutual in one another's love and wrath all renewing
We live as One Man ; for contracting our infinite senses,
We behold multitude ; or expanding, we behold as one,
As One Man all the Universal Family, and that One Man
We call Jesus the Christ. And he in us, and we in him
Live in perfect harmony in Eden, the land of life,
Giving, receiving, and forgiving each other's trespasses.
He is the Good shepherd, he is the Lord and master ;
He is the Shepherd of Albion, he is all in all,
In Eden, in the garden of God, and in heavenly Jerusalem.

341

While he yet talked to the people, behold, his mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him. Then one said unto him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee. But he answered and said unto him that told him, Who is my mother ? and who are my brethren ?

And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren ! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.

342

Out first step then in this first part, is, the *sociablenesse*, the *communicablenesse* of God ; He loves holy meetings, he loves the *communion of Saints*, the *household of the faithfull : Deliciae ejus*, says *Solomon*, *his delight is to be with the Sons of men*, and that the sons of men should be with him ; Religion is not a *melancholy ;* the spirit of God is not a *dampe ;* the Church is not a *grave :* it is a *fold*, it is an *Arke*, it is a *net*, it is a *city*, it is a *kingdome*, not onely a house, but a house that hath *many*

mansions in it: still it is a *plurall* thing, consisting of *many*: and very good *grammarians* amongst the *Hebrews*, have thought, and said, that that *name*, by which God notifies himself to the world, in the very beginning of *Genesis*, which is *Elobim*, as it is a *plurall word* there, so it hath no *singular*: they say we cannot name God, but *plurally*: so sociable, so communicable, so extensive, so derivative of himself, is God, and so manifold are the beames, and the emanations that flow out from him.

343

In a communal religion you study the will of God in order that He may preserve you; in a purified religion, rationalized under the influence of the world-concept you study his goodness in order to be like him. It is the difference between the enemy you conciliate and the companion whom you imitate.

344

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

BOOK V.

HEAVEN AND HELL

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills ?

The Son of God I also am, or was,
And if I was, I am ; relation stands ;
All men are Sons of God : . . .

To become properly acquainted with a truth, we must first have disbelieved it, and disputed against it.

345

Through me the way is to the city of woe;
Through me the way unto eternal pain;
Through me the way among the lost below.
Justice commoved my high Creator, when
Made me Divine Omnipotence, combined
With Primal Love and Wisdom Sovereign.
Before me nothing was of any kind.
Except eterne, and I eterne abide:
Leave ye that enter in all hope behind!

346

By doubting we are led to enquire; by enquiry we perceive the truth.

347

All men desire by nature to know.

348

Nature that fram'd us of foure Elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspyring minds:
Our soules, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous Architecture of the world:
And measure every wandring plannets course,
Still climing after knowledge infinite,
And alwaies mooving as the restles Spheares
—Wils us to weare our selves and never rest, . . .

349

The natural desire of good men is knowledge.

350

though truth and falshood bee
Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is ;
Be busie to seeke her, beleeve mee this,
Hee's not of none, nor worst, that seekes the best.
To adore, or scorne an image, or protest,
May all be bad ; doubt wisely ; in strange way
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray ;
To sleepe, or runne wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and hee that will
Reach her, about must, and about must goe ;
And what the hills suddennes resists, winne so ;
Yet strive so, that before age, deaths twilight,
Thy Soule rest, for none can worke in that night.
To will, implyes delay, therefore now doe :
Hard deeds, the bodies paines ; hard knowledge too
The mindes indeavours reach, and mysteries
Are like the Sunne, dazling, yet plaine to all eyes.

351

Let both grow together until the harvest : . . .

352

We are told by logicians that a proposition must be either true or false, and that there is no middle term. But in practice, we may know that a proposition expresses an important truth, but that it is subject to limitations and qualifications which at present remain undiscovered. It is a general feature of our knowledge, that we are insistently aware of important truths ; and yet that the only formulations of these truths which we are able to make presuppose a general standpoint of conceptions which may have to be modified. . . . Galileo said that the earth moves and that the sun is fixed ; the Inquisition said that the earth is fixed

and the sun moves ; and Newtonian astronomers, adopting an absolute theory of space, said that both the sun and the earth move. But now we say that any one of these three statements is equally true, provided that you have fixed your sense of 'rest' and 'motion' in the way required by the statement adopted. At the date of Galileo's controversy with the Inquisition, Galileo's way of stating the facts was, beyond question, the fruitful procedure for the sake of scientific research. But in itself it was not more true than the formulation of the Inquisition. But at that time the modern concepts of relative motion were in nobody's mind ; so that the statements were made in ignorance of the qualifications required for their more perfect truth. Yet this question of the motions of the earth and the sun expresses a real fact in the universe ; and all sides had got hold of important truths concerning it. But with the knowledge of those times, the truths appeared to be inconsistent.

353

I don't know what I may seem to the world, but, as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

354

But where shall wisdom be found ?
And where is the place of understanding ?
Man knoweth not the price thereof ;
Neither is it found in the land of the living.
The depth saith, It is not in me :
And the sea saith, It is not with me.
It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. . . .

Whence then cometh wisdom ?
And where is the place of understanding ?
Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living,
And kept close from the fowls of the air.
Destruction and death say,
We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.
God understandeth the way thereof,
And he knoweth the place thereof.

355

Dim, as the borrow'd beams of Moon and Stars
To *lonely*, *weary*, *wandring* Travellers,
Is *Reason* to the *Soul* : And as on high,
Those rowling Fires *discover* but the Sky,
Not light us *here* ; so *Reason's* glimmering Ray
Was lent, not to *assure* our *doubtfull* way,
But *guide* us upward to a *better Day*.
And as those nightly Tapers disappear
When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere ;
So pale grows *Reason* at *Religions* sight ;
So *dyes*, and so *dissolves* in Supernatural *Light*.

356

We may say of spiritual reality what the great Christian writers have said of God. Who ever seeks Him shall find Him. But to find spiritual reality one must be willing to put his whole being into the search, as though he would satisfy the deepest need of his own life. The God you can find is the God whom in seeking you make to be. Therefore faith is a virtue and supposes love. In this lies the folly of the atheist's demand that the existence of God should be proved to him without his being relieved of his atheism. Equally fatuous is the materialist's denial of spiritual reality : he would have the philosopher show him spirit,—in nature !

. . . Wonderful are the words of the psalmist. *Dixit insipiens in corde suo non est Deus.* Only in his foolish heart could he have said it!

357

. . . if way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the Worst, . .

358

Both *Heaven* and *Hell* have their Foundations *within us. Heaven* primarily lies in a refined Temper; in an internal Reconciliation to the Nature of God, and to the Rule of Righteousness. The Guilt of Conscience, and Enmity to Righteousness, is the *inward* state of *Hell.* The Guilt of Conscience is the *Fewell of Hell.*

359

Every mans Hell arises from the bottom of his own Soul; as those stinking Mists and tempestuous Exhalations that infest the Earth, have their first original from the Earth it self.

360

FAUSTUS.

Where are you damn'd?

MEPHISTOPHILIS.

In hell.

FAUSTUS.

How comes it then that thou art out of hel?

MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Why this is hel, nor am I out of it:
Thinkst thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joyes of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hels,
In being depriv'd of everlasting blisse?

361

FAUSTUS.

First will I question with thee about hell,
Tel me, where is the place that men call hell ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Under the heavens.

FAUSTUS.

I, but where about ?

MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remaine for ever.
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one selfe place, for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, must we ever be :
And to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shal be purified,
All places shall be hell that is not heaven.

362

Me miserable ! which way shall I flie
Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire ?
Which way I flie is Hell ; my self am Hell ; . . .

363

The mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.

364

'Tis not change of place, but glorious principles well practised that establish Heaven in the life and soul. An angel will be happy anywhere, and a devil miserable, because the principles of the one are always good, of the

other, bad. From the centre to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills all is Heaven before God, and full of treasure ; and he that walks like God in the midst of them, blessed.

365

Femme je suis povrette et ancienne,
Qui riens ne sçay ; oncques lettre ne leuz ;
Au moustier voy dont suis paroissienne
Paradis paint, où sont harpes & luz,
Et ung enfer où dampnez sont boulluz :
L'ung me faict paour, l'autre joye & liesse.
La joye avoir me fay, haulte Deesse,
A qui pecheurs doivent tous recourir,
Comblez de foy, sans fainte ne paresse.
En ceste foy je vueil vivre & mourir.

366

Man must & will have Some Religion : if he has not the Religion of Jesus, he will have the Religion of Satan & will erect the Synagogue of Satan, calling the Prince of this World, God ; and destroying all who do not worship Satan under the Name of God. Will any one say, 'Where are those who worship Satan under the Name of God ?' Where are they ? Listen ! Every Religion that Preaches Vengeance for Sin is the Religion of the Enemy & Avenger and not of the Forgiver of Sin, and their God is Satan, Named by the Divine Name.

367

THE LORD.

Have you no more to say ? Do you come here
Always to scold, and cavil, and complain ?
Seems nothing ever right to you on earth ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord! I find all there, as ever, bad at best.
Even I am sorry for man's days of sorrow;
I could myself almost give up the pleasure
Of plaguing the poor things.

THE LORD.

Knowest thou Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Doctor?

THE LORD.

Ay; My servant, Faust.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In truth
He serves You in a fashion quite his own;
And the fool's meat and drink are not of earth.
His aspirations bear him on so far
That he is half aware of his own folly,
For he demands from Heaven its fairest star,
And from the earth the highest joy it bears,
Yet all things far, and all things near, are vain
To calm the deep emotions of his breast.

THE LORD.

Though he now serves Me in a cloud of error,
I will soon lead him forth to the clear day.
When trees look green, full well the gardener knows
That fruits and blooms will deck the coming year.

Truly, My Satan, thou art but a Dunce,
And dost not know the Garment from the Man;
Every Harlot was a Virgin once,
Nor canst thou ever change Kate into Nan.

Tho' thou art Worship'd by the Names Divine
Of Jesus & Jehovah, thou art still
The Son of Morn in weary Night's decline,
The lost Traveller's Dream under the Hill.

369

All spirits are enslaved which serve things evil :
Thou knowest if Jupiter be such or no.

370

—Compagnons, dit le grand archange, non ; ne conquérons pas le ciel. C'est assez de le pouvoir. La guerre engendre la guerre et la victoire, la défaite.

Dieu vaincu deviendra Satan, Satan vainqueur deviendra Dieu. Puissent les destins m'épargner ce sort épouvantable ! J'aime l'enfer qui a formé mon génie, j'aime la terre où j'ai fait quelque bien, s'il est possible d'en faire en ce monde effroyable où les êtres ne subsistent que par le meurtre. Maintenant, grâce à nous, le vieux Dieu est dépossédé de son empire terrestre et tout ce qui pense sur ce globe le dédaigne ou l'ignore. Mais qu'importe que les hommes ne soient plus soumis à Ialdabaoth si l'esprit de Ialdabaoth est encore en eux, s'ils sont à sa ressemblance, jaloux, violents, querelleurs, cupides, ennemis des arts et de la beauté ; qu'importe qu'ils aient rejeté le Démiurge féroce, s'ils n'écoutent point les démons amis qui enseignent toute vérité, Dionysos, Apollon et les Muses. Quant à nous, esprits célestes, démons sublimes, nous avons détruit Ialdabaoth, notre tyran, si nous avons détruit en nous l'ignorance et la peur.

Et Satan se tournant vers le jardinier :

—Nectaire, tu as combattu avec moi, avant la naissance du monde. Nous avons été vaincus parce que nous n'avons

pas compris que la victoire est Esprit et que c'est en nous et en nous seuls qu'il faut attaquer et détruire Ialdabaoth.

371

On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.
Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend
Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,
Where sinners hugged their spectre of repose.
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
And now upon his western wing he leaned,
Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careened,
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.
Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.
Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law.

372

Nature never breaks her own law.

Nature is constrained by the order of her own law which lives and works within her.

373

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee are
fresh and strong.

The Unwritten Law

374

The written law is binding, but the unwritten law is much more so. You may break the written law at a pinch and on the sly if you can, but the unwritten law—which often comprises the written—must not be broken. Not being written, it is not always easy to know what it is, but this has got to be done.

375

This universe is, I conceive, like to a great game being played out, and we poor mortals are allowed to take a hand. By great good fortune the wiser among us have made out some few of the rules of the game, as at present played. We call them ' Laws of Nature,' and honour them because we find that if we obey them we win something for our pains. The cards are our theories and hypotheses, the tricks our experimental verifications.

376

The true laws of God are the laws of our own well-being.

377

I heard him often say that holiness and happiness were the same, and he quoted a mighty place of scripture—*All her ways are pleasantness and her paths are peace. . . .* No man therefore can be further miserable than he severeth from the ways of holiness and wisdom.

378

Is it so hard a thing to see,
That the Spirit of God, whate'er it be,
The Law that abides and changes not, ages long,
The Eternal and Nature-born—these things be strong ?

What else is Wisdom ? What of man's endeavour
Or God's high grace so lovely and so great ?
To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait ;
To hold a hand uplifted over Hate ;
And shall not Loveliness be loved for ever ?

379

Jesus was sitting in Moses' Chair,
They brought the trembling woman There.
Moses commands she be ston'd to death,
What was the sound of Jesus' breath ?
He laid His hand on Moses' Law ;
The ancient Heavens, in Silent Awe,
Writ with Curses from Pole to Pole,
All away began to roll.
The Earth trembling & Naked lay
In secret bed of Mortal Clay ;
On Sinai felt the hand divine
Pulling back the bloody shrine ;
And she heard the breath of God
As she heard by Eden's flood :
' Good & Evil are no more !
Sinai's trumpets, cease to roar !
Cease, finger of God, to write !
The Heavens are not clean in thy Sight
Thou art good, & thou Alone ;
Nor may the sinner cast one stone.
To be Good only, is to be
A God or else a Pharisee.
Thou Angel of the Presence Divine,
That didst create this Body of Mine,
Wherefore hast thou writ these Laws
And Created Hell's dark jaws ?
My Presence I will take from thee :
A Cold Leper thou shalt be.

388

I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe; . . .

389

And when He Humbled Himself to God,
Then descended the Cruel Rod.
If thou humblest thyself, thou humblest me.
Thou also dwell'st in Eternity.
Thou art a Man: God is no more:
Thy own humanity learn to adore,
For that is my Spirit of Life.
Awake, arise to Spiritual Strife,
And thy Revenge abroad display
In terrors at the Last Judgement day.
God's Mercy & long Suffering
Is but the Sinner to Judgement to bring.
Thou on the Cross for them shalt pray
And take Revenge at the Last Day.'. . .
Jesus replied, & thunders hurl'd:
'I never will Pray for the World.
Once I did so when I pray'd in the Garden:
I wish'd to take with me a Bodily Pardon.'
Can that which was of woman born,
In the absence of the Morn,
When the Soul fell into Sleep,
And Archangels round it weep,
Shooting out against the light
Fibres of a deadly night,
Reasoning upon its own dark Fiction,
In doubt which is Self-Contradiction?
Humility is only doubt,
And does the Sun & Moon blot out,

384

Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

385

Lo, Strength is of the plain root-Virtues born :
Strength shall ye gain by service, prove in scorn,
Train by endurance, by devotion shape.
Strength is not won by miracle or rape.
It is the offspring of the modest years,
The gift of sire to son, thro' those firm laws
Which we name Gods ; which are the righteous cause,
The cause of man, and manhood's ministers.

386

God helps those who help themselves. Yes, because he and they are one.

God proposes, but it is through man, and therefore man who commonly both proposes and disposes.

387

No blast of air or fire of sun
Puts out the light whereby we run
  With girded loins our lamplit race,
  And each from each takes heart of grace
And spirit till his turn be done,
  And light of face from each man's face
In whom the light of trust is one ;
  Since only souls that keep their place
By their own light, and watch things roll,
And stand, have light for any soul.

388

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And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe; . . .

389

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Shooting out against the light
Fibres of a deadly night,
Reasoning upon its own dark Fiction,
In doubt which is Self-Contradiction?
Humility is only doubt,
And does the Sun & Moon blot out,

Rooting over with thorns & stems
The buried Soul & all its Gems.
This Life's dim windows of the Soul
Distorts the Heavens from Pole to Pole,
And leads you to Believe a Lie
When you see with, not thro', the Eye
That was born in a night, to perish in a night,
When the Soul slept in the beams of Light.

390

The World's first Creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it, but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the Eternal Law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a Kingdom rightly ordered, that after a Law is once published, it presently takes effect far and wide, all States framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the Natural course of the World: Since the time that God did first proclaim the Edicts of his Law upon it, Heaven and Earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labour hath been to do his will: *He made a Law for the Rain;* He gave his *Decree unto the Sea, that the Waters should not pass his Commandment.* Now, if Nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own Laws; if those Principal and Mother Elements of the World, whereof all things in this lower World are made, should lose the qualities which they now have; if the frame of that Heavenly Arch erected over our Heads, should loosen and dissolve it self; if Celestial Spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the Prince of the Lights of Heaven, which now as a Gyant doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were, through a languishing faintness, begin to stand, and to rest

himself; if the Moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves, by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the Clouds yield no rain, the Earth be defeated of Heavenly influence, the Fruits of the Earth pine away, as Children at the withered Breasts of their Mother, no longer able to yield them kind relief: What would become of Man himself, whom these things do now all serve? See we not plainly, that obedience of Creatures unto the Law of Nature, is the stay of the whole World? . . . the Law of Reason or Humane Nature is that, which men by discourse of Natural Reason, have rightly found out themselves to be all for ever bound unto in their actions. Laws of Reason have these marks to be known by: Such as keep them, resemble most lively in their voluntary actions, that very manner of working which Nature her self doth necessarily observe in the course of the whole World. The Works of Nature are all behoveful, beautiful, without superfluity or defect; even so theirs, if they be framed according to that which the Law of Reason teacheth. Secondly, Those Laws are investigable by Reason, without the help of Revelation, Supernatural and Divine. Finally, In such sort they are investigable, that the knowledge of them is general, the World hath always been acquainted with them, according to that which one in Sophocles observeth. . . .

391

It was not Zeus who gave me this command:
Justice who dwells among the Gods of Hades
Never gave laws like these to mortal men;
Nor did I think *your* biddings were so strong
That they could override or sweep away

The changeless and unwritten laws of God,
Which were not born to-day or yesterday
But live forever, and no man can tell
From whence they spring.

392

Man that is born of a woman
Is of few days, and full of trouble.
He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down :
He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

393

Man born of desire
Cometh out of the night,
A wandering spark of fire,
A lonely word of eternal thought
Echoing in chance and forgot.

He seeth the sun,
He calleth the stars by name,
He saluteth the flowers.—
Wonders of land and sea,
The mountain towers
Of ice and air
He seeth, and calleth them fair :
Then he hideth his face ;—
Whence he came to pass away
Where all is forgot,
Unmade—lost for aye
With the things that are not.

He striveth to know,
To unravel the Mind
That veileth in horror ;
He wills to adore.
In wisdom he walketh
And loveth his kind ;

His labouring breath
Would keep evermore:
  Then he hideth his face;—
Whence he came to pass away
Where all is forgot,
Unmade—lost for aye
With the things that are not.

  He dreameth of beauty,
He seeks to create
Fairer and fairer
To vanquish his Fate;
No hindrance he—
No curse will brook,
He maketh a law
No ill shall be:
  Then he hideth his face;—
Whence he came to pass away
Where all is forgot,
Unmade—lost for aye
With the things that are not.

394

Thou arguest still the Inadvertent Mind.—
But, even so, shall blankness be for aye?
Men gained cognition with the flux of time,
And wherefore not the Force informing them,
When far-ranged aions past all fathoming
Shall have swung by, and stand as backward years?

395

Are God and Nature then at strife,
  That Nature lends such evil dreams?
  So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life; . . .

396

. . . organic evolution implies a succession of generations, a staking of individual lives and losing them, a sacrifice of variants and of types and even of races, a sifting so that many who run the race and fight the fight with success fail eventually to inherit the promises.

397

Thus the sum of things is ever renewed, and mortal creatures live in mutual dependency on each other. Some nations wax strong, others diminish, and in a brief space all the races of living beings are changed. Like runners in a torch race, they hand forward the flame of life.

398

The fire catches new bits of fuel, and the blossom is eternal.

399

I meet a melancholy old Savoyard playing on a hurdy-gurdy, grisly, dejected, dirty, with a look upon him as though the iron had long since entered into his soul. It is a frosty morning but he has very little clothing, and there is a dumb despairing look about him which is surely genuine. There passes him a young butcher boy with his tray of meat upon his shoulder. He is ruddy, lusty, full of life and health and spirits, and he vents these in a shrill whistle which eclipses the hurdy-gurdy of the Savoyard.

The like holds good with the horses and cats and dogs which I meet daily, with the flies in window panes and with plants, some are successful, others have now passed their prime. Look at the failures *per se* and they make one very unhappy, but it helps matters to look at them in their capacities as parts of a whole rather than as isolated.

The Generations of the World

I cannot see things round about me without feeling that they are all parts of one whole which is trying to do something; it has not perhaps a perfectly clear idea of what it is trying after, but it is doing its best. I see old age, decay and failure as the relaxation, after effort, of a muscle in the corporation of things, or as a tentative effort in a wrong direction, or as the dropping off of particles of skin from a healthy limb. This dropping off is the death of any given generation of our cells as they work their way nearer and nearer to our skins and then get rubbed off and go away. It is as though we sent people to live nearer and nearer the churchyard the older they grew. As for the skin that is shed, in the first place it has had its turn, in the second it starts anew under fresh auspices, for it can at no time cease to be part of the universe, it must always live in one way or another.

400

For God made not death:
Neither hath he pleasure in the destruction of the living.
For he created all things, that they might have their being:
And the generations of the world were healthful;
And there is no poison of destruction in them,
Nor the kingdom of death upon the earth:
For righteousness is immortal: . . .

401

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
  Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength;
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours should free
  The serpent that would clasp her with his length,
These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite ;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night ;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent ;
To love, and bear ; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates ;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent ;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free ;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

402

He that hath true justifying faith, believes the power of God to be above the powers of nature ; the goodness of God above the merit and disposition of our persons, the bounty of God above the excellency of our works, the truth of God above the contradiction of our weak arguings and fears, the love of God above our cold experience and ineffectual reason, and the necessities of doing good works above the faint excuses and ignorant pretences of disputing sinners: But want of faith makes us so generally wicked as we are, so often running to despair ; so often baffled in our resolutions of a good life : But he whose faith makes him more than Conquerour over these difficulties, to him *Isaac* shall be born even in his old age ; the life of God shall be perfectly wrought in him, and by this faith so operative, so strong, so lasting, so obedient, he shall be justified, and he shall be saved.

403

. . . I confess that I do not see why the very existence of an invisible World may not in part depend on the personal response which anyone of us may make to the religious appeal. God himself, in short, may draw vital strength and increase of very being from our fidelity. For my own part,

Endurance

I do not know what the sweat and blood and tragedy of this life mean, if they mean anything short of this. . . . Life *feels* like a real fight,—as if there were really something wild in the universe which we, with all our idealities and faithfulnesses, are needed to redeem; and first of all to redeem our own hearts from atheisms and fears. For such a half-wild, half-saved universe our nature is adapted.

404

Behold the life at ease; it drifts.
The sharpened life commands its course.
She winnows, winnows roughly; sifts,
To dip her chosen in her source:
Contention is the vital force,
Whence pluck they brain, her prize of gifts,
Sky of the senses! on which height,
Not disconnected, yet released,
They see how spirit comes to light,
Through conquest of the inner beast,
Which Measure tames to movement sane,
In harmony with what is fair.
Never is Earth misread by brain:
That is the welling of her, there
The mirror: with one step beyond,
For likewise is it voice; and more,
Benignest kinship bids respond,
When wail the weak, and them restore
Whom days as fell as this may rive,
While Earth sits ebon in her gloom,
Us atomies of life alive
Unheeding, bent on life to come.
Her children of the labouring brain,
These are the champions of the race,
True parents, and the sole humane,
With understanding for their base.

Earth yields the milk, but all her mind
Is vow'd to thresh for stouter stock.
Her passion for old giantkind,
That scaled the mount, uphurled the rock,
Devolves on them who read aright
Her meaning and devoutly serve ;
Nor in her starlessness of night
Peruse her with the craven nerve :
But even as she from grass to corn,
To eagle high from grubbing mole,
Prove in strong brain her noblest born,
The station for the flight of soul.

405

. . . the Principle of Good *cannot* at once and altogether subdue the powers of evil either physical or moral ; could not place mankind in a world free from the necessity of an incessant struggle with the maleficent powers, or make them always victorious in that struggle, but could and did make them capable of carrying on the fight with vigour and with progressively increasing success. Of all the religious explanations of the order of nature, this alone is neither contradictory to itself, nor to the facts for which it attempts to account. According to it, man's duty would consist, not in simply taking care of his own interests by obeying irresistible power, but in standing forward a not ineffectual auxiliary to a Being of perfect beneficence ; . . .

406

For since we are agreed that the universe is full of many good things and also of much evil, and that the evil is more than the good, there is, we say, an undying conflict between them, in which wondrous watchfulness is needed, but our allies are gods and demigods. . . .

407

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.

408

When the Father and Creator saw the image of the eternal gods, which he had wrought, moving and living, he rejoiced, and in his joy he resolved to make his creation still more like the model. Inasmuch as he himself has eternal life, he set himself the task of making the universe also eternal as far as he was able. Now it is the nature of what lives to be eternal, and this it was not altogether possible to confer on what had been created.

409

The order of the world is no accident. There is nothing actual which could be actual without some measure of order. The religious insight is the grasp of this truth: That the order of the world, the depth of reality of the world, the value of the world in its whole and in its parts, the beauty of the world, the zest of life, the peace of life, and the mastery of evil, are all bound together—not accidentally, but by reason of this truth: that the universe exhibits a creativity with infinite freedom, and a realm of forms with infinite possibilities; but that this creativity and these forms are together impotent to achieve actuality apart from the completed ideal harmony, which is God.

410

Thou, O Man, art set in this world, as a Priest in this Temple. Behold! Both the Intellectual, and the Bestial part in it; Love, and hatred; War, and Peace; Joy, and Grief;

Light, and Darkness; Weepings, with Howlings, Laughter with Shouts; Life, and Death with all that is delightful, or dismal belonging to them; all these Heavenly, and Divine Mysteries. Every one answereth to a purpose in the Heart of God, to a Pattern in the Eternal and Essential Form of God. Every one answereth to the Musick of the Holy Angels, which stand in Quires in the uppermost parts of this creation, as the Levites upon the Walls of the Temple. The basest, the bloodiest Persons, and Offices; those that kill, and those that are killed, bear the Figure of *Jesus Christ*, like the Beasts for Sacrifice, or the Sacrificing Priests in their linnen Garments stained with Blood.

411

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music; there is a dark
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements, makes them cling together
In one society. How strange that all
The terrors, pains, and early miseries,
Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused
Within my mind, should e'er have borne a part,
And that a needful part, in making up
The calm existence that is mine when I
Am worthy of my self!

412

. . . all thoughts are in themselves imperishable; and . . . if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apportioned organization, *the body celestial* instead of *the body terrestrial*, to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. And this, this, perchance, is the dread book of judgment, in whose mysterious hiero-

glyphics every idle word is recorded! Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act, a single thought, should be loosened or lost from that living chain of causes, to all whose links, conscious and unconscious, the free-will, our only absolute *self*, is co-extensive and co-present.

413

Shall we not agree that the man whom the gods love receives everything that comes from the gods in the best possible form, unless some evil should necessarily attach to him because of a past sin?

Certainly.

Must we not then assume that for the just man, although he may be in poverty or disease or any seeming evil, all this will work towards good in life or after death? For surely the gods at least do not neglect a man who strives to be just, and by practising virtue to become as near to the likeness of God as lies in the power of man?

It is likely, he said, that such a man would not be neglected by his like.

414

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Then that by which creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By mee done and occasiond, or rejoyce
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,
To God more glory, more good will to Men
From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound.

415

When the King saw that there was soul in all our actions, and much virtue and much vice in them, and that soul and body had been fashioned to be indestructible, but not eternal like the gods of our worship—for if either of them had been destroyed there could never have been generation of living things—and he perceived too that what is good in a soul benefits, and what is evil harms it—understanding all these things, he contrived so to place each of the parts that they could best and most easily and completely make virtues conquer and vice to be defeated in the whole. With reference therefore to all this has it been contrived of what sort each part should be, and what seat and region should be assigned to it for its dwelling. But for its becoming of that sort he left the responsibility to each man's desires. For as his wishes are, and as he is in his soul, so for the most part and of such a sort does each of us become.

416

The limitation of God is his goodness. He gains his depth of actuality by his harmony of valuation. It is not true that God is in all respects infinite. If He were, He would be evil as well as good. Also this unlimited fusion of evil with good would mean mere nothingness. He is something decided and is thereby limited.

He is complete in the sense that his vision determines every possibility of value. Such a complete vision coordinates and adjusts every detail. Thus his knowledge of the relationships of particular modes of value is not added to, or disturbed, by the realisation in the actual world of what is already conceptually realized in his ideal world. This ideal world of conceptual harmonization is merely a description of God himself. Thus the nature of God is the

complete conceptual realization of the realm of ideal forms. The kingdom of heaven is God. But these forms are not realized by him in mere bare isolation, but as elements in the value of his conceptual experience. Also, the ideal forms are in God's vision as contributing to his complete experience, by reason of his conceptual realization of their possibilities as elements of value in any creature. Thus God is the one systematic, complete fact, which is the antecedent ground conditioning every creative act.

The depths of his existence lie beyond the vulgarities of praise or of power. He gives to suffering its swift insight into values which can issue from it. He is the ideal companion who transmutes what has been lost into a living fact within his own nature. He is the mirror which discloses to every creature its own greatness.

The kingdom of heaven is not the isolation of good from evil. It is the overcoming of evil by good. This transmutation of evil into good enters into the actual world by reason of the inclusion of the nature of God, which includes the ideal vision of each actual evil so met with a novel consequent as to issue in the restoration of goodness. God has in his nature the knowledge of evil, of pain and of degradation, but it is there as overcome with what is good. Every fact is what it is, a fact of pleasure, of joy, of pain, or of suffering. In its union with God that fact is not a total loss, but on its finer side is an element to be woven immortally into the rhythm of mortal things. Its very evil becomes a stepping stone in the all-embracing ideals of God.

Every event on its finer side introduces God into the world. Through it his ideal vision is given a base in actual fact to which he provides the ideal consequent, as a factor saving the world from the self-destruction of evil. The power by which God sustains the world is the power of

himself as the ideal. He adds himself to the actual ground from which every creative act takes its rise. The world lives by its incarnation of God in itself.

He transcends the temporal world, because he is an actual fact in the nature of things. He is not there as derivative from the world; He is the actual fact from which the other formative elements cannot be torn apart.

But equally it stands in his nature that He is the realization of the ideal conceptual harmony by reason of which there is an actual process in the total universe—an evolving world which is actual because there is order.

The abstract forms are thus the link between God and the actual world. These forms are abstract and not real, because in themselves they represent no achievement of actual value. Actual fact always means fusion into one perceptivity. God is one such perceptual fusion, embracing the concept of all such possibilities, graded in harmonious, relative subordination. Each actual occasion in the temporal world is another such fusion. The forms belong no more to God than to any one occasion. Apart from these forms, no rational description can be given either of God or of the actual world. Apart from God, there would be no actual world; and apart from the actual world with its creativity, there would be no rational explanation of the ideal vision which constitutes God.

417

But thou goest before all time passed, by the high advantage of an *ever-present* Eternitie: and thou goest before all times to come, even because they are to come . . . *thou art still the same*, and *thy yeeres fayle not*. Thy yeeres neyther goe nor come; whereas these yeeres of ours, doe both goe and come, . . . Thy yeeres are in standing all at once, because they are

still at a stay : nor are those that goe, thrust out by those that *come*, for they pass not away at all ; . . . Thy yeeres are one day ; and thy day, is not *every day* ; But to-day, seeing thy To-day gives not place unto *To-morrowe*, nor comes in place of yesterday. Thy *To-day*, is *Eternity* : . . .

418

We must remind ourselves as often as possible that our true life is not this external, material life that passes before our eyes here on earth, but that it is the inner life of our spirit for which the visible life serves only as a scaffolding—a necessary aid to our spiritual growth. The scaffolding itself is only of temporary importance and after it has served its purpose is no longer wanted, but even becomes a hindrance.

Seeing before him an enormously high and elaborately constructed scaffolding, while the building itself only just shows above its foundations, man is apt to make the mistake of attaching more importance to the scaffolding than to the building for the sake of which alone this temporary scaffolding has been put up.

We must remind ourselves and one another that the scaffolding has no meaning or importance, except to make possible the erection of the building itself.

419

The common cognomen of this world among the misguided and superstitious is ' a vale of tears,' from which we are to be redeemed by a certain arbitrary interposition of God and taken to Heaven—What a little circumscribed straightened notion ! Call the world if you please ' The vale of Soul-making.' Then you will find out the use of the world (I am speaking now in the highest terms for human

nature admitting it to be immortal which I will here take for granted for the purpose of showing a thought which has struck me concerning it) I say '*Soul-making*'—Soul as distinguished from an Intelligence. There may be intelligences or sparks of the divinity in millions—but they are not Souls till they acquire identities, till each one is personally itself. Intelligences are atoms of perception—they know and they see and they are pure, in short they are God—how then are Souls to be made ? How then are these sparks which are God to have identity given them—so as ever to possess a bliss peculiar to each one's individual existence ? How, but by the medium of a world like this ? This point I sincerely wish to consider because I think it a grander system of salvation than the Christian religion—or rather it is a system of Spirit-creation—This is effected by three grand materials acting the one upon the other for a series of years—These three Materials are the *Intelligence*—the *human heart* (as distinguished from intelligence or Mind), and the *World* or *Elemental space* suited for the proper action of *Mind and Heart* on each other for the purpose of forming the *Soul* or *Intelligence destined to possess the sense of Identity*. I can scarcely express what I but dimly perceive—and yet I think I perceive it—that you may judge the more clearly I will put it in the most homely form possible. I will call the *world* a School instituted for the purpose of teaching little children to read—I will call the *human heart* the *horn Book* used in that School and I will call the *Child able to read, the Soul* made from that *School* and its *horn book*. Do you not see how necessary a World of Pains and troubles is to school an Intelligence and make it a soul ? A Place where the heart must feel and suffer in a thousand diverse ways. Not merely is the Heart a Hornbook, It is the Mind's Bible, it is the Mind's experience, it is the text from which the Mind

or Intelligence sucks its identity. As various as the Lives of Men are—so various become their souls, and thus does God make individual beings, Souls, Identical Souls of the sparks of his own essence. This appears to me a faint sketch of a system of Salvation which does not offend our reason and humanity— . . .

420

There is only one Wisdom ; it is willing and unwilling to be called by the name of Zeus.

There is only one Wisdom ; it is to understand the thought by which all things are steered through all things.

421

The thoughts which the word, God, suggests to the human mind are susceptible of as many variations as human minds themselves. The Stoic, the Platonist and the Epicurean, the Polytheist, the Dualist and the Trinitarian, differ infinitely in their conceptions of its meaning. They agree only in considering it the most awful and most venerable of names, as a common term devised to express all of mystery or majesty or power which the invisible world contains. And not only has every sect distinct conceptions of the application of this name, but scarcely two individuals of the same sect, who exercise in any degree the freedom of their judgement, or yield themselves with any candour of feeling to the influencings of the visible world, find perfect coincidence of opinion to exist between them.

422

Yea, if a bullock had hands, or a horse, or a lion, if it could
Write as a man writes, or man's deeds if a beast could
accomplish,

Then would a horse make Gods like horses, then would
an ox make
Gods like oxen; in its image each beast would fashion its
God,
Painting God's body like its own or carving it in stone.
Africa therefore adores black, snub-nosed deities; in Thrace
Fair-skinned men, they say, make blue-eyed and ruddy
haired gods.
But there is one God alone of mortals and of immortals
Greatest, and unlike mankind both in spirit and form.

423

Our forefathers in the most remote ages have handed down to us their posterity a tradition, in the form of a myth, that these substances are gods and that the divine encloses the whole of nature. The rest of the tradition has been added later in mythical form with a view to the persuasion of the multitude and to its legal and utilitarian expediency; they say these gods are in the form of men or like some of the other animals, and they say other things consequent on and similar to these which we have mentioned. But if we were to separate the first point from these additions and take it alone—that they thought the first substances to be gods, we must regard this as an inspired utterance, and reflect that, while probably each art and science has often been developed as far as possible and has again perished, these opinions have been preserved until the present, like relics of the ancient treasure. Only thus far, then, is the opinion of our ancestors and our earliest predecessors clear to us.

424

The ancient Poets animated all sensible objects with Gods or Geniuses, calling them by the names and adorning them with the properties of woods, rivers, mountains, lakes, cities,

nations, and whatever their enlarged & numerous senses could perceive.

And particularly they studied the genius of each city & country, placing it under its mental deity;

Till a system was formed, which some took advantage of, & enslav'd the vulgar by attempting to realise or abstract the mental deities from their objects: thus began Priesthood;

Choosing forms of worship from poetic tales.

And at length they pronounc'd that the Gods had order'd such things.

Thus men forgot that All deities reside in the human breast.

425

I feel the necessity of some such devotion to fill up the void which the world, as it is, leaves in my mind. I wish to believe in the presence of some local spiritual influence; genius or nymph; linking us by a medium of something like human feeling, but more pure and more exalted, to the all-pervading, creative, and preservative spirit of the universe; . . .

426

They did not worship *Jupiter* as if he had been the Divinity, but they worship'd the Divinity as if it had been in *Jupiter:* for seeing excellent Majesty, Justice and Magnanimity in a Man, they presum'd that there was a magnanimous, just and bountiful God within him. . . . Thus the Eternal Deities (without any Inconveniency or Injury done to the Truth of the Divine Substance) have different Names, in different Times, and different Nations: . . .

427

As in those Nations, where they yet adore
Marble and Cedar, and their Aid, implore :
'Tis not the Workman, nor the precious Wood,
But 'tis the Worshipper that makes the God ; . . .

428

But yet, as the maiden who presents the plucked fruits is more than the nature which first produced them, with all its conditions and elements—the tree, the air, the light, &c.—since in a higher way she gathers all this together in the light of the self-conscious eye, and the expression of the offering gesture ; so the spirit of the fate which presents us with these works of art is more than all that was attained in that ancient national existence, for it is the realisation in us as an inward life of the spirit which in them was still outward and external ; it is the spirit of the tragic fate, which gathers all those individualised gods and attributes of the divine substance into one Pantheon, the spirit which is conscious in itself of its own spiritual nature.

429

Visions of these eternal principles or characters of human life appear to poets, in all ages ; the Grecian gods were the ancient Cherubim of Phoenicia ; but the Greeks, and since them the Moderns, have neglected to subdue the gods of Priam. These gods are visions of the eternal attributes, or divine names, which, when erected into gods, become destructive to humanity. They ought to be the servants, and not the masters of man, or of society. They ought to be made to sacrifice to Man, and not man compelled to sacrifice to them ; for, when separated from man or humanity, who is Jesus the Saviour, the vine of eternity, . . .

430

For I do believe in the Gods, Men of Athens, as none of my accusers believes in them.

431

Zeus! whom Prometheus first defied and failed to quell,
Once only once I call on you that cannot hear;
Titans and monstrous forms inspiring these with fear;
Heroes enthroned in Heaven, of whom their children tell;
Pan of the forest, fauns and dryads of the dell;
Chryselephantine gods to Art and Athens dear,
Protectors of the deme, the spindle and the spear,—
Once only once I give you greeting—and farewell.
Proud-vested charioteers of punctual sun and moon,
Racing and wrestling in your diverse course divine,
Ye stars of peace and war, ye rivers of the sea,
Greeting! from one who will forget your name right soon;
Farewell! the while I pass, and nevermore repine
The Perfect God in Man alone constraining me.

432

Miserable and froward men! They would beleeve it in their fables, and would not beleeve it in the Scriptures; They would beleeve it in the nine Muses, and would not beleeve it in the twelve Apostles; They would beleeve it by Apollo, and they would not beleeve it by the Holy Ghost; They would be saved poetically, and fantastically, and would not reasonably, and spiritually; by Copies, and not by Originals; by counterfeit things . . . and yet not by the word of God himself.

433

Poets fable, That their Goddess of Wisdom was Born in the Brain of her Father, without a Mother: That, their God

of War and Power, was Born of a Mother by the Smell of a Flower, without a Father.

Thus they had their confused Dreams of Christ. . . .

434

Commonly, in all that concerns my thought and work, I think of God and Christ, Angels and Saints, just as do devout churchmen, and so also in a way when I think about Greek and Scandinavian mythology, I do so doubtless as the Greeks and Norsemen did. The Gods are all as real to my imagination as are historical and living persons, and their miraculous powers seem quite natural to their office, so to speak. Some people, as you know, have upbraided Burne-Jones and myself for using so much Christian legend and symbolism in our work, all of which they say is quite outside the belief of any but most crudely superstitious minds; but the fools do not perceive that with us in our art Christian legends and symbolism are as true as with any of themselves—as true and as eternal as the world itself in which we live. When, for example, I look at Burne-Jones' 'The Merciful Knight,' in which the Christ figure on the crucifix stoops down to kiss the Knight, the meaning and lesson of the picture is not a whit less true or real to me than to Cardinal Newman or Bishop Lightfoot. In a sense, therefore, I am just as much a Christian as are professed Christians, . . .

435

What we should do, then, is to pool our legends and make a delightful stock of religious folk-lore on an honest basis for all mankind. With our minds freed from pretence and falsehood we could enter into the heritage of all the faiths,

China would share her sages with Spain, and Spain her saints with China. The Ulster man who now gives his son an unmerciful thrashing if the boy is so tactless as to ask how the evening and the morning could be the first day before the sun was created, or to betray an innocent calf-love for the Virgin Mary, would buy him a bookful of legends of the Creation and of mothers of God from all parts of the world, . . . All the sweetness of religion is conveyed to the world by the hands of story-tellers and image-makers.

436

. . . give me religion that is grounded in reason, and by divine authority; and that doth attain real effects, such as are worthy what we mean by religion. In short, to instance in particulars: the religion that makes men humble and modest, not proud and conceited; that makes men poor in spirit; not full of their own mind; not given up to their own sense, and thereupon to self-will; the religion that makes men good-natur'd; not all for themselves: that makes men loving, and not hard-hearted: that makes men kind, not harsh and cruel: the religion that makes men patient, not furious, not wrathful and outrageous: that makes men mild and gentle, not revengeful: the religion that makes men subject and obedient to government and authority; not that that is turbulent and troublesome; the religion that makes men courteous, affable, and sociable, not sour, morose, and dogged; that makes men ready to forgive, not implacable; the religion that makes men favourable in making best constructions of words, carriages, and behaviour, and not that that makes *men offenders for a word*, as the prophet speaks, . . . the religion that makes men ready to communicate in every compassionable case, as we hope God does, *Samaritan* like tender-hearted. . . . This is what religion

is in its proper effects, and if this religion took but place in the world, then shall the world be sensible of the good of religion, and we should all find ourselves the better for it.

437

A man may regard himself as an animal among animals —living for the passing day; or he may consider himself as a member of a family, a society, or a nation, living for centuries; or he may, and even must necessarily (for reason irresistibly prompts him to this) consider himself as part of the whole infinite universe existing eternally. And therefore reasonable men should do, and always have done, in reference to the infinitely small affairs of life affecting their actions, what in mathematics is called *integrate:* that is to say, they must set up, besides their relation to the immediate facts of life, a relation to the whole immense Infinite in time and space conceived as one whole. And such establishment of man's relation to that whole of which he feels himself to be a part, from which he draws guidance for his actions, is what has been called and is called Religion. And therefore religion always has been, and cannot cease to be, a necessary and indispensable condition of the life of a reasonable man and of all reasonable humanity. . . .

There have been, and there are, many different religions —for the expression of man's relation to the Infinite and to God, or to the Gods, differs at different times and in different places according to the stages of development of different nations—but never in any society of men, since men first became rational creatures, could they live or have they lived without a religion.

438

That there is an unseen life and an unseen kingdom which is not of this world, and that the wisdom of this world is

foolishness with God; that the life we live here is much but, at the same time, small as compared with another larger life in which we all share though, while here, we can know little if anything about it; that there is an omnipresent Being into whose presence none can enter and from whose presence none can escape—an ineffable contradiction in terms; . . . that the best are still unprofitable servants and that the wisest are still children—who that is in his senses can doubt these things?

439

. . . for over two centuries religion has been on the defensive, and on a weak defensive. The period has been one of unprecedented intellectual progress. In this way a series of novel situations have been produced for thought. Each such occasion has found the religious thinkers unprepared. Something, which has been proclaimed to be vital, has finally, after struggle, distress, and anathema, been modified and otherwise interpreted. The next generation of religious apologists then congratulates the religious world on the deeper insight which has been gained. The result of the continued repetition of this undignified retreat, during many generations, has at last almost entirely destroyed the intellectual authority of religious thinkers. Consider this contrast: when Darwin or Einstein proclaim theories which modify our ideas, it is a triumph for science. We do not go about saying that there is another defeat for science, because its old ideas have been abandoned. We know that another step of scientific insight has been gained.

Religion will not regain its old power until it can face change in the same spirit as does science. Its principles may be eternal, but the expression of those principles requires continual development. This evolution of religion is in the

main a disengagement of its own proper ideas from the adventitious notions which have crept into it by reason of the expression of its own ideas in terms of the imaginative picture of the world entertained in previous ages. Such a release of religion from the bonds of imperfect science is all to the good.

ASIA.

Who made the living world ?

DEMOGORGON.

God.

ASIA.

Who made all
That it contains ? thought, passion, reason, will,
Imagination ?

DEMOGORGON.

God : Almighty God.

ASIA.

Who made that sense which, when the winds of Spring
In rarest visitation, or the voice
Of one belovèd heard in youth alone,
Fills the faint eyes with falling tears which dim
The radiant looks of unbewailing flowers,
And leaves this peopled earth a solitude
When it returns no more ?

DEMOGORGON.

Merciful God.

ASIA.

And who made terror, madness, crime, remorse,
Which from the links of the great chain of things,

To every thought within the mind of man
Sway and drag heavily, and each one reels
Under the load towards the pit of death;
Abandoned hope, and love that turns to hate;
And self-contempt, bitterer to drink than blood;
Pain, whose unheeded and familiar speech
Is howling, and keen shrieks, day after day;
And Hell, or the sharp fear of Hell?

DEMOGORGON.

He reigns.

ASIA.

Utter his name: a world pining in pain
Asks but his name: curses shall drag him down.

DEMOGORGON.

He reigns.

ASIA.

I feel, I know it: who?

DEMOGORGON.

He reigns.

441

Come, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee,
With Thee all Night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of Day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My Misery, or Sin declare.
Thyself has called me by my Name,
Look on Thy hands and read it there;
But who I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now?

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of Thy Love unfold ;
Wrestling I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

442

If, in the silent mind of One all-pure,
At first imagined lay
The sacred world ; and by procession sure
From those still deeps, in form and colour drest,
Seasons alternating, and night and day,
The long-mused thought to north, south, east, and west,
Took then its all-seen way ;

O waking on a world which thus-wise springs !
Whether it needs thee count
Betwixt thy waking and the birth of things
Ages or hours—O waking on life's stream !
By lonely pureness to the all-pure fount
(Only by this thou canst) the colour'd dream
Of life remount !

Thin, thin the pleasant human noises grow,
And faint the city gleams ;
Rare the lone pastoral huts—marvel not thou !
The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,
But to the stars, and the cold lunar beams ;
Alone the sun arises, and alone
Spring the great streams.

But, if the wild unfather'd mass no birth
In divine seats hath known ;
In the blank, echoing solitude if Earth,
Rocking her obscure body to and fro,

Ceases not from all time to heave and groan,
Unfruitful oft, and at her happiest throe
Forms, what she forms, alone;

O seeming sole to awake, thy sun-bathed head
Piercing the solemn cloud
Round thy still dreaming brother-world outspread!
O man, whom Earth, thy long-vext mother, bare
Not without joy—so radiant, so endow'd
(Such happy issue crown'd her painful care)—
Be not too proud!

Oh when most self-exalted most alone,
Chief dreamer, own thy dream!
Thy brother-world stirs at thy feet unknown,
Who hath a monarch's hath no brother's part;
Yet doth thine inmost soul with yearning teem.
—Oh, what a spasm shakes the dreamer's heart!
'I, too, but seem.'

443

Why hath the rose faded and fallen, yet these eyes have not seen?
Why hath the bird sung shrill in the tree—and this mind deaf and cold?
Why have the rains of summer veiled her flowers with their sheen
And this black heart untold?

Here is calm Autumn now, the woodlands quake,
And, where this splendour of death lies under the tread,
The spectre of frost will stalk, and a silence make,
And snow's white shroud be spread.

O self! O self! Wake from thy common sleep!
Fling off the destroyer's net. He hath blinded and bound thee.
In nakedness sit; pierce thy stagnation, and weep;
Or corrupt in thy grave—all Heaven around thee.

444

Almighty wondrous everlasting
Whether in a cradle of astral whirlfire
Or globed in a piercing star thou slumb'rest
The impassive body of God:
Thou deep i' the core of earth—Almighty—
From numbing stress and gloom profound
Madest escape in life desirous
To embroider her thin-spun robe.

'Twas down in a wood—they tell—
In a running water thou sawest thyself
Or leaning over a pool: The sedges
Were twinn'd at the mirror's brim
The sky was there and the trees—Almighty!—
A bird of a bird and white clouds floating
And seeing thou knewest thine own image
To love it beyond all else.

Then wondering didst thou speak
Of beauty and wisdom of art and worship
Didst build the fanes of Zeus and Apollo
The high cathedrals of Christ:
All that we love is thine—Almighty!—
Heart-felt music and lyric song
Language the eager grasp of knowledge
All that we think is thine.

But whence?—Beauteous everlasting!—
Whence and whither? Hast thou mistaken?
Or dost forget? Look again! Thou seest
A shadow and not thyself.

445

Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too

superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription,

TO THE UNKNOWN GOD

Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands: neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us: for in him we live and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said,

For we are also His offspring.

446

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats though unseen among us,—visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower,—
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,—
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—
Like memory of music fled,—
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form,—where art thou gone?

Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate ?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain-river,
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown,
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom,—why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope ?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given—
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavour,
Frail spells—whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone—like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night-wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.

447

To Thee whose eye all Nature owns,
Who hurlest Dynasts from their thrones,
And liftest those of low estate
We sing, with Her men consecrate !

Yea, Great and Good, Thee, Thee we hail,
Who shak'st the strong, Who shield'st the frail,
Who hadst not shaped such souls as we
If tendermercy lacked in Thee!

Though times be when the mortal moan
Seems unascending to Thy throne,
Though seers do not as yet explain
Why suffering sobs to Thee in vain;

We hold that Thy unscanted scope
Affords a food for final Hope,
That mild-eyed Prescience ponders nigh
Life's loom, to lull it by-and-by.

Therefore we quire to highest height
The Wellwiller, the kindly Might
That balances the Vast for weal.
That purges as by wounds to heal.

The systemed suns the skies enscroll
Obey Thee in their rhythmic roll,
Ride radiantly at Thy command,
Are darkened by Thy Masterhand!

And these pale panting multitudes
Seen surging here, their moils, their moods,
All shall 'fulfil their joy' in Thee
In Thee abide eternally!

Exultant adoration give
Thee Alone, through Whom all living live,
Thee Alone, in Whom all dying die,
Whose means the End shall justify!

448

Since I believe in God the Father Almighty,
Man's Maker and Judge, Overruler of Fortune,

The Tree of Life

'Twere strange should I praise anything and refuse Him praise,
Should love the creature forgetting the Creator,
Nor unto Him in suffering and sorrow turn me :
Nay how could I withdraw me from His embracing ?

But since that I have seen not, and cannot know Him,
Nor in my earthly temple apprehend rightly
His wisdom and the heav'nly purpose eternal ;
Therefore will I be bound to no studied system
Nor argument, nor with delusion enslave me,
Nor seek to please Him in any foolish invention,
Which my spirit within me, that loveth beauty
And hateth evil, hath reprov'd as unworthy :

But I cherish my freedom in loving service,
Gratefully adoring for delight beyond asking
Or thinking, and in hours of anguish and darkness
Confiding always on His excellent greatness.

BOOK VI.

THE LIFE EVERLASTING

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

. . . l'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle.

449

On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,
Musing in solitude, I oft perceive
Fair trains of imagery before me rise,
Accompanied by feelings of delight
Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed;
And I am conscious of affecting thoughts
And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes
Or elevates the Mind, intent to weigh
The good and evil of our mortal state.
—To these emotions, whencesoe'er they come,
Whether from breath of outward circumstance,
Or from the Soul—an impulse to herself—
I would give utterance in numerous verse.
Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope,
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessèd consolations in distress;
Of moral strength, and intellectual Power;
Of joy in widest commonalty spread;
Of the individual Mind that keeps her own
Inviolate retirement, subject there
To Conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all—
I sing:—'fit audience let me find though few!'
So prayed, more gaining that he asked, the Bard—
In holiest mood. Urania, I shall need
Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven!
For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
Deep—and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.

All strength—all terror, single or in bands,
That ever was put forth in personal form—
Jehovah—with his thunder, and the choir
Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones—
I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out
By help of dreams—can breed such fear and awe
As fall upon us often when we look
Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man—
My haunt, and the main region of my song
—Beauty—a living Presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms
Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed
From earth's materials—waits upon my steps;
Pitches her tents before me as I move,
An hourly neighbour. Paradise, and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields—like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic Main—why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of Man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day.
—I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse
Of this great consummation:—and, by words
Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures; while my voice proclaims
How exquisitely the individual Mind
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less
Of the whole species) to the external World

Is fitted :—and how exquisitely, too—
Theme this but little heard of among men—
The external World is fitted to the Mind ;
And the creation (by no lower name
Can it be called) which they with blended might
Accomplish :—this is our high argument.

450

Religion is no sullen *Stoicisme* or oppressing *Melancholie*, it is no enthralling tyranny exercised over those noble and vivacious affections of Love and Delight, as those men that were never acquainted with the life of it may imagine ; but it is full of a vigorous and masculine delight & joy, and such as advanceth and ennobles the Soul, and does not weaken or dispirit the life and power of it, . . .

451

. . . St. Francis . . . began to think on the boundless glory and joy of the blessed in the life eternal ; and therewithal began to pray God to grant him the grace of tasting a little of that joy. And while he was still in this thought, suddenly there appeared to him an Angel with exceeding great splendour, having a viol in his left hand and the bow in his right ; and as St. Francis stood amazed at the sight of him, the Angel drew the bow once across the viol ; and straightway St. Francis heard such a lovely melody that his soul was melted for very sweetness, and was lifted up above all bodily feeling ; so that, as he afterwards told his companions, he doubted that, if the Angel had drawn the bow a second time across the viol, his soul would have left his body for the unbearable loveliness of the music.

452

But the soul that is in the third degree is like to burning fire and like to the nightingale that loves song and melody

and fails for excess of love. So that the soul is only comforted by praising and loving God, . . . Therefore if thou wilt know what manner of joy that song has, I tell thee that no one knows it, unless he or she feels it as one who has it, and loves God singing therewith. One thing I tell thee, it is of Heaven, and God gives it to whom he will but not without great graces coming before. He who has it, thinks all the song and the minstrelsy of earth nothing but sorrow and woe in comparison. Those who can obtain it shall be in sovereign rest. Gangrels and jesters and keepers of cummers, and they that go early and late, night and day, or any that are cumbered wilfully and wittingly with any sin, or that take delight in any earthly thing, they are as far from it as heaven is from earth.

453

Marvel of marvels, if I myself shall behold
With mine own eyes my King in His city of gold ;
Where the least of his lambs is spotless white in the fold,
Where the least and last of saints in spotless white is stoled,
Where the dimmest head beyond a moon is aureoled,
O saints, my beloved, now mouldering to mould in the mould,
Shall I see you lift your heads, see your cerements unrolled,
See with these very eyes ? who now in darkness and cold
Tremble for the midnight cry, the rapture, the tale untold,
The Bridegroom cometh, cometh, His Bride to enfold.

454

O what delight when shee shall stand,
And teach thy Lipps heaven, with her hand,

. . . . . .

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains set bright upon thee,

Heavenly Joy

All thy sorrows here shall shine,
All thy sufferings bee devine.
Teares shall take comfort, and turne Gems.
And wrongs repent to diadems.
Even thy deaths shall live, and new
Dresse the soule which late they slew.

455

. . . heavenly weal lifts a man up above all things into an untrammelled power of praising and loving God in every way that his heart and his soul desire. After this comes hellish woe, and casts him down into a misery, and into a lack of all the comfort and consolation that he experienced before. . . . When a man feels God within himself with rich and full grace, this I call heavenly health ; for then he is wise and clear of understanding, rich and outflowing with heavenly teachings, ardent and generous in charity, drunken and overflowing with joy, strong in feeling, bold and ever ready in all the things which he knows to be wellpleasing to God ; and such-like things without number, which may only be known by those who feel them. But when the scale of love goes down, and God hides Himself with all His graces, then the man falls back into dereliction and torment and dark misery, as though he should never more recover. . . . Now if that man is to recover from this misery, he must observe and feel that he does not belong to himself, but to God ; and therefore he must freely abandon his own will to the will of God, and must leave God to work in him in time and in eternity. So soon as he can do this, with untroubled heart, and with a free spirit, at that very moment he recovers his health, and brings heaven into hell, and hell into heaven.

456

Then earth and heaven were rolled up like a scroll;
Time and space, change and death, had passed away;
Weight, number, measure, each had reached its whole;
The day had come, that day.

Multitudes—multitudes—stood up in bliss,
Made equal to the angels, glorious, fair;
With harps, palms, wedding-garments, kiss of peace,
And crowned and haloed hair

They sang a song, a new song in the height,
Harping with harps to Him who is strong and true:
They drank new wine, their eyes saw with new light,
Lo, all things were made new.

Tier beyond tier they rose and rose and rose,
So high that it was dreadful, flames with flames:
No man could number them, no tongue disclose
Their secret sacred names.

As though one pulse stirred all, one rush of blood
Fed all, one breath swept through them myriad voiced,
They struck their harps, cast down their crowns, they stood
And worshipped and rejoiced.

Each face looked one way like a moon new-lit,
Each face looked one way towards its Sun of Love:
Drank love and bathed in love and mirrored it
And knew no end thereof.

Glory touched glory on each blessed head,
Hands locked dear hands never to sunder more:
These were the new-begotten from the dead
Whom the great birthday bore.

Heart answered heart, soul answered soul at rest,
Double against each other, filled, sufficed:
All loving, loved of all; but loving best
And best beloved of Christ.

457

'Such a life as this, my dear Socrates,' exclaimed the stranger Prophetess, 'spent in the contemplation of the beautiful, is the life for men to live; which if you chance ever to experience, you will esteem far beyond gold and rich garments, and even those lovely persons whom you and many others now gaze on with astonishment, and are prepared neither to eat nor drink so that you may behold and live for ever with these objects of your love! What then shall we imagine to be the aspect of the supreme beauty itself, simple, pure, uncontaminated with the intermixture of human flesh and colours, and all other idle and unreal shapes attendant on mortality; the divine, the original, the supreme, the monoeidic beautiful itself? What must be the life of him who dwells with and gazes on that which it becomes us all to seek? Think you not that to him alone is accorded the prerogative of bringing forth, not images and shadows of virtue, for he is in contact not with a shadow but with reality; but virtue itself, in the production and nourishment of which he becomes dear to the Gods, and if such a privilege is conceded to any human being, himself immortal.'

458

Thou mastering me
God! giver of breath and bread;
World's strand, sway of the sea;
Lord of living and dead;
Thou hast bound bones and veins in me, fastened me flesh,
And after it almost unmade, what with dread,
Thy doing: and dost thou touch me afresh?
Over again I feel thy finger and find thee.

459

Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light, that play
Among the Leaves of thy larg Books of day,
Combin'd against this BREST at once break in
And take away from me my self & sin,

460

God must needs ever pour Himself forth in every man who has reached down to his true root to the utmost of possibility, so wholly and completely that in His life and in His being, in His nature and in His Godhead, He keeps nothing back; . . .

. . . it is a necessity for God to seek us, exactly as if His very Godhead depended upon it. God can as little dispense with us as we with Him. Even though we turn away from God, yet God can never turn away from us.

461

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts, unutterably vain,
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idle froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thine infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou—art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

462

Some people want to see God with the same eyes they see a cow withal, and want to love God as they would love a cow. So they love God for the sake of outer riches and inner comfort; but such folk do not rightly love God. . . . Simple folk fancy they should behold God as though He stood there and they here. But it is not so. God and I are one in the act of knowing (*im Erkennen*).

463

. . . sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proferred no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love!

464

A Master says: God became man, whereby the whole human race is uplifted and made worthy. . . . That Master spake well; but, in truth, I would give little for it. What

would it help me, had I a brother who was a rich man, and I therewithal a poor man ? What would it help me, had I a brother who was a wise man, and I were a fool ? . . . The Heavenly Father begetteth His Only-Begotten Son in Himself and in me. Wherefore in Himself and in me ? I am one with Him ; and He has no power to shut me out. In the self-same work, the Holy Ghost receives its being and proceeds from me, as from God. Wherefore ? I am in God, and if the Holy Ghost takes not its being from me, neither does it take it from God. In no wise am I shut out.

465

The mind diverted from God, wanders in darkness and confusion. But being directed to him, soon finds its way, and doth receive from him in a way that is abstracted from the noise of the world, and withdrawn from the call of the body ; having shut the doors of our senses, to recommend ourselves to the divine light, which readily enters into the eye of the mind that is prepared to receive it. For there is light enough of God in the world, if the eye of our minds were but fitted to receive it, and let it in. It is the incapacity of the subject, where God is not ; for nothing in the world is more knowable than God. God only is absent to them that are indisposed and disaffected. For a man cannot open his eye, nor lend his ear, but every thing will declare more or less of God. It is our fault that we are estranged from him : for God doth not withdraw himself from us, unless we first leave him : the distance is occasioned through our unnatural use of ourselves.

466

O God, who art the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom. . . .

467

The Spirit (as I now discourse of it) is a principle infused into us by God when we become his children, whereby we lead the life of Grace, and understand the secrets of his Kingdom, and have passions and desires of things beyond and contrary to our natural appetites, enabling us not only to Sobriety, (which is the duty of the Body) not only to Justice which is the rectitude of the Soul, but to such a Sanctity as makes us like to God.

468

I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

469

My naked simple Life was I:
That Act so strongly shin'd
Upon the Earth, the Sea, the Sky,
It was the Substance of the Mind;
The Sense its self was I.
I felt no Dross nor Matter in my Soul,
No Brims nor Borders, such as in a Bowl
We see: My Essence was *Capacity*.
That felt all things;
The Thought that springs
There-from's its Self: It hath no other Wings
To spread abroad, nor Eys to see,
No pair of hands to feel,
Nor Knees to kneel:
But being Simple, like the Deity,
In its own Center is a Sphere,
Not limited, but evry-where.

470

Life is not life, but the desire of God,
Himself desiring and himself accepting.
Now what was prophecy in us is made
Fulfilment: we are the hour and we are the joy,
We in our marvellousness of single knowledge,
Of Spirit breaking down the room of fate
And drawing into his light the greeting fire
Of God,—God known in ecstasy of love
Wedding himself to utterance of himself.

471

The hours of His 'visitation' and His 'return' are rare and solemn occasions, different essentially not only from the 'profane' life of every day, but also from the calm confiding mood of the believer, whose trust is to live ever before the face of God. They are the topmost summits in the life of the Spirit. They are not only rare occasions, they must needs be so for our sakes, for no creature can bear often or for long the full nearness of God's majesty in its beatitude and in its awefulness. Yet there must still be such times, for they show the bright vision and completion of our sonship, they are a bliss in themselves and potent for redemption. They are the real sacrament, in comparison with which all high official ceremonials, Masses, and rituals the world over become the figurings of a child. And a Divine Service would be the truest which led up to such a mystery and the riches of grace that ensue upon the realization of it. And if it be asked whether a Divine Service is able to achieve this, let us answer that, though God indeed comes where and when He chooses, yet He will choose to come when we sincerely call upon Him and prepare ourselves truly for His visitation.

472

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

473

For thou hast created us for thy selfe and our heart cannot be quieted till it may finde repose in thee.

474

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

475

A man is directed to make a garden in a bad soil overrun with sour grasses. The lord of the land roots out the weeds, sows seeds, and plants herbs and fruit trees. The gardener must then care for them and water them, that they may thrive and blossom, and that 'the Lord' may find pleasure in his garden and come to visit it. There are four ways in which the watering may be done. There is water which is drawn wearily by hand from the well. There is water drawn by the ox-wheel, more abundantly and with lighter labour. There is water brought in from the river, which will saturate

the whole ground; and, last and best, there is rain from heaven. Four sorts of prayer correspond to these. The first is a weary effort with small returns; the well may run dry; the gardener then must weep. The second is internal prayer and meditation upon God; the trees will then show leaves and flower-buds. The third is love of God. The virtues then become vigorous. We converse with God face to face. The flowers open and give out fragrance. The fourth kind cannot be described in words. Then there is no more toil, and the seasons no longer change; flowers are always blowing, and fruits ripen perennially. The soul enjoys undoubting certitude; the faculties work without effort and without consciousness; the heart loves and does not know that it loves; the mind perceives yet does not know that it perceives. If the butterfly pauses to say to itself how prettily it is flying, the shining wings drop off, and it drops and dies. The life of the spirit is not our life, but the life of God within us.

476

For thou lovest all the things that are,
And abhorrest nothing which thou hast made:
For never wouldest thou have made anything, if thou hadst hated it.
And how could anything have endured, if it had not been thy will?
Or been preserved, if not called by thee.
But thou sparest all: for they are thine,
O Lord, thou lover of souls.

477

Sin by its deadly infusions into the Soul of man wasts and eats out the innate vigour of the Soul, and casts it into such a deep Lethargy, as that it is not able to recover it self:

But Religion, like that *Balsamum vitae*, being once conveighed into the Soul, awakens and enlivens it, and makes it renew its strength like an Eagle, and mount strongly upwards towards Heaven ; and so uniting the Soul to God, the Centre of life and strength, it renders it undaunted and invincible. Who can tell the inward life and vigour that the Soul may be fill'd with, when once it is in conjunction with an Almighty Essence ? There is a latent and hidden virtue in the Soul of man which then begins to discover it self when the Divine Spirit spreads forth its influences upon it. Every thing the more Spiritual it is, and the higher and nobler it is in its Being, the more active and vigorous it is ; as the more any thing falls and sinks into *Matter*, the more dull and sluggish & unwieldy it is. The *Platonists* were wont to call all things that participated most of *Matter* ὄντως μὴ ὄντα. Now nothing doth more purifie, more sublimate and exalt the Soul then Religion, when the Soul suffers God *to sit* within it *as a refiner and purifier of Silver*, and when it *abides the day of his coming ; for he is like a refiner's fire and like fullers sope*, . . . Thus the Soul being purified and spiritualiz'd, and changed more and more into the glorious Image of God, is *able to doe all* things, *out of weakness is made strong*, gives proof of its Divine vigour and activity, and shews it self to be a Noble and Puissant Spirit, such as God did at first create it.

478

. . . religion is a certain relation of man to eternal life and to God, a relation accordant with reason and contemporary knowledge, and it is the one thing that alone moves humanity forward towards its destined aim.

A wise Hebrew proverb says, ' The soul of man is the lamp of God.' Man is a weak and miserable animal until

the light of God burns in his soul. But when that light burns (and it burns only in souls enlightened by religion) man becomes the most powerful being in the world. Nor can this be otherwise, for what then acts in him is no longer *his* strength, but is the strength of God.

479

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written,

> For Thy sake we are killed all the day long;
> We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

480

As for worshipping him, if we imagine our Worship is a thing that adds to his Happiness, or gives him such a fond Pleasure as weak People have to hear themselves commended; or that our repeated Addresses do overcome him through our meer Importunity, we have certainly very unworthy Thoughts of him. The true Ends of Worship come within another Consideration; which is this, a Man is never entirely Reformed, till a new Principle governs his Thoughts: nothing makes that Principle so strong, as deep and frequent Meditations of God; whose Nature, tho' it be far above our Comprehension, yet his Goodness and Wisdom are such Perfections as fall within our Imagination:

And he that thinks often of God, and considers him as governing the World, and as ever observing all his Actions, will feel a very sensible Effect of such Meditations, as they grow more lively and frequent with him; so the End of religious Worship, either publick or private, is to make the Apprehensions of God have a deeper Root, and a stronger Influence on us.

481

First then, let every soul consider this; how by breathing life into them Soul made all animals, the creatures of earth, sea, air, the divine stars in heaven; made the sun, made the great firmament above us, and not only made but ordered it, so that it swings round in due course. Yet is this Soul a different nature from what it orders, and moves, and vivifies. It must needs then be more precious than its creations. For they are born, and, when the Soul which ministers their life abandons them, they die; but the Soul ever is, because it never abandons itself. And if it be asked how the life is ministered, in the whole or in the part, let us frame the answer thus—Let this great Soul be gazed upon by another Soul, a human Soul which itself is no small one, and is deemed worthy so to gaze, because it has escaped from all deceit, and from all that bewitches the Soul of other men, and is calm and tranquil. Let such a Soul banish all that disturbs; let the body that envelopes it be still, and all the frettings of the body, and all that surrounds it; let earth, and sea, and air be still, and heaven itself. And then let the man think of Soul as streaming, pouring, rushing, shining into him from all sides while he stands quiet. As the rays of the sun, striking upon some dark mass of cloud, make it shine with the splendour of gold, so also Soul, coming into the body of heaven, gave it life and immortality,

and woke it up from sleep. Thus heaven, being moved with an everlasting movement by the wise guidance of Soul, became a happy creature, and the indwelling of Soul gave high dignity to heaven which was before dead stuff, earth, and water, or rather the darkness of matter and No Thing, and 'abhorred,' as the poet says, 'by the gods'.

482

We are a Garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar Ground;
A little Spot inclosed by Grace
Out of the World's wide Wilderness.

Like trees of Myrrh and Spice we stand
Planted by God the Father's Hand:
And all his Springs in *Sion* flow,
To make the young Plantation grow.

Awake, O heavenly Wind, and come,
Blow on this Garden of Perfume;
Spirit Divine, descend and breathe
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

Make our best Spices flow abroad
To entertain our Saviour God:
And Faith and Love and Joy appear,
And every Grace be active here.

Let my beloved come, and taste
His pleasant Fruits at his own Feast,
I come, my Spouse, I come, he crys,
With Love and Pleasure in his Eyes.

Our Lord into his Garden comes,
Well-pleas'd to smell our poor Perfumes,
And calls us to a Feast Divine,
Sweeter than Honey, Milk, or Wine.

Spiritual Pilgrim

East of the Tree of Life, my Friends,
The Blessings that my Father sends ;
Your taste shall all my Dainties prove,
And drink abundance of my Love.

483

O spiritual pilgrim rise : the night has grown her single horn :
The Voices of the souls unborn are half adream with Paradise.

To Meccah thou hast turned in prayer with aching heart and eyes that burn :
Ah Hajji, whither wilt thou turn when thou art there, when thou art there ?

God be thy guide from camp to camp : God be thy shade from well to well ;
God grant beneath the desert stars thou hear the Prophet's camel bell.

And God shall make thy body pure, and give thee knowledge to endure
This ghost-life's piercing phantom-pain, and bring thee out to Life again.

And God shall make thy soul a Glass where eighteen thousand Aeons pass,
And thou shalt see the gleaming Worlds as men see dew upon the grass.

484

. . . time place, and body : these three should be forgotten in all ghostly working. And therefore be wary in this work, that thou take none ensample at the bodily ascension of Christ for to strain thine imagination in the time of thy prayer bodily upwards, as thou wouldest climb above the

moon. For it should on nowise be so, ghostly. . . . For heaven ghostly is as nigh down as up, and up as down: behind as before, before as behind, on one side as other. Insomuch, that whoso had a true desire for to be at heaven, then that same time he were in heaven ghostly. For the high and the next way thither is run by desires, and not by paces of feet.

485

Lord, when the sense of Thy sweet grace,
Sends up my soule to seek thy face,
Thy blessèd eyes breed such desire,
I dy in love's delicious Fire.
O love, I am thy SACRIFICE!
Be still triumphant blessèd Eyes!
Still shine on me, fair suns! that I
Still may behold, though still I dy.

486

It pleased our Blessed Lorde that I should have sometimes, this following Vision. I saw an Angell very near me, towards my left side, and he appeared to me, in a Corporeall forme; though yet I am not wont to see anie thing of that kind, but very rarely. For, though Angells be represented often to me, it is yet, without my seeing them, but only according to that other kind of Vision, whereof I spake before. But, in this Vision, our Lord was pleased, that I should see this Angell, after this other manner. He was not great; but rather little; yet with all he was of very much beautie. His face was so inflamed that he appeared to be one of those most superiour Angells, who seem to be, all in a fire; and he well might be of them, whome we call *Seraphins*; . . . I saw, that he had a long Dart of gold in his hand; and at the end of the iron below, me thought there

was a little fire; and I conceaved, that he thrust it, some several times, through my verie Hart, after such a manner, as that it passed the verie inwards of my Bowells; and when he drew it back, me thought, it carried away, as much, as it had touched within me; and left all that, which remained, wholy inflamed with a great love of Almightie God. The paine of it, was so excessive, that it forced me to utter those groanes; and the suavitie, which that extremitie of paine gave, was also so very excessive, that there was no desiring at all, to be ridd of it; nor can the soule then receave anie contentment at all, in lesse, than God Almightie himself.

This is no Corporall, but a Spirituall paine; though yet the Bodie doe not faile, to participate some part thereof; yea and that, not a little. And it is such a deare delightfull kind of entercourse, which passes heer, between the Soule, and Almightie God, as I beseech him of his infinit goodness, that he will give some touch or tast of it, to whosoever shall beleive, that I lye.

487

O thou undaunted Daughter of Desires!
By all thy Dowr of LIGHTS & FIRES;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives & deaths of love;
By thy larg draughts of intellectuall day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-filled Bowles of feirce desire;
By thy last Morning's draught of liquid Fire;
By the full kingdome of that final kisse
That seiz'd thy parting Soul, and seal'd thee his;
By all the heav'ns thou hast in him
(Fair Sister of the SERAPHIM!)

By all of HIM we have in THEE ;
Leave nothing for my SELF in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may dy.

488

. . . what an infinite Satisfaction, Happiness and Delight it must needs be, to have a clear and intimate Perception of that Primitive and Original Beauty, Perfection and Harmony, whereof all that appears fair and excellent, either to our Senses or Understandings in this Life, is but a faint Imitation, a pale Reflection ! To see him who is the Fountain of all Being, containing in himself the Perfection, not only of all that is, but of all that is possible to be, *The* Alpha *and* Omega, *the beginning and ending, the first and the last, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty* ! To see Him, of whom all Nature is the Image, of whom all the Harmony, both of the visible and invisible World, is but the Eccho ! To see him, who (as *Plato* divinely and magnificently expresses it) is πολὺ πέλαγος τοῦ καλοῦ αὐτὸν καθ' αὐτὸν μεθ' αὐτοῦ μονοειδὲς ἀεὶ ὄν. The Immense Ocean of Beauty, which is it self, by it self, with it self, uniform, always Existing. This certainly will affect the Soul with all the pleasing and ravishing Transports of Love and Desire, Joy and Delight, Wonder and Amazement, together with a settled Acquiescence and Complacency of Spirit ; only less infinite than the Loveliness that causes it, and the peculiar Complacency of him who rejoyces in his own fulness, and the Comprehensions of Eternity. We see how strangely our Sense of *Seeing* is affected with the Harmony of Colours ; and our Sense of *Hearing*, with the Harmony of Sounds ; insomuch, that some have been too weak for the Enjoyment, and have grown mad with the

Sublimate of Pleasure. And if so, what then shall we think of the *Beatific Vision;* the Pleasure of which will so far transcend that of the other, as God, who is all over Harmony and Proportion, exceeds the sweet Melody of Sounds and Colours; and the perception of the Mind is more vigorous, quick and piercing, than that of the Senses? This is *perfect Happiness*, this is the Tree of Life which grows in the midst of the Paradise of God; this is Heaven, which while the Learned Dispute about, the Good only Enjoy.

489

SOCRATES. But, Theodorus, it is not possible that evil should perish; for there must always be something opposite to good; nor can it have its seat among the gods, but must necessarily haunt mortal nature and this region here; therefore we ought to try to escape hence to the gods as quickly as we can; and to escape is to become as like God as possible, and to become like God is to be righteous and holy with understanding.

490

And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, . . .

491

Thought pure and simple is as near to God as we can get; it is through this that we are linked with God. The highest thought is ineffable; it must be felt from one person to another but cannot be articulated. All the most essential and thinking part of thought is done without words or consciousness. It is not till doubt and consciousness enter that words become possible.

492

Nor doe I know, what that is, which is called *Minde ;* nor the difference between *Minde* and *Soule ;* nor what also is *Spirit ;* for, to me, all these severall things, seem to be but one ; . . .

493

Sir, I oppose not rational to spiritual ; for spiritual is most rational : . . .

True *Reason* is so far from being an Enemy to any matter of *Faith* ; that a man is disposed and qualified by Reason, for the entertaining those matters of Faith that are proposed by God.

Where *Reason* speaks, it is the voice of our Guide ; a natural voice, we cannot but hear ; it is according to the very make of our nature. It is also true in *Religion*, [*Idem est, sequi Deum et rectam Rationem ;*] to follow God and to follow right Reason, is all one : . . .

494

L'homme n'est qu'un roseau le plus foible de la nature ; mais c'est un roseau pensant. Il ne faut pas que l'univers entier s'arme pour l'écraser. Une vapeur, une goutte d'eau suffit pour le tuer. Mais quand l'univers l'écraseroit, l'homme seroit encore plus noble que ce qui le tue, parcequ'il sait qu'il meurt ; et l'avantage que l'univers a sur lui, l'univers n'en sait rien. Ainsi tout notre dignité consiste dans la pensée. C'est de là qu'il faut nous relever, non de l'espace et de la durée. Travaillons donc à bien penser : voilà le principe de la morale.

495

We know nothing to be certainly good or evil save what is truly conducive to understanding or what prevents us from understanding.

The greatest good of the mind is the knowledge of God, and the greatest virtue of the mind is to know God.

496

This is the end of all things visible and invisible, when all visible things pass into the intellectual, and the intellectual into God, by a marvellous and unspeakable union; but not, as we have often said, by any confusion or destruction of essences or substances.

497

AHASUERUS.

. . . this Whole
Of suns, and worlds, and men, and beasts, and flowers,
With all the silent or tempestuous workings
By which they have been, are, or cease to be,
Is but a vision;—all that it inherits
Are motes of a sick eye, bubbles and dreams;
Thought is its cradle and its grave, nor less
The Future and the Past are idle shadows
Of thought's eternal flight—they have no being:
Nought is but that which feels itself to be.

MAHMUD.

What meanest thou? Thy words stream like a tempest
Of dazzling mist within my brain—they shake
The earth on which I stand, and hang like night
On Heaven above me. What can they avail?
They cast on all things surest, brightest, best,
Doubt, insecurity, astonishment.

AHASUERUS.

Mistake me not! All is contained in each.
Dodona's forest to an acorn's cup
Is that which has been, or will be, to that
Which is—the absent to the present. Thought
Alone, and its quick elements, Will, Passion,
Reason, Imagination, cannot die;
They are, what that which they regard appears,
The stuff whence mutability can weave
All that it hath dominion o'er, worlds, worms,
Empires and superstitions. What has thought
To do with time, or place, or circumstance?
Wouldst thou behold the Future?—ask and have!
Knock and it shall be opened—look, and lo!
The coming age is shadowed on the Past
As on a glass.

498

THE SHE-ANCIENT. But still I am the slave of this slave, my body. How am I to be delivered from it?

THE HE-ANCIENT. That, children, is the trouble of the ancients. For whilst we are tied to this tyrannous body we are subject to its death, and our destiny is not achieved.

THE NEWLY BORN. What is your destiny?

THE HE-ANCIENT. To be immortal.

THE SHE-ANCIENT. The day will come when there will be no people, only thought.

THE HE-ANCIENT. And that will be life eternal.

499

In Him the visible things and the invisible, that is to say, the world of sense and the world of thought, were restored and recalled to unspeakable unity, now in hope, hereafter in fact; now in faith, hereafter in sight; now by inference,

hereafter in experience; already effected in the manhood which he assumed, hereafter to be fulfilled in all men without distinction. . . . For God shall be all things in all things, when there shall be nothing but God alone.

500

JOAN. I believe that God is wiser than I; and it is His commands that I will do. All the things that you call my crimes have come to me by the command of God. I say that I have done them by the order of God: it is impossible for me to say anything else. If any Churchman says the contrary I shall not mind him: I shall mind God alone, whose command I always follow.

LADVENU [*pleading with her urgently*] You do not know what you are saying, child. Do you want to kill yourself? Listen. Do you not believe that you are subject to the Church of God on earth?

JOAN. Yes. When have I ever denied it?

LADVENU. Good. That means, does it not, that you are subject to our Lord the Pope, to the cardinals, the archbishops, and the bishops for whom his lordship stands here today?

JOAN. God must be served first.

D'ESTIVET. Then your voices command you not to submit yourself to the Church Militant?

JOAN. My voices do not tell me to disobey the Church; but God must be served first.

CAUCHON. And you, and not the Church, are to be the judge?

JOAN. What other judgment can I judge by but my own?

501

Mind from its object differs most in this:
Evil from good; misery from happiness;

The baser from the nobler ; the impure
And frail, from what is clear and must endure.
If you divide suffering and dross, you may
Diminish till it is consumed away ;
If you divide pleasure and love and thought,
Each part exceeds the whole ; and we know not
How much, while any yet remains unshared,
Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared :
This truth is that deep well, whence sages draw
The unenvied light of hope ; the eternal law
By which those live, to whom this world of life
Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife
Tills for the promise of a later birth
The wilderness of this Elysian earth.

502

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding.
For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies :
And all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.
Length of days is in her right hand ;
And in her left hand riches and honour.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her :
And happy is every one that retaineth her.
The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth ;
By understanding hath he established the heavens.
By his knowledge the depths are broken up,
And the clouds drop down the dew.

503

All within me testifies of this Spirit to me; All without me proclaimes this Spirit before Me; as the Spring of my Joyes; the End of my Faith; the Glorification of my Person; and not of mine onely, but of all those, who are rooted in this Principle of Life, what ever the Soile of Education, Profession, or Custome be, in which they are Planted; whatever the Barke of Opinion or Affection be, in which for the present they are Inclosed

The most Known Men for Wisdome in all Languages, Learnings, Religions, Ages, Regions, have worship't, have Waited for This Eternall Spirit; The Understanding of the World, riding forth in a Chariot of Light, upon the Face of all Formes of Things; The Good Converting All Things into it selfe; The Unity, or something above an Unity; τὸ ὑπερθεν, the Supreame Band of Unity and Multiplicity.

This Spirit brought forth from it selfe the Creation, and still sits upon it, hatching it, till it breake the Shell of This Darke Flesh and Spring forth into its owne Life and Image.

The Lord Jesus is this Spirit; who is, before *Abraham* was, by whom the Worlds were Made; who is a Spirit, Comprehending, Cherishing, Enclosing, Comming forth into all the Fleshly Births of Time.

This Jesus came Himselfe in the Last of Times, into Flesh; Was by His Crosse drawn up out of it into Spirit; and now by the same way is drawing up all things after him into the same Spirit.

504

Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ; . . .

505

This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son, . . .

506

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

507

Holinesse on the head,
Light and perfections on the breast,
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
To leade them unto life and rest;
Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneness in my head,
Defects and darknesse in my breast,
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest;
Poore priest thus am I drest.

Onely another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another musick, making live not dead,
Without whom I could have no rest;
In him I am well drest.

Christ is my onely head,
My alone only heart and breast,
My onely musick, striking me ev'n dead,
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in him new drest.

So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my deare breast,
My doctrine tun'd by Christ, (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest,)
Come People! Aaron's drest.

508

But the path of the just is as the shining light,
That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

509

I was waiting for you, before that which is divine in me departs to unite itself with the Divine in the universe.

510

O thou immortal deity
Whose throne is in the depth of human thought,
I do adjure thy power and thee
By all that man may be, by all that he is not,
By all that he has been and yet must be!

511

For God created man to be immortal,
And made him to be an image of His own eternity.

512

I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

513

I through the ample Air in Triumph high
Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,
Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave: . . .

514

God never shewed Himself more a God than when He appeared man; never gained more glory than when He lost all glory: was never more sensible of our sad estate, than

516

Lord, make me see thy glory in every place :
  If mortal beauty sets my heart aglow,
  Shall not that earthly fire by thine burn low,
Extinguisht by the great light of thy grace ?

Dear Lord, I cry to thee for help, O raise
  Me from the misery of this blind woe,
  Thy Spirit alone can save me : let it flow
Through will and sense, redeeming what is base.

Thou hast given me on earth this godlike soul,
  And a poor prisoner of it thou hast made
    Behind weak flesh-walls ; from that wretched state

How can I rescue it, how my true life find ?
  All goodness, Lord, must fail without thy aid :
    For thou alone hast power to alter fate.

517

Poore soule the center of my sinfull earth,
  Fool'd by these rebbell powres that thee array.
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
  Painting thy outward walls so costlie gay ?
Why so large cost having so short a lease,
  Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
Shall wormes inheritors of this excesse
  Eate up thy charge ? is this thy bodies end ?
Then soule live thou upon thy servants losse,
  And let that pine to aggravat thy store ;
Buy tearmes divine in selling houres of drosse :
  Within be fed, without be rich no more,
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, ther's no more dying then.

when He was bereaved of all sense. O let Thy goodness shine in me! I will love all, O Lord, by Thy grace assisting as Thou dost: And in death itself will I find life, and in conquest victory. This Sampson by dying killed all his enemies: and then carried the Gates of Hell and Death away, when being dead, Himself was borne to His grave. Teach me, O Lord, these mysterious ascensions. By descending into Hell for the sake of others, let me ascend into the glory of the Highest Heavens. Let the fidelity and efficacy of my love appear, in all my care and suffering for Thee.

515

It is generally supposed that there is something mystical in our view of life and death. But there is nothing of the kind.

I like my garden, I like reading a book, I like caressing a child. By dying I lose all this and therefore I do not wish to die and I fear death.

It may be that my whole life consists of such temporary worldly desires and their gratification. If so, I cannot help being afraid of what will end these desires. But if these desires and their gratification have given way and been replaced in me by another desire—the desire to do the will of God, to give myself to Him in my present state, and in any possible future state—then the more my desires have changed the less I fear death and the less does death exist for me. And if my desires be completely transformed, then nothing but life remains and there is no death. To replace what is earthly and temporary by what is eternal is the way of life, and along it we must travel. But in what state his own soul is—each one knows for himself.

518

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not soe,
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
And better then thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

519

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there,
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

520

Not with vain tears, when we're beyond the sun,
We'll beat on the substantial doors, nor tread
Those dusty high-roads of the aimless dead
Plaintive for Earth; but rather turn and run
Down some close-covered by-way of the air,
Some low sweet alley between wind and wind,
Stoop under faint gleams, thread the shadows, find
Some whispering ghost-forgotten nook, and there

Spend in pure converse our eternal day;
Think each in each, immediately wise;
Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say
What this tumultuous body now denies;
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.

521

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

522

I feed the clouds, the rainbows and the flowers
With their aethereal colours ; the moon's globe
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers
Are cinctured with my power as with a robe ;
Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,
Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even ;
For grief that I depart they weep and frown :
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the western isle ?

I am the eye with which the Universe
Beholds itself and knows itself divine ;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine is mine,
All light of art or nature ;—to my song
Victory and praise in its own right belong.

523

I heard the universal choir,
The Sons of Light exalt their Sire
With universal song,
Earth's lowliest and loudest notes,
Her million times ten million throats
Exalt Him loud and long,
And lips and lungs and tongues of Grace
From every part and every place
Within the shining of His face,
The universal throng.

524

I saw the Angel of Earth from strife aloof,
Mounting the heavenly stair with Time on high,

Growing ever younger in the brightening air
Of the everlasting dawn:
It was not terror in his eyes nor wonder,
That glance of the intimate exaltation
Which lieth as Power under all Being,
And broodeth in Thought above,
As a bird wingeth over the ocean,
Whether indolently the heavy water sleepeth
Or is dash'd in a million waves, chafing or lightly laughing.

I hear his voice in the music of lamentation,
In echoing chant or cadenced litany,
In country song and pastoral piping
And silvery dances of mirth:
And oft, as the eyes of a lion in the brake,
His presence hath startled me,
In austere shapes of beauty lurking,
Beautiful for Beauty's sake;
As a lonely blade of life
Ariseth to flower whensoever the unseen Will
Stirreth with kindling aim the dark fecundity of Being.

525

We are thine, O Love, being in thee and made of thee,
As thou, Love, were the deep thought
And we the speech of the thought; yea, spoken are we,
Thy fires of thought out-spoken:

But burn'd not through us thy imagining
Like fierce mood in a song caught,
We were as clamour'd words a fool may fling,
Loose words, of meaning broken.

For what more like the brainless speech of a fool,—
The lives travelling dark fears,
And as a boy throws pebbles in a pool
Thrown down abysmal places?

Hazardous are the stars, yet is our birth
And our journeying time theirs ;
As words of air, life makes of starry earth
Sweet soul-delighted faces ;

As voices are we in the worldly wind ;
The great wind of the world's fate
Is turned, as the air to a sharpen sound, to mind
And marvellous desires.

But not in the world as voices storm-shatter'd,
Not borne down by the wind's weight ;
The rushing time rings with our splendid word
Like darkness filled with fires.

For Love doth use us for a sound of song,
And Love's meaning our life wields,
Making our souls like syllables to throng
His tunes of exultation.

Down the blind speed of a fatal world we fly,
As rain blown along earth's fields ;
Yet are we god-desiring liturgy,
Sung joys of adoration ;

Yea, made of chance and all a labouring strife,
We go charged with a strong flame ;
For as a language Love hath seized on life
His burning heart to story.

Yea, Love, we are thine, the liturgy of thee,
Thy thought's golden and glad name,
The mortal conscience of immortal glee,
Love's zeal in Love's own glory.

526

Life of Life ! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them ;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire ; then screen them

In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them;
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour,
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

527

The other Three came forth, their attitude
In dancing their angelic roundelay
Approving them to be of nobler brood.
'Turn, Beatrice, O turn,' so ran their lay,
'Thy holy eyes upon thy servant leal
Who moved his steps to thee from far away.
Of thy grace to us, graciously reveal
Thy smile to him, so that he may discern
The second beauty which thou dost conceal.'

O splendor of the living light eterne,
What dreaming poet ever has so paled
In shadow of Parnassus, or at its urn
So drunken, that his heart would not have failed
Endeavouring to render thee, how fair,
Beneath the harmony of heaven unveil'd
When opening thy beauty to the air ?

528

Ye, pure
Children of God, enjoy eternal beauty ;—
Let that which ever operates and lives
Clasp you within the limits of its love ;
And seize with sweet and melancholy thoughts
The floating phantoms of its loveliness.

529

For the Earth knoweth the love which made her,
The omnipotent one desire,
Which burns at her heart like fire,
And hath in gladness arrayed her.
And man with the Maker shareth,
Him also to rival throughout the lands,
To make a work with his hands
And have his children adore it :
The Creator smileth on him who is wise and dareth
In understanding with pride :
For God, where'er he hath builded, dwelleth wide,—
And he careth,—
To set a task to the smallest atom,
The law-abiding grains,
That hearken each and rejoice :
For he guideth the world as a horse with reins ;
It obeyeth his voice,
And lo ! he hath set a beautiful end before it :

Whereto it leapeth and striveth continually,
And pitieth nought, nor spareth:
The mother's wail for her children slain,
The stain of disease,
The darts of pain,
The waste of the fruits of trees,
The slaughter of cattle,
Unbrotherly lust, the war
Of hunger, blood, and the yells of battle,
It heedeth no more
Than a carver regardeth the wood that he cutteth away:
The grained shavings fall at his feet,
But that which his tool hath spared shall stand
For men to praise the work of his hand;
For he cutteth so far, and there it lay,
And his work is complete.

530

I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,

Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

531

It interpenetrates my granite mass,
Through tangled roots and trodden clay doth pass
Into the utmost leaves and delicatest flowers ;
Upon the winds, among the clouds 'tis spread,
It wakes a life in the forgotten dead,
They breathe a spirit up from their obscurest bowers.

And like a storm bursting its cloudy prison
With thunder, and with whirlwind, has arisen
Out of the lampless caves of unimagined being :
With earthquake shock and swiftness making shiver
Thought's stagnant chaos, unremoved for ever,
Till hate, and fear, and pain, light-vanquished shadows, fleeing.

One Harmonious Soul

Leave Man, who was a many-sided mirror,
Which could distort to many a shape of error,
This true fair world of things, a sea reflecting love:
Which over all his kind, as the sun's heaven
Gliding o'er ocean, smooth, serene, and even,
Darting from starry depths radiance and life, doth move:

Leave Man, even as a leprous child is left,
Who follows a sick beast to some warm cleft
Of rocks, through which the might of healing springs is poured;
Then when it wanders home with rosy smile,
Unconscious, and its mother fears awhile
It is a spirit, then, weeps on her child restored.

Man, oh. not men! a chain of linkèd thought,
Of love and might to be divided not,
Compelling the elements with adamantine stress;
As the sun rules, even with a tyrant's gaze,
The unquiet republic of the maze
Of planets, struggling fierce towards heaven's free wilderness.

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
Whose nature is its own divine control,
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea;
Familiar acts are beautiful through love;
Labour, and pain, and grief, in life's green grove
Sport like tame beasts, none knew how gentle they could be!

His will, with all mean passions, bad delights,
And selfish cares, its trembling satellites,
A spirit ill to guide, but mighty to obey,
Is as a tempest-wingèd ship, whose helm
Love rules, through waves which dare not overwhelm,
Forcing life's wildest shores to own its sovereign sway.

All things confess his strength. Through the cold mass
Of marble and of colour his dreams pass ;
Bright threads whence mothers weave the robes their children wear ;
Language is a perpetual Orphic song,
Which rules with Daedal harmony a throng
Of thoughts and forms, which else senseless and shapeless were.

The lightning is his slave ; heaven's utmost deep
Gives up her stars, and like a flock of sheep
They pass before his eye, are numbered, and roll on !
The tempest is his steed, he strides the air ;
And the abyss shouts from her depth laid bare,
Heaven, hast thou secrets ? Man unveils me ; I have none.

532

Last as first the question rings
Of the Will's long travaillings ;
Why the All-mover,
Why the All-prover
Ever urges on and measures out the chordless chime of Things.

Heaving dumbly
As we deem,
Moulding numbly
As in dream,
Apprehending not how fare the sentient subjects of Its scheme.

Nay :—shall not Its blindness break ?
Yea, must not Its heart awake,
Promptly tending
To Its mending
In a genial germing purpose, and for loving-kindness' sake ?

Should It never
Curb or cure
Aught whatever
Those endure
Whom It quickens, let them darkle to extinction swift and sure.

But—a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there
That the rages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts that were,
Consciousness the Will informing—till It fashion all things fair.

533

Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me.

534

Before Abraham was, I am, is the saying of Christ; yet is it true in some sense, if I say it of myself; for I was not onely before myself, but *Adam*, that is, in the Idea of God, and the decree of that Synod held from all Eternity. And in this sense, I say, the World was before the Creation, and at an end before it had a beginning; and thus was I dead before

I was alive: though my grave be *England*, my dying place was Paradise: and *Eve* miscarried of me, before she conceiv'd of Cain.

535

'Although in form of Adam's race,' said he,
'Higher by far than his is my degree.
My beauty mirrored in a glass I see,
And all the world a picture seems of me.
Creation's Sun am I: doth it amaze
If each created atom me displays?
The holy Spirits make my Essence plain,
And human forms my Attributes retain.
The boundless Sea's a sprinkling of my grace;
The radiant light's a reflex of my face.
From Throne to Footstool all is but a mote
Which in the radiance of my Sun doth float.
The Veil of Attributes aside is hurled,
And my bright Essence brightens all the world.
The stream which Kidr's ebb of life did stop
Was of my Kawthar-stream a single drop.
That breath wherewith Christ loosed the thralls of Death
Was but a blast of my soul-saving breath.
My Essence all the Names doth manifest;
I am of Names the greatest and the best.

536

We read in the Revelation of an *Angel standing in the Sun*. Plato somewhere saith, something like this, that if we stood in the Sun, all things, even this dark mass of Elements, and elementary composition to us, beholding them from the center of Light, would appear in a *Sun-like* Glory. Be thou this *Angel*, or in this an *Angel-like* Spirit, stand in this *Sun*, the glorious circle of *divine Love*. From thence see the Fountain of Love opening it self to thee in this Discourse,

all the parts, all the lines as so many streams flowing from it to water thy Spirit, and make it to water thy Spirit, and make it a Garden of Divine Sweetness and Beauties.

537

And now we may say that our story of the universe is finished. This world of ours that has received living creatures both mortal and immortal, and has been completed thus, a living thing visible and containing what is visible—a sensible God, the image of the intelligible—has become the greatest, the best, the fairest and the most perfect, this Heaven which is single and only-begotten.

538

O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

539

Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best
And love with feare the onely God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good

Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek ; that suffering for Truths sake
Is fortitude to highest victorie,
And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life ;
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.
To whom thus also th' Angel last repli'd :
This having learnt, thou hast attained the summe
Of wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the Starrs
Thou knewst by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,
Or works of God in Heav'n, Air, Earth, or Sea,
And all the riches of this World enjoydst,
And all the rule, one Empire ; onely add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,
Add Vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
By name to come call'd Charitie, the soul
Of all the rest : then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier farr.

540

" Nay, 'tis the essence of this blessed state
To dwell within the Will Divine alone,
Whereby our wills with His participate.
So that throughout this realm, from zone to zone,
We pleasure the whole realm without surcease,
And please the King who inwills us with His Own ;
His will is consummation of our peace ;
And everything is moving to that sea,—
All it creates as nature gives increase.—"
Then only was the truth made clear to me
That everywhere in Heaven is Paradise. . . .

NOTES

NOTE.—Extracts from the Bible are given in the Authorized Version, except in instances where reference to other Versions is made in the Notes.

BOOK I.

The motto is from St. John's Gospel, i. 1-5. The word translated as 'Word' is the Greek Logos (Λόγος), which in classical Greek usually meant a saying, statement, discourse or speech. It also however meant 'the power of the mind which is manifested in speech, reason' (Liddell and Scott), 'the outward form by which the inward thought was expressed, and the inward thought itself' (*Ibid.*). It came to be used by the philosophers, especially the Stoics, to denote the divine creative force (λόγος κοινός, λόγος σπερματικός), and, as the Stoics were pantheistic materialists, this was identical with the divine matter of which the world was said to be formed. It was adopted by Philo, the Jewish Platonist philosopher of Alexandria (died c. B.C. 20) to denote the divine creative Wisdom of God, for which he also used the word 'Sophia' (Σοφία = Wisdom). (See Biggs' *The Christian Platonists of Alexandria*, ed. 1886, pp. 14, 15, *seq.*) Philo 'emptied' the word 'of its true Stoic significance' (Bigg) and in his hands it came to mean 'partly the Idea, partly the Agent by whom the idea is impressed on matter' (*Ibid.*). Early Christians took over this conception of the Logos from the Alexandrian thinkers, and identified it with the Christ. The 'Logos' of the Greek New Testament was translated by the Latin 'Verbum' in the Vulgate, and by 'Word' in the English Authorized Version. Neither the Latin nor the English word conveys the double or treble significance of the original. As it is impossible to express the sense of 'Logos' by means of a single English word, it has been thought best to retain the Authorized Version, and attempt an explanation by means of a note.

1. PSALM CXXXIX. 7-18.

2. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850). *Prelude*, vi. ll. 624-640. Text of 1850. Wordsworth is describing his journey on foot across the Simplon Pass in 1790.

3. Samuel Butler (1835-1902). *God the Known and God the Unknown*, 1909, p. 67.
4. The Prayer Book. 'Articles of Religion,' No. 1.
5.*Empedocles (b.c. 495-435). Fragments, 133, 134 (*Die Fragmente der Vorsokratiker*, ed. H. Diels, Berlin, 1912. i. pp. 273, 274).
6. Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822). *Adonais*, lii.
7. John Smith (1617-1652), Cambridge Platonist. 'Of the Immortality of the Soul'; *Select Discourses*, ed. 1660, p. 99.
8. John Scotus Erigena (a.d. 833-880). 'De Divisione Naturæ.' Q. by Lane Pool, *Medieval Thought and Learning*, ed. 1920, p. 59. A 'theophany' is a revelation of God to Man.
9. St. Gregory (a.d. 540-604). (Translation in 'A Library of Fathers of the Holy Catholic Church,' Oxford, 1847.) *Morals on the Book of Job*, xxvi. 18.
10. Wordsworth. MS. Fragment, printed in De Sélincourt's edition of *The Prelude*, p. 512. Editor's punctuation. The following is De Sélincourt's note: "In 'the forms and images which float along our minds,' and 'what we feel of active *etc.*' Wordsworth is contrasting, like Coleridge in *Biographia Literaria*, chap. v, the passive and active processes of the mind. . . . Wordsworth dismisses both as nugatory in comparison with a state of being deeper and more vital than thought. This state, which he knew in his own experience, he often tries to describe, but it baffles description. Its essential features are (1) the overwhelming consciousness of God (2) the sense that God in Nature is one with God in the soul, so that the soul seems to *be* God or *be* Nature (3) (a natural consequence of (2)) the sense of creative power in the soul."
11. Robert Bridges. *Demeter*, ii. ll. 498-511. Demeter is speaking.
12. Shelley. *The Zucca*. Written in 1822. Stanzas 3, 4 and 5.
13.*Lucan (a.d. 39-65). *Pharsalia*, ix. ll. 578-580.
14. Shelley. 'Essay on Christianity,' *Shelley's Prose in the Bodleian Manuscripts*, ed. Koszul, 1910, pp. 15, 16.
15.*Virgil (b.c. 70-19). *Georgics*, iv. ll. 221-225.
16. A. C. Swinburne (1837-1909). 'Hertha,' ll. 1-10. *Songs before Sunrise*.

17. CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593). *Tamburlaine the Great*, ed. Tucker Brooke. Part II, Act II, Sc. 2, ll. 2906-2909.

18. D. G. ROSSETTI (1828-1882). 'The Monochord.' *The House of Life*, lxxix.

19. THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881). *Sartor Resartus*, iii. 8.

20. RALPH CUDWORTH (1617-1688). Cambridge Platonist. *The True Intellectual System of the Universe* (London, 1678), i. 5, pp. 858-859.

21.*PLATO (*c.* B.C. 427-347). *Laws*, Book X. 891e-892a.

22. A. N. WHITEHEAD. *Science and the Modern World*, ed. 1926, pp. 27-28.

23. ARISTOTLE (B.C. 384-322). *Metaphysics*, Book XII. 1075a. Tr. W. D. Ross, Oxford, 1907.

24. BISHOP BERKELEY (1685-1753). *Alciphron or the Minute Philosopher*, Dialogue IV, ed. 1784, i. 450.

25. *PLATO. *Sophist*, 248e-249a.

26. HERMAN LOTZE (1817-1881). *Metaphysics*, ed. Bosanquet, 1884, p. 414.

27. FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626). *The Essays or Counsels, Civill and Morall, of Francis Lo. Verulam, Viscount St. Alban*, ed. 1625. No. xvi. 'Of Atheisme.'

28. VIRGIL. *Aeneid*, vi. 724-732. Tr. Robert Bridges.

29.*PLATO. *Phaedo*, 96a-99b.

30. SHELLEY. 'On Life.' *Prose Works*, ed. R. H. Shepherd, 1912 ii. 176.

31. PSALMS cii. 25-27. Prayer Book version.

32. JOHN MILTON (1608-1674). *Paradise Lost*, vii. 221-242.

33. JOB xxxviii, 1-7.

34. BRIDGES. Epistle I. ll. 88-104. *Poems in Classical Prosody.*

35. JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700). *To my Honored Friend Sr Robert Howard, On his Excellent Poems*, ll. 29-32. Lines prefixed to Poems . . . By the Honorable Sr Robert Howard . . . London, 1660.

36.*PLATO. *Timaeus*, 28b-29a.

37. SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound*, II. iii. 12-32. *Asia* is speaking.

58. Edmund Spenser (1552-1599). *An Hymne of Heavenly Love*, ll. 22-35. 'eyas'..'unfledged,' 'youthful' from 'eyas,' a young hawk (N.E.D.).
39. Bridges. *The Growth of Love*, Sonnet 16.
40. Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682). *Religio Medici*, Pt. I., Sect. xvi, ed. Sayle, Edinburgh, 1912.
41. Jāmī, Persian Sūfist Poet (1414-1492). Q. and tr. Nicholson, *Mystics of Islam*, pp. 80-81.
42. Sir Thomas Browne. *Op. cit.*, Pt. I., Sect. xvi.
43. Walter de la Mare. 'The Scribe.' *Motley and other Poems*, ed. 1918.
44. William Blake (1757-1827). 'The Tyger.' *Songs of Experience* (1794).
45. Job xl. 15-22.
46. Christopher Smart (1722-1771). *A Song to David*, ed. 1763, xviii.-xxvi.
47. Blake. *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.*
48. Shelley. *Essay on Christianity*, ed. Koszul, pp. 16-19. Editor's punctuation in square brackets. The spelling of the author here, as elsewhere, is retained.
49. Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834). *Dejection*; *an Ode* (1802), iv, v. Originally addressed to Wordsworth.
50. John Smith. *Op. cit.* pp. 125, 126.
51. Thomas Traherne (*d.* 1674). *Centuries of Meditation*, iii. 68.
52. Bridges. *The Growth of Love*, Sonnet 22.
53. Traherne. *Op. cit.* i. 28, 29.
54. Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889). 'God's Grandeur.' *Works*, ed. Bridges, 1918, p. 26.
55. Bridges. *Ode to Music written for the Bicentenary Celebration of Henry Purcell*, ix.
56. William Shakespeare (1564-1616). *The Merchant of Venice*, V. i. Lorenzo is speaking. Text of the First Folio Edition (1623). In the third line the First Folio has a comma after 'stilnes'. We have the authority of Mr. Percy Simpson for regarding this as a printer's error. The comma has therefore been moved back to its natural position after 'eares'.
57. Victor Hugo (1802-1889). 'Booz Endormi,' the last two stanzas. From *La Légende des Siècles* (1859).

58. Ralph Hodgson. From 'The Song of Honour.' *Poems*, ed. 1917, pp. 23, 24.

59.*Plato, *Timaeus*, 29d-30c.

60. Psalms xcv. 1-6. Prayer Book version.

61.*St. Francis of Assisi (1182-1226). *Il Cantico del sole*, ed. Padovan: Milan, 1920.

62. Peter Sterry (*d.* 1671). Cambridge Platonist and Chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. *A Discourse of the Freedom of the Will*, ed. 1675, p. 43.

63. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832). *Faust*. Scene I. Prologue in Heaven. Tr. Shelley.

64. Te Deum, i.-vi. Prayer Book.

BOOK II.

The mottoes are from *Paradise Lost*, v. l. 260, and ix. ll. 110-113.

65. Blake. *Auguries of Innocence*.

66. Shelley. *Prometheus Unbound*, III., iii. ll. 84-90. The Earth is speaking.

67.*Plotinus (*c.* A.D. 250), iv. v. 7.

68. Wordsworth. *Prelude*, v. ll. 29-37. Text of 1850.

69. St. Matthew, iii. 9.

70. S. Butler. *Unconscious Memory*, ed. 1910, p. 177, 472.

71. Gérard de Nerval (1805-1857). *Vers Dorés*. 'Poésies.' Paris, 1924, p. 90.

72. Roy Campbell. *The Flaming Terrapin* (1923), p. 12.

73. Thomas Henry Huxley (1825-1895). *The Crayfish* (1880), p. 84.

74. Milton. *Paradise Lost*, v. ll. 468-487. *Raphael* is speaking.

75. De la Mare. 'Miss T.' *Peacock Pie*, ed. 1918, p. 24.

76. Exodus iii. 2.

77. James Drever. *The Psychology of Education*, ed. 1922, p. 9.

78. Blake. 'Proverbs of Hell.' *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

79. S. Butler. *Notebooks* (1918), p. 396.

80.*Goethe. *Die Metamorphose der Pflanzen*, ll. 5, 6.

81. Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892). *In Memoriam*, cxxiii.

82. Goethe. *Faust*, i. 148-156. Tr. Luisa Hewitt.

83.*Dante Alighieri (1265-1321). *Purgatorio*, xxv. 52-61 and 67-75. This passage is given in a literal prose version, as no verse translation can do justice to the closely packed sense of the original. The 'active virtue' is the life of the embryo in the womb. Statius is telling Dante of Generation and the infusion of rational Soul into the Body.

84. Jalāluddin Rūmī (1207-1233), Persian Poet. Q. and tr. R. A. Nicholson, *Mystics of Islam*, ed. 1914, p. 168.

85. Genesis ii. 8, 9.

86. Saemundar Edda. *Voluspa*, 18. Tr. S. J. Crawford. Yggdrasil (the Life Tree of the ancient Norse mythology) is kept green by being sprinkled with water from the well of Urth (*i.e.* the past).

87. Sir Walter Ralegh (?1552-1618). *The History of the World*. (Fol. 1614, Ch. iiii. pp. 66, 67.)

88. Charles Darwin (1809-1882). *The Origin of Species*, Ch. iv. 6th ed. pp. 104-105.

89. Odin's Rune Song. *Saemundar Edda*. Tr. S. J. Crawford. The stanzas seem to give an account of how Odin obtained the Runes. The 'windy tree' is the ash, Yggdrasil (the 'horse of Odin'). It received its name from this episode. This was the tree on which Odin, in order to obtain the Runes hung himself as an offering to himself, and wounded himself with his spear. The resemblance to the myth of Prometheus is obvious. We are indebted to Mr. Crawford for this note, and the note to No. 86.

90. S. Butler. *God the Known and God the Unknown*, p. 34.

91. Carlyle. 'The Hero as Divinity.' *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, i.

92. St. Mark iv. 30-32.

93. Victor Hugo. 'Booz Endormi.' *Op. cit.* ll. 33-40.

94. Henri Bergson. *L'Evolution Créatrice*, 4th ed. (Paris, 1907), pp. 293, 294. By kind permission of the Libraire Félix Alcan, Boulevard St. Germain, Paris.

95. William Bell Scott (1811-1890). Sonnet 13. 'Development in Nature.' *Poems*, 1875, p. 86.

96. J. A. Thomson. *The System of Animate Nature* (London, 1920), pp. 344, 345.

97. Shakespeare. *Julius Caesar*, I. iii. ll. 93, 95. Text of the First Folio.

98. G. L. de Buffon (1707-88). *Histoire Naturelle*. Paris, 1761, tom. ix. p. 127.

99. Blake. 'Proverbs of Hell.' *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

100. W. de la Mare. 'All that's Past.' *The Listeners*, ed. 1918.

101. D. G. Rossetti. 'The Trees of the Garden.' *The House of Life*. Sonnet 89.

102. Henry Vaughan (1622-1695). *The Timber*, ll. 1-8. *Works*, ed. L. C. Martin, ii. p. 497.

103. Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837). Tr. R. M. Hewitt, in *Sonnets for Helen* (Oxford, 1927).

104. Ralph Hodgson. 'The Mystery.' *Op. cit.* p. 25.

105. Samuel Butler. *Evolution Old and New* (1882), p. 30.

106. J. A. Thomson. *Op. cit.* p. 367.

107. Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802). *Zoonomia* (1794), I. xxxix. 4.

108. J. B. de Lamarck (1744-1829). *Philosophie Zoologique*, ed. Martins, 1863, tom. i. pp. 25-26.

109. S. Butler. *Evolution Old and New* (1882), pp. 1, 2.

110. S. Butler. *Luck or Cunning?* ed. 1887, p. 317.

111. Milton. *Treatise of Christian Doctrine*, vii. Tr. Sumner, 1825, p. 190.

112. Fyodor Dostoievsky (1821-1881). *The Brothers Karamazov*. Tr. C. Garnett, pp. 310, 311.

113. William Henry Hudson (1862-10). *Birds and Man* (1915), pp. 214-215.

114. Thomas Hardy (1840-1928). 'The Blinded Bird.' *Moments of Vision* (1917).

115. J. A. Thomson. *Op. cit.* p. 508.

116. George Meredith (1828-1909). *Melampus*, stanzas 2-8. The Poet is speaking of Melampus the divine physician of Ancient Greece.

117.* The Little Flowers of St. Francis. Chap. xvi.

118. St. Matthew x. 29.
119. G. B. Shaw. Preface to *Back to Methuselah*, pp. lvi-lvii.
120. Blake. *Marriage of Heaven and Hell.*
121. Ecclesiastes xi. 5.
122. Immanuel Kant (1724-1804). *Kritik of Judgment*, ii. § 78. Tr. J. H. Bernard, London, 1892.
123. S. Butler. *Notebooks*, p. 86.
124. James Ward. *Psychological Principles*, 1920, p. 420.
125. St. Paul. Romans i. 20.
126. Anonymous. Br. Mus. Add. MS. 40145. *Uranus and Psyche* (an unpublished pastoral of the seventeenth century). Bk. I, p. 123. We are indebted to Mr. Norman Ault's *Seventeenth Century Lyrics* for drawing our attention to this fine lyric. The version given here is taken from the original manuscript.
127. St. Paul. I Corinthians ii. 11.
128. C. Darwin. *The Descent of Man* (ed. 1901), Chap. xxi.
129. L. Pearsall Smith. *Trivia*, ed. 1918, p. 56.
130. Siegfried Sassoon. *Lingual Exercises*, Privately printed, 1925, p. 23.
131. J. A. Thomson. *Op. cit.* pp. 235-6.
132. Benjamin Whichcote (1609-1683). Cambridge Platonist. Discourse xlvi. *Works*, ed. 1751, ii. p. 341.
133. Milton. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 288-324.
134. Wordsworth. *Prelude*, viii. 476-494.
135. Dante. *Purgatorio*, x. 121-129. 'The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. A line for line translation in the rime-form of the original, by Melville Best Anderson, London, 1921.'
136.*St. Clement of Alexandria (d. c. A.D. 220). *The Exhortation to the Greeks*, I.
137. Wordsworth. *Prelude*, x. ll. 420-424. Text of 1850.
138.*Heraclitus (B.C. 570-480). Fr. 79, 83; *Die Fragmente der Vorsokratiker*, ed. H. Diels, Berlin, 1912, i. 93, 94.
139. Bridges. *Epistle* I. ll. 345-370.
140. John Keats (1795-1821). *Hyperion*, ii. 205-217.
141. Genesis ii. 7.

142. BLAKE. 'A Memorable Fancy.' *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.*

143. PSALM viii. 4-6.

144. SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 315-322. Text of First Folio.

145. BRIDGES. *Prometheus the Firegiver*, ll. 457-485.

146. TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*, cxviii.

147. MILTON. *Treatise of Christian Doctrine*, vii. *Op. cit.* p. 190.

148. JOHN DONNE (1573-1631). 'Of the Progresse of the Soule.' *The Second Anniversary*, ll. 244-6, ed. Grierson.

149. T. PERCY NUNN. *Education, its Data and First Principles*, ed. 1923, p. 18.

150. K. C. F. KRAUSE (1781-1832). *The Ideal of Humanity.* Tr. W. Hastie, Edin. 1900, pp. 31-32.

151. BRIDGES. *The College Garden.* New Verse, 1925, pp. 21-22.

152. ST. PAUL. 1 Corinthians iii. 16-17.

153. SHELLEY. *Mont Blanc*, ll. 1-11.

154. FRIEDRICH NOVALIS (1722-1802). Fragments. Q. by Thomas Carlyle, 'Novalis,' *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, vol. ii.

155. ANONYMOUS. 'A Dialogue *betwixt* God *and the* Soul.' *Reliquiae Wottonianae*, 1651, sig. Z. 3. Signed *Ignoto.* An imitation of Horace, *Odes*, iii. 9. 'Donec gratus eram tibi.'

156. JALĀLUDDIN RŪMĪ. Tr. Nicholson. *Op. cit.* p. 119.

157. SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici.* Pt. II., Sect. xi.

158. ST. PAUL. 2 Corinthians vi. 16-18, ll. 2 and 3 are quoted from Levi. xxvi. 11, 12; ll. 4, 5, 6 and 7 from Isaiah liii. 11, 12; and ll. 8 and 9 from 2 Samuel vii. 14.

159. WHICHCOTE. 'Moral and Religious Aphorisms . . . to which are added eight letters . . . 1753.' Cent. viii. No. 798.

160. G. B. SHAW. *John Bull's Other Island*, ad fin.

161. CHARLES-AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE (1804-1869). 'Les Consolations,' vii. *Poésies Complètes*, Paris, 1879, tom. ii. p. 46.

162. ST. JOHN. Gospel x. 22-38.

163. ST. PAUL. Romans viii. 16, 17.

164. Peter Sterry. *The Teachings of Christ In The Soule, opened in a Sermon before the Right Hon*ble. *House of Peers, March* 29, 1648, p. 24.

165. New Sayings of Jesus . . . from Oxyrhynchus, ed. B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt, Oxford, 1904, pp. 15, 16. This saying is from a collection of papyri discovered in 1903 by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt on the site of Oxyrhynchus, a city of ancient Egypt, a hundred and twenty miles south of Cairo. The collection is entitled, ΛΟΓΙΑ ΙΗΣΟΥ (Logia Jesou: 'Sayings of Jesus'). The editors state that the MSS. probably date from the middle or end of the third century A.D. The portions in brackets represent the reconstructions by the editors of mutilated portions of the papyrus.

BOOK III

The mottoes are from Shakespeare's 107th Sonnet, text of the edition of 1609, Numbers xi. 29, and Blake's *Jerusalem*, f. 77, 'To the Christians.'

166. Baruch Spinoza (1632-1677). *Ethics*, Part III., Propositions 6 and 7.

167. Arthur Schopenhauer (1788-1860). *The Will in Nature.* (Bohn's edition, 1889, p. 265.)

168. Whichcote. *Op. cit.* Cent. v. No. 416.

169. Peter Sterry. *A Discourse of the Freedom of the Will, ...* London, 1675, p. 198.

170. J. Robinet (1735-1820). *Vue Philosophique de la Gradation Naturelle*, Amsterdam, 1786, p.2.

171. St. Paul. Philippians ii. 13.

172. T. Hardy. *The Dynasts.* Part I., Fore Scene.

173. G. B. Shaw. *Modern Religion.* Some Notes of a Lecture delivered at the New Reform Club, London, March 21st, 1912, p.1.

174. Donne. 'An Anatomy of the World.' *The First Anniversary*, ll. 3-5.

175. Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778). 'Profession de foi du Vicaire Savoyard.' *Emile ou de l'Education* . . . Amsterdam, 1762. Bk. IV., iii. 120.

176. William Law (1686-1861). 'The Way to Divine Knowledge.' *Works*, ed. Brockenhurst, 1893, vii. pp. 183, 184.

177. St. John. Gospel iv. 34.

178. Johannes Eckhart (1260-1327). Q. by Steiner, *Mystics of the Renaissance*, pp. 76, 78, 79.

179. St. Matthew x. 39.

180. G. B. Shaw. *Modern Religion*, p. 10.

181. Henry More (1614-1687). Cambridge Platonist. Q. in *The Life of the Learned and Pious Dr. Henry More*, by Richard Ward, 1710, p. 48.

182. G. B. Shaw. *Man and Superman*. Act iii.

183. Henry More. Q. in *The Life*, etc., p. 49.

184. Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906). 'Emperor and Galilean.' *The Emperor Julian*, III. iv. Tr. G. B. Shaw in *The Quintessence of Ibsen*, ed. 1913, p. 66.

185. Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658). Q. in Mallet's *History of Oxford University*, ii. p. 392.

186. Shakespeare. *Hamlet*, IV. iv. ll. 33-39. Text of the Second Quarto of 1604.

187. St. John. Gospel v. 26 and 30.

188. Shakespeare. *Measure for Measure*, I. i. ll. 32-40. Text of the First Folio.

189. T. Hardy. *The Dynasts*. Part II. ii. 3.

190. Lionel Johnson (1867-1902). 'Bagley Wood,' *Poetical Works*, ed. 1926, p. 75.

191. Henry More. Q. in *The Life*, etc., pp. 13,14.

192. G. Santayana. *The Life of Reason*, 'Reason in Religion,' chap. x.

193. G. B. Shaw. *St. Joan*, p. 31.

194. G. B. Shaw. *Man and Superman*, Act iii.

195. Wordsworth. *The Prelude*, v. ll. 566-577. Text of 1850.

196. St. Matthew xii. 34, 35.

197. G. B. Shaw. 'The Will and the Spirit.' *Selected Passages*, 1915, p. 283.

198. Sarum Primer, 1538. *The Oxford Hymn Book*, p. 1.

199. The Koran, 50, 15.

200. Jeremiah xxiii. 23-24.

201. HENRY MORE. Q. in *The Life*, etc., p. 133.
202. SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*, V. ii. ll. 8-12. Text of the Second Quarto.
203. WORDSWORTH. *The Prelude*, v. ll. 358-363.
204. SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici*, Pt. I. Sect. xxxii.
205. RUDOLPH STEINER. *The Spiritual Guidance of Mankind*, 1911, p. 5.
206. WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion*, iv. ll. 1058-1077.
207. PSALMS CXXVII. 2. Translation q. by Inge, *The Philosophy of Plotinus*, ii. p. 123 *n.*
208. PETER STERRY. *The Clouds in which Christ Comes* . . . London, 1648, p. 18. The Prince is *Aeneas*, and the reference is to the *Aeneid* of Virgil, i. 410-588.
209. ST. LUKE xi. 9-13.
210. WORDSWORTH. *Ode. Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*, st. ix. Composed 1803-1806.
211. ROBERT BARCLAY (1648-1690). An Apology for the True Christian Divinity, as the same is Held Forth and Preached, by the People called, in Scorn, Quakers, 6th ed. 1736, p. 71.
212. HENRY MORE. Q. in *The Life*, etc., p. 31.
213. BRIDGES. *The College Garden*, ll. 59-76.
214. ST. JOHN. Gospel xiv. 15-17.
215. WORDSWORTH. *The Prelude*, i. 401-414.
216. LEO TOLSTOY (1828-1910). Tr. Aylmer Maude, 'Essays and Letters,' *World's Classics*, p. 159.
217. JOHN SMITH. *Op. cit.* pp. 448-9.
218. WORDSWORTH. *Ode to Duty*, ll. 9-14.
219. JOHN SMITH. *Op. cit.* pp. 8-9.
220. WILLIAM MCDOUGALL. *Outline of Psychology*, p. 448.
221. LOTZE. *Microcosmus*. Tr. E. Hamilton and E. E. Constance Jones, Edin. 1885, i. p. 401.
222. JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791). Q. by Inge, *Philosophy of Plotinus*, ii. p. 144, *n.* 2.
223. G. B. SHAW. Preface to *Back to Methuselah*, pp. lxxi.-lxxii.
224. WORDSWORTH. *Miscellaneous Sonnets*, xxx., composed August, 1802.

225. WHICHCOTE. Discourse xci., *Works*, ed. 1751, iv. 354.

226. WILLIAM LAW. *The Spirit of Prayer, op. cit.*, vii. p. 33.

227. WORDSWORTH. *The Recluse*, pp. 55, 56.

228. MILTON. *Paradise Lost*, ix. 21-24.

229. ISAIAH vi. 6-7.

230. MILTON. *The Reason of Church Government Urg'd against Prelaty* . . . London, 1641, pp. 40, 41.

231. BLAKE. From the Engraving of the 'Laocoon.'

232. COLERIDGE. *Biographia Literaria*, ch. xiii. ed. Shawcross.

233. ST. PAUL. 1 Corinthians xiii. 9-12.

234. WORDSWORTH. Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*. *Poems*, Oxford ed. pp. 938,939.

235. SHELLEY. *Defence of Poetry*, ed. Koszul, pp. 73, 110, 111.

236. A. N. WHITEHEAD. *Religion in the Making*, p. 117, quoting *The Prayer Book* (definition of 'Sacrament' in the Catechism).

237. NOVALIS. Q. by Carlyle, *op. cit.*

238. PETER STERRY. *A Discourse of the Freedom of the Will*, 1675, p. 179.

239. ST. PETER 2, i. 21.

240. BLAKE. *All Religions are One.* Principle 5.

241. PETER STERRY. *The Teachings of Christ In The Soule, opened in a Sermon before the Right Honble House of Peers, March* 29, 1648, pp. 8, 9.

242. GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633). 'The Priesthood.' *Life and Works*, ed. Palmer, London, 1905, ii. p. 375.

243. SHELLEY. *The Triumph of Life*, 128-131. The Oxford text reads 'conquerors''; 'conqueror's' is A. C. Bradley's emendation.

244.*PLATO. *The Apology of Socrates*, 31c. Socrates is speaking at his trial.

245. G. B. SHAW. *St. Joan*, p. 11.

246. BLAKE. 'A Memorable Fancy.' *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.*

247. R. G. MOULTON. *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, ed. 1897, p. 26.

248. SHELLEY. *The Defence of Poetry*, ed. Koszul, pp. 100, 101.

249. 2 SAMUEL xxiii. 1-2.

250. St. Matthew x. 19-20.

251. S. Butler. *Notebooks*, p. 11

252. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791). 'Letter to the Baron V——' in Holmes' *Life of Mozart*, 1845, p. 317.

253. Shelley. *Op. cit.* p. 110.

254. G. B. Shaw. *Back to Methuselah*, pp. 8-9.

255. Blake. 'Proverbs of Hell.' *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.*

256. Wm. McDougall. *Op. cit.* p. 447.

257. Whitehead. *Science and the Modern World*, p. 265.

258. Anton Tchehov (*d.* 1904). 'Letter to Grigorovitch, 1887,' *Tchehov's Letters* (tr. Constance Garnett), 1920, p. 76.

259. Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586). *An Apologie for Poetrie*, . . . London . . . 1595, Sig. c. Iv. In the text of 1595 'so' is omitted before 'plesant,' probably through a printer's error. It is found in the unique copy of the issue of 1594 in the Rowfant library, reprinted by the Cambridge University Press in 1904.

260. Shakespeare. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. i. 4-17. The text is that of the First Folio of 1623, except for the restoration of the correct line-arrangement which is hopelessly confused both in the Folio and Quarto texts, and the obvious emendation of 'aire' in l. 13 to 'airie.' The reading of the First Quarto (1600) is 'airy.'

261. Andrew Marvell (1621-1678). 'The Garden,' vi, vii, *Miscellaneous Poems*, ed. 1681, p. 50.

262. Owen Barfield. *Love-Poetry*. From "The London Mercury" by kind permission of Mr. J. C. Squire.

263.*Dante. *Purgatorio*, xvii. ll. 13-18.

264. Shelley. *Op. cit.* p. 100. Shelley is speaking of Dante.

265. Wordsworth. *Prelude*, v. ll. 595-605.

266. Shelley. *Ode to the West Wind*, v.

267. Milton. *Areopagitica* . . . London, . . . 1644, p. 4.

268. Ecclesiastes xii. 11. Tr. Moffatt.

269. Shelley. Fragment. *Prose in the Bodleian Manuscripts*, ed. Koszul, p. 121.

270. Wordsworth. *Prelude*, v. 197-222.

271. Blake. *Jerusalem*, f.3.

272. Shelley. *Defence of Poetry*, *op. cit.* p. 68.

273. Shelley. *Prometheus Unbound*, II. iii. 36-42.

274. Peter Sterry. *The Commings forth of Christ . . . A Sermon preached before the High Court of Parliament on Thursday the first of November*, 1649, London, 1650, p. 39.

275. The Wisdom of Solomon. vii, 24-29.

276. St. John. Gospel iv. 13, 14.

BOOK IV.

The mottoes are from Isaiah, ix. 6, Dante's *Paradiso*, xiii. 52-54, and Milton's *Of Christian Doctrine*, v. 115.

277. St. John. Gospel i. 14.

278. Richard Crashaw (? 1613-1649), 'Sospetto d'Herode,' *The Poems English Latin and Greek . . . Edited by* L. C. Martin, Oxford . . . 1927, p. 115. Imitated from the Italian of G. Marini (1569-1625).

279. St. Luke ix. 48.

280. Wordsworth. *Ode. Intimations*, etc. v.

281. Vaughan. 'The Retreate,' *op. cit.* ii. 419.

282. Swinburne. From the French of Victor Hugo. *Poems and Ballads*, Second Series.

283. St. Matthew xviii. 1-6.

284. Coventry Patmore (1823-1896). 'Regina Coeli.' *Poems*, ed. 1886, ii. p. 193.

285. New Sayings of Jesus. (See note to No. 165). *Op. cit.*, p. 38, No. 6 of Logia discovered in 1897.

286. Joseph Plunkett. *Poems*. Dublin, 1916, p. 50.

287. Donne. Hymne to God my God, in my sicknesse. *Op. cit.* ii. 368, 369.

288. The Booke of Margery Kempe Ancress of Lynn. From *The Cell of Self Knowledge*, ed. E. G. Gardner, 1910, pp. 54, 55.

289. Traherne. *Op. cit.* i. 86.

290.*The Little Flowers of St. Francis. Chap. li. *ad fin.*

291. St. John. Gospel ix. 5.
292. G. M. Hopkins. *The Starlight Night. Op. cit.* p. 26.
293. Milton. *Paradise Lost*, iii. ll. 305-317.
294. John Galsworthy. *The Forsyte Saga*, ed. 1926, pp. 643, 644.
295. St. John. Gospel vi. 63.
296. Tennyson. *In Memoriam*, xxxvi.
297. G. Herbert. *Christmas* from ' The Church.' *Op. cit.* ii. p. 169.
298. St. Paul. 2 Corinthians iii. 6.
299. Tolstoy. *Reply to the Synod's Edict of Excommunication. Op. cit.* p. 285.
300. St. John. Gospel iv. 21-24.
301. St. John. Epistle I., iii. 14, 17, 18 ; iv. 7, 8, 12, 16, 20.
302. Traherne. *Op. cit.* iv. 27-28.
303. John Norris of Bemerton (1657-1711). *A Collection of Miscellanies*, 1699, pp. 186-187.
304. Christina Rossetti (1830-1894). *The Convent Threshold*, ll. 85-109. Globe ed., pp. 341, 342.
305. Jan Van Ruysbroeck (1273-1381). *Flowers of a Mystic Garden.* Translated by C. E. S. from the French of E. Hello, pp. 89, 90 and 130.
306. Isaac Watts (1674-1748). *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, ed. 1707.
307. Tolstoy. *Op. cit.* p. 9.
308 John Smith. *Op. cit.* p. 12.
309. Blake. *Jerusalem*, f. 96, ll. 23-28.
310. Blake. ' Proverbs of Hell.' *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.*
311. S. Butler. *Notebooks*, p. 15.
312. Traherne. *Op. cit.* ii. 66.
313. Plato. *Symposium*, 206c-206e. Shelley's translation slightly altered. Diotima explains the nature of Love to Socrates.
314. G. Santayana. *Dialogues in Limbo*, 1925, p. 186.
315. Anonymous. *Fifteenth Century English Carol.* Sloane MS. 2593. ' makeles ' = without a mate ; ' ches ' = chose.

316. GEOFFREY CHAUCER (?1340-1400). 'Prologue to the Prioresses Tale,' *Canterbury Tales*, ll. 15-28. (Globe text.) Imitated from Dante's *Paradiso*, xxxiii. ll. 16-18. 'unbrent'=not burnt; 'brennynge'=burning.

317. TRAHERNE. *Op. cit.* ii. 68.

318.*DANTE. *Vita Nuova.* Sonnet 11.

319. CRASHAW. *In memory of the Vertuous and Learned Lady Madre de Teresa that sought an early Martyrdome. Op. cit.* p. 131.

320. ANONYMOUS.

321. BLAKE. *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.*

322. TRAHERNE. *Op. cit.* i. 52.

323. ST. MATTHEW xviii. 20.

324. BRIDGES. *Achilles in Scyros*, ll. 552-555.

325. WORDSWORTH. *Prelude*, xi. ll. 393-395.

326. EDMUND BURKE (1729-1797). *Reflections on the Revolution in France.* 2nd edition, 1790, pp. 123, 124. Burke is speaking of human society.

327. ST. JOHN. Gospel xv. 1-7.

328. ST. PAUL. Ephesians iv. 25.

329. S. BUTLER. *Notebooks*, p. 89.

330. ST. PAUL. 1 Corinthians xii. 8-21.

331. WORDSWORTH. *The Recluse*, pp. 40, 41.

332. T. HARDY. *The Dynasts.* 'Chorus of Pities.' Part the First. Fore Scene.

333. JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900). *Praeterita*, ii. 148.

334. W. R. INGE. *The Philosophy of Plotinus*, ed. 1918, vol. ii. p. 238.

335. T. HARDY. *Late Lyrics and Earlier* (1922). Apology, p. xvii. 'The aforesaid ominous moving back' refers to a passage in the previous paragraph in which the author laments that (in 1922) 'belief in Witches of Endor' was 'displacing the truth that shall make you free.'

336. GEORGE MOORE. From *Heloise and Abelard*, by permission of William Heinemann, Ltd. P. 104.

337. ST. PAUL. 1 Corinthians iii. 6-9.

338. W. R. INGE. *Op. cit.* ii. 222, 223.

339. J. H. Newman. *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. Chap. v. Everyman edition, published by J. M. Dent and Sons.

340. Blake. *Jerusalem*, f. 38, ll. 14-26.

341. St. Matthew xii. 46-50.

342. Donne. *Fifty Sermons* (1649). Sermon xxx., p. 282.

343. A. N. Whitehead. *Religion in the Making* (1927), p. 50.

344. St. Matthew xxv. 34-40.

BOOK V

The mottoes are from Blake's *Milton*, f. 2, ll. 1-5, Milton's *Paradise Regained*, iv., ll. 518-520, and Novalis *q.* Carlyle, *op. cit.*

345. Dante. *Inferno*, iii. ll. 1-9. Tr. M. B. Anderson. The Inscription on the Gate of Hell.

346. Pierre Abelard (1079-1142). Q. by Lane Poole, *op. cit.* p. 116.

347. Aristotle (B.C. 384-322). *Metaphysics*, i. Tr. W. D. Ross.

348. Marlowe. *Tamburlaine the Great*. *Op. cit.*, Pt. I., Act 2, Sc. 6, ll. 869-879.

349. Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519). *Notebooks*, ed. MacCurdy, 1906, p. 53.

350. Donne. *Satyre* iii. ll. 72-78.

351. St. Matthew xiii. 30.

352. A. N. Whitehead. *Science and the Modern World*, p. 262.

353. Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727). Saying quoted in Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, 1820. p. 54. Newton is speaking just before his death.

354. Job xxviii. 12-15 and 20-23.

355. Dryden. *Religio Laici*, ll. 1-11, ed. 1682. 'Landor once said to me,' wrote Henry Crabb Robinson in his Diary for January 6th, 1842, 'Nothing was ever written in hymn equal to the beginning of Dryden's *Religio Laici*,—the first eleven lines.'

356. Giovanni Gentile. *Theory of Mind as Pure Act*. Tr. H. Wildon Carr, p. 24.

357. T. HARDY. 'In Tenebris,' ii. *Collected Poems*, ed. 1919, p. 154.

358. WHICHCOTE. *Moral and Religious Aphorisms, etc.*, Cent. I., No. 100.

359. JOHN SMITH. *Op. cit.* p. 467.

360. MARLOWE. *The Tragicall History of D. Faustus*, ed. Tucker Brooke, ll. 309-316.

361. MARLOWE. *Op. cit.* ll. 547-558.

362. MILTON. *Paradise Lost*, iv. ll. 73-75. Satan is speaking.

363. MILTON. *Op. cit.* i. ll. 254-255.

364. TRAHERNE. *Op. cit.* iv. 37.

365. FRANÇOIS VILLON (1431-1489). *Ballade que Villon feit à la requeste de sa mère pour prier Nostre-Dame*, st. 3 (Œuvres complètes . . . publiée . . . par A. Longnon . . . Paris, 1892, p. 58.) The Mother of François Villon is praying to Our Lady.

366. BLAKE. *Jerusalem*, f. 52.

367. GOETHE. 'Faust.' *Prologue in Heaven.* ll.53-72. Tr. Shelley.

368. BLAKE. *Epilogue to the Gates of Paradise.*

369. SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound*, II. iv. ll. 110, 111.

370. ANATOLE FRANCE (1844-1926). La Révolte des Anges, ed. Calmann-Levy, Paris, 1914, pp. 409-411. By kind permission of Messrs. Calmann-Levy, rue Auber, Paris.

371. G. MEREDITH. *Lucifer in Starlight.*

372. LEONARDO DA VINCI. *Op. cit.* p. 5.

373. WORDSWORTH. *Ode to Duty*, ll. 41-48.

374. S. BUTLER. *Notebooks*, p. 95.

375. T. H. HUXLEY. *Life and Letters*, i. p. 350.

376. S. BUTLER. *Op. cit.* p. 26.

377. TRAHERNE. *Op. cit.* iv. 31.

378. EURIPIDES. *Bacchae.* Tr. Gilbert Murray, ed. 1911, p. 54.

379. BLAKE. *The Everlasting Gospel*, e ll. 7-41.

380. SPINOZA. *Ethics*, Part IV., Propositions xxi. xxii.

381. BLAKE. *Auguries of Innocence*, ll. 109, 110.

382. GEORGE CHAPMAN (?1559-1634). *The Conspiracie and Tragedye of Charles Duke of Byron, Marshall of France. . . London*, 1608. 'Byron's Conspiracie,' Act III., Sig. F 4, v.

383.*LUCRETIUS (B.C. 95-51). *De Natura Rerum*, i. 72-74. The poet is speaking of the Greek philosopher, Epicurus.

384. WORDSWORTH. *Sonnet to Toussaint L'Ouverture.*

385. G. MEREDITH. 'France. December, 1870,' vii. *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History.*

386. S. BUTLER. MS. *Notebooks* (hitherto unpublished), vol. i. p. 223, Oct. 1883. Revised Feb. 5th, 1897. *Ibid.* p. 222, Oct. 1883. Revised Feb. 2nd, 1897.

387. SWINBURNE. *Songs before Sunrise.* Prelude, st. 17.

388. SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*, I., iv. ll. 65-67. Text of the Second Quarto. *Hamlet* is speaking to *Horatio.* 'It' is the ghost.

389. BLAKE. *The Everlasting Gospel*, d ll. 71-106.

390. RICHARD HOOKER (1554-1600). *Of the Lawes of Ecclesiastical Politie*, Fol. 1676, pp. 73 and 82. Immediately after these words Hooker quotes the passage by Sophocles which follows (No. 391).

391.*SOPHOCLES (B.C. 497-405). *Antigone*, ll. 450-457. Antigone is speaking

392. JOB xiv. 1, 2,

393. BRIDGES. *Ode to Music written for the Bicentenary Commemoration of Henry Purcell*, vii.

394. T. HARDY. *The Dynasts*, Part III., Act vii., the After Scene.

395. TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*, liv.

396. J. A. THOMSON. *Op. cit.* p. 357.

397.*LUCRETIUS. *Op. cit.* ii. ll. 75-79.

398. SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1861-1922). 'Letter to Mrs. A. H. Clough, 23rd June, 1911.' *Letters*, ed. 1926, p. 364.

399. S. BUTLER. *Notebooks*, p. 88.

400. WISDOM OF SOLOMON. i. 13-15.

401. SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound*, ad fin. Demogorgon is speaking.

402. JEREMY TAYLOR (1613-1667). *Fides Formata; Or, Faith working by Love*, ΕΝΙΑΥΤΟΣ, a Course of Sermons . . . London, 1678, a Supplement, &c., Sermon III., p. 36.

403. William James (1843-1910). *The Will to Believe*, ed. 1897, p. 61.

404. G. Meredith. *Hard Weather*, ll. 71-114.

405. John Stuart Mill (1806-1873). *Nature, the Utility of Religion and Theism*, 1874, p. 39.

406.*Plato. *Laws*, X. 906a.

407. St. Paul. Romans viii. 28.

408.*Plato. *Timaeus*, 37c-38d.

409. A. N. Whitehead. *Religion in the Making*, pp. 105, 106.

410. Peter Sterry. *The Rise, Race, and Royalty of the Kingdom of God in the Soul of Man*, ed. 1683, p. 285.

411. Wordsworth. *Prelude*, i. ll. 340-350.

412. Coleridge. *Op. cit.*, Ch. vi.

413.*Plato. *Republic*. Bk. X., 612e-613b.

414. Milton. *Paradise Lost*, xii. 469-478. *Adam* is speaking.

415.*Plato. *Laws*, X. 904a, b.

416. A. N. Whitehead. *Religion in the Making*, pp. 138-141.

417. St. Augustine (A.D. 354-430). *Confessions*, xi., 13. Tr. W. Watts, 1631.

418. Tolstoy. *Op. cit.* p. 367.

419. John Keats. *Letter to George and Georgiana Keats*, 28th April, 1819.

420.*Heraclitus. Fragments, 32, 41. *Op. cit.* pp. 85, 86.

421. Shelley. 'Essay on Christianity,' ed. Koszul, p. 14.

422.*Xenophanes (fl. c. B.C. 540). Fragments 15, 16, 23, *Die Fragmente der Vorsokratiker*, ed. H. Diels, Berlin, 1912, i. pp. 60, 61, 62.

423. Aristotle. *Op. cit.* 1074a, b. The 'substances' are the 'unchangeable perfect substances' that correspond to the heavenly bodies.

424. Blake. *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.*

425. Thomas Love Peacock (1785-1866). *Gryll Grange*. Ch. ix.

426. Giordano Bruno (1550-1660). *Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante;* or the Expulsion of the Triumphant Beast. *Translated from the Italian*, London, 1713, p. 227. The Third Dialogue.

427. Sir Charles Sedley (1639-1701). 'To Celia.' *Poetical and Dramatic Works*, ed. V. de S. Pinto, 1928, i. p. 16.

428. G. W. F. Hegel (1770-1831). *Phaenomenology*. Q. in Caird's *Hegel* (1883), p. 207.

429. Blake. *Descriptive Catalogue* (Account of his tempera painting of the Canterbury Pilgrims, etc), p. 438.

430.*Plato. *Apology*, 35d. Socrates is answering a charge of atheism before an Athenian jury.

431. Luisa Hewitt. *Triptych*, Oxford, 1918.

432. Donne. Sermon xxxvii. Preached upon Whitsunday. *Eighty Sermons*, 1640, p. 370.

433. Peter Sterry. *The Appearance of God to Man in the Gospel*, . . . London, 1710, p. 316.

434. William Morris (1834-1896), Conversation q. in *William Morris and the Socialist Movement*, by J. Bruce Glasier, 1921, pp. 171, 172.

435. G. B. Shaw. *Back to Methuselah*, lxxvii.

436. Whichcote. *Works*, ed. 1751, iii, pp. 271, 272.

437. Tolstoy. *Op. cit.* pp. 292, 293, 295.

438. S. Butler. 'Letter to Mr. Blunt, 5th July, 1887.' Q. in *Samuel Butler, A Memoir*, by H. Festing Jones, ii. 53, ed. 1920.

439. A. N. Whitehead. *Science and the Modern World*, p. 270.

440. Shelley. *Prometheus Unbound*, II., iv. ll. 9-31.

441. Charles Wesley (1707-1788). 'Wrestling Jacob.' First three stanzas. *The Poetical Works of John and Charles Wesley*, ed. Osborn, 1869, ii. 173, 174.

442. Matthew Arnold. 'In Utrumque Paratus.' *Poems*, ed. 1910, pp. 45, 46.

443. W. de la Mare. 'Awake!' *The Veil and other Poems*, 1921.

444. Bridges. 'Narcissus.' *October and other Poems*, 1920.

445. Acts of the Apostles xvii. 22-28. The poet whom St. Paul quotes is Aratus (flor. c. 270 B.C.). The words occur in l. 5 of his *Phaenomena*, 'Τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν.' He may also be referring to Cleanthes, the Stoic, a contemporary of Aratus, who has nearly the same words in his *Hymn to Zeus*.

446. Shelley. *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, ll. 1-41.

447. T. HARDY. *The Dynasts.* Part III. After Scene. Chorus of the Pities.

448. BRIDGES. 'Johannes Milton, Senex.' *Poems in Classical Prosody.*

BOOK VI

The mottoes are from Revelations, ii. 7, and Dante, *Paradiso*, xxxiii. l. 145.

449. WORDSWORTH. *The Recluse*, pp. 49-54.

450. JOHN SMITH. *Op. cit.* pp. 416-417.

451.*THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS, Ch. liii. *Of the Second Reflection of the Most Holy Stigmata.*

452.*RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE (?1300-?1349). 'The Form of Perfect Living.' *Works*, ed. Horstman, 1895, i. pp. 33, 34 &c. *Op. cit.* pp. 134, 135.

453. CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. Written before 1893. Globe ed., pp. 122, 123. The last two lines are omitted.

454. CRASHAW. *Op. cit.* pp. 134, 135.

455. RUYSBROECK. *The Book of Supreme Truth*, Ch. vi. Tr. C. A. Wynschenk Dom, ed. Evelyn Underhill, 1916.

456. CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. *From House to Home*, ll. 165-196. Globe ed., pp. 24, 25.

457. PLATO. *Symposium*, 211d-212a. Shelley's Translation slightly altered.

458. G. M. HOPKINS. *The Wreck of the 'Deutschland.'* St. 1.

459. CRASHAW. 'The Flaming Heart upon the Book and Picture of the seraphicall Saint Teresa, &c.' *Op. cit.* p. 326.

460. ECKHART. Q. by Steiner, *Mystics of the Renaissance*, p. 71.

461. EMILY BRONTE (1818-1848). 'Last Lines.' *Poems*, ed. 1915, p. 283.

462. ECKHART. *Op. cit.* p. 56.

463. WORDSWORTH. *Excursion*, i. 207-218.

464. ECKHART. *Op. cit.* p. 57.

465. WHICHCOTE. *Op. cit.* iii. p. 102.

466. Prayer Book. Morning Prayer. Second Collect. For Peace. 'The Collect in the Prayer-Book is based on one in the *Gelasian* Sacramentary, iii. 56, but there the form is "cui servire regnare est." The Prayer-Book form is much nearer to Seneca's "Deo parere libertas est".' We are indebted to Mr. S. J. Crawford for this note.

467. Jeremy Taylor. *Of the Spirit of Grace, op. cit.* 'Twenty-Seven Sermons Preached at Golden Grove,' Sermon ii., Pt. ii., p. 211.

468. St. John x. 10.

469. Traherne. 'My Spirit.' *Poems of Felicity*, ed. Bell, Oxford, 1910. St. 1 only.

470. Lascelles Abercrombie. *Emblems of Love*, ed. 1912, p. 199.

471. Rudolf Otto. *The Idea of the Holy.* Tr. J. W. Harvey, Oxford, 1926. Appendix viii. p. 220.

472. Shelley. *Adonais*, st. 54.

473. St. Augustine. *Op. cit.* I. i.

474. John Wesley. *The Poetical Works of J. and C. Wesley*, ed. Osborn, 1868, i. 71. 'Divine Love,' translated from the German of G. Versteegan.

475. St. Teresa (1515-1582). Tr. J. A. Froude in *The Spanish Story of the Armada and other Essays*, ed. 1892, p. 161.

476. Wisdom of Solomon. xi. 24-26.

477. John Smith. *Op. cit.* pp. 402-403.

478. Tolstoy. *Op. cit.* p. 336.

479. St. Paul. Romans viii. 35-39.

480. Gilbert Burnet (1643-1715). *Some Passages of the Life and Death of . . John Earl of Rochester.* 6th ed., London, 1724, pp. 52-53.

481. Plotinus. v. i., tr. C. Bigg, in *Neoplatonism* (1895).

482. Isaac Watts. *Hymns*, lxxiv. *Op. cit.* p. 57.

483. James Elroy Flecker (1884-1915). 'The Gates of Damascus.' *Collected Poems*, ed. 1916, pp. 156-157.

484. Anonymous (14th Century). *The Cloud of Unknowing*, ed. Evelyn Underhill, 1912, pp. 265, 268.

485. Crashaw. 'A Song,' *op. cit.* p. 327.

486. St. Teresa. *The Flaming Hart or the Life of the Glorious St. Teresa. . . .* Antwerp . . . 1642, pp. 419-21.

487. Crashaw. *The Flaming Heart*, &c., *op. cit.*, pp. 326, 327.

488. John Norris. 'An Idea of Happiness, in a Letter to a Friend,' *A Collection of Miscellanies*, London; 1699, pp. 330-331.

489.*Plato. *Theaetetus*, 176a, b.

490. St. John. Gospel xvii, 3.

491. S. Butler. *Notebooks*, p. 93.

492. St. Teresa. *Op. cit.* p. 217.

493. Whichcote. 'Third Letter to Dr. Tuckney,' *Moral and Religious Aphorisms . . . to which are added eight Letters.* London, 1753, p. 108; *Op. cit.* Cent. vii., No. 644; *Op. cit.* Cent. ix., No. 877.

494. Blaise Pascal (1623-1662). *Pensées, Première Partie*, Art. iv. No. 6.

495. Spinoza. *Ethics*, Part IV., Propositions xxvii. and xxviii.

496. John Scotus Erigena. *Op. cit.* p. 63.

497. Shelley. *Hellas*, ll. 776-806.

498. G. B. Shaw. *Back to Methuselah*, p. 257.

499. John Scotus Erigena. *Op. cit.* p. 61.

500. G. B. Shaw. *St. Joan*, Sc. vi. St. Joan is on trial for her life.

501. Shelley. *Epipsychidion*, ll. 174-189.

502. Proverbs iii. 13-20.

503. Peter Sterry. *The Clouds in which Christ Comes. . . .* London, 1648. *The Epistle Dedicatory*, Sigg. A3, A3r, A4.

504. St. Paul. Ephesians iv. 13.

505. Milton. *Paradise Regained*, i. 166.

506. St. Matthew v. 48.

507. Herbert. 'Aaron,' *op. cit.* iii. 11-13.

508. Proverbs iv. 18.

509. Plotinus. Letter *q*. Inge. *The Philosophy of Plotinus*, i. p. 121.

510. Shelley. *Fragment.* Published in 1839.

511. Wisdom of Solomon. ii. 23.

512. St. John. Gospel xi. 25-26.

513. Milton. *Paradise Lost*, iii. ll. 254-259. Christ is speaking.

514. Traherne. *Centuries of Meditations*, i. 90.

515. Tolstoy. *Op. cit.* p. 368.

516.*Michael Angelo (1475-1564). Sonnet 73, ed. Istituto Editoriale, Milan.

517. Shakespeare. Sonnet 146. Text of 1609. L. 2 in the original reads ' My sinfull earth these rebbell powers that thee array.' ' Fool'd by ' is Malone's emendation.

518. Donne. *Divine Poems. Holy Sonnets*, No. x., ed. Grierson, i. p. 326.

519. Shelley. *Adonais*, xli. xlii, xliii.

520. Rupert Brooke (1887-1915). *Collected Poems*, 1918, p. 30.

521. St. Paul. 1 Corinthians, xv. 20-22. Prayer Book Version.

522. Shelley. *Hymn of Apollo*, st. 4-6.

523. R. Hodgson. ' The Song of Honour,' *op. cit.* p. 15.

524. Bridges. From ' Shakespeare Ode,' *October and other Poems.*

525. Lascelles Abercrombie. ' Hymn to Love.' *Emblems of Love*, pp. 3 and 4.

526. Shelley. *Prometheus Unbound*, II. v.

527. Dante. *Purgatorio*, xxxi. ll. 220-231. Tr. M. B. Anderson. Beatrice reveals her beauty to Dante.

528. Goethe. *Faust*, I. i; ll. 104-109. Tr. Shelley,

529. Bridges. *Achilles in Scyros*, ll. 831-864.

530. Wordsworth. *Lines written a few Miles above Tintern Abbey.* July 13th, 1798, ll. 75-110.

531. Shelley. *Prometheus Unbound*, iv. ll. 370-423.

532. T. Hardy. *The Dynasts*, ad fin.

533. St. John. Gospel xvii. 20-23.

534. Sir Thomas Browne. *Op. cit.*, Pt. I., Sect. 59.

535. Iraqi (nom-de-plume of Fakhru'd-Dín Ibráhím of Hamadán, Persian Poet, *d.* 1289). From the *Lama of Iraqi*. Tr. E. G. Browne in *Persian Literature under Tartar Dominion*, Cambridge, 1920, pp. 133-134. ' Kidr ' is a form of the name of the prophet of Mohammedan legend, Al Khisr, who was supposed to have discovered and drunk of the fountain of life. ' Kawthar-stream ' is Al Kausar (=abundance), the name of a pond in the Mohammedan paradise. (Hughes's *A Dictionary of Islam.*)

536. STERRY. *A Discourse of the Freedom of the Will.* Preface, Sig. C. 1v.

537.*PLATO. *Timaeus*, 92c.

538. TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*, CXXXI.

539. MILTON. *Paradise Lost*, xii. 561-587. Adam is speaking, and Michael answers.

540. DANTE. *Paradiso*, iii. ll. 79-89. Tr. M. B. Anderson. *Piccarda Donati*, a blessed spirit, is answering Dante who has asked if the spirits in the lower degrees of beatitude desire to rise to 'a loftier place' in heaven.

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